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THE
VALE OF CALDENE;

OR,

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT:

A Poem,

IN SIX BOOKS.

BY

WILLIAM DEARDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE STAR SEER," ETC.

"Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger :
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun."

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON :
LONGMAN & Co.: WALKER, HALIFAX ;
AND TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCC XLIV.



DEDICATORY SONNET
TO
FREDERIC CHARLES SPENSER.

Δίκαιός εἰμι τοῦτο πρῦπτειν.

TRUTH IS THE LAW OF FRIENDSHIP. HE WHO WALKS
THEREIN HAS LIGHT, AND SCORNS, WITH FULSOME BREATH,
TO WOO THE WORLDLING'S SMILE, WHICH OFT'NER BALKS
THAN CROWNS THE FAWNER'S HOPE, WHOSE LIFE OR DEATH
HANGS ON THE HORNS OF SUCH A FICKLE MOON.
TRUTH IS THE LAW OF FRIENDSHIP. BE IT MINE,
WITHIN MY LITTLE WORLD, THAT MAY FULL SOON
LOSE THE FEW STARS WHICH YET ABOVE IT SHINE
IN UNDIMINISHED FERVENCY AND LIGHT,
TO OFFER—FAR FROM SORDID SOULS APART—
THIS GRATEFUL TRIBUTE, IN THE HOLY NIGHT
OF MEMORY'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN, TO THEE, WHO ART
WORTHY, O SPENSER, OF A MEED MORE BRIGHT—
FRIEND OF THE GENEROUS SOUL, AND OPEN HEART!

P R E F A C E.

I was younger by some ten years than I now am, when the earlier portions of this volume were written. Most of these have in the interim appeared in various periodicals, with some degree of public favour. On that account I should not have felt justified in making any material alterations, even if such had been suggested to me, in the language and structure of the fragments already published, whatever scope may be found therein for critical emendation.

The feelings of ten years ago I have not outlived: I have the same love for what I loved then; feel the same indignation, which is but an ‘inverted love,’ against all that was hateful then: but in the latter case, I may take upon myself to say, that my indignation has passed away from the *individuals* that excited it, and been transferred to the *principles* which governed them—‘hating baseness,’ I fain would hope, ‘from a love of nobleness.’ The development of this altered feeling will not probably be traceable in certain parts of the first Three Books. When these were written *THEY were*, who had been unjust and cruel; against them was my

indignation then directed ; now they *are not*, I forgive them, but must forever detest their motives and evil deeds. There is no merit in saying this ; but there is satisfaction in feeling it to be true.

Avarice I look upon as the monster-sin of the age ; and as such I have attacked it, more or less, in the remaining Three Books of the Poem. Were this life ‘the be-all and the end-all ;’ were men sent into the world merely to toil and moil for the wants of the body, and then to sleep an everlasting sleep, the successful scramblers for the golden apples of the commercial Hesperides might be venial, and the unsuccessful ones pitied ; but, believing as I do, that there is a spirit within ‘this flesh which walls about our life,’ that will not perish with its earthly environment, that *should* know and feel, and, in certain moments, *does* know and feel, that there is an Hereafter, and an account to be rendered of all talents used or abused before the face of the All-wise ; I cannot but lift up my feeble voice against that great prevailing sin, which blinds the eyes of the mass of mankind to their only true interest—the welfare of the infinite soul. “A man’s life,” says ONE who spake as man never spake, “consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth.” It is not, then, by what a man *has*, but by what he *is*, that he ought to be estimated, and *is* estimated by the wise and good. ‘Show me intrinsic worth, a life spent in virtuous action, and I will love thee as a brother, though thou hast not a rood of land, nor a coin in thy coffer.’ So speaks enlightened

Benevolence, and her word becomes a deed. A beautiful harmony subsists between the Loving and the Loved. Make it universal, and earth would be heaven. And what hinders? An old traditionary faith, found rotten at the core a million times, yet believed in notwithstanding—APPEARANCE! ‘Who will buy of me?’ says the World, dangling her fruit with a syren’s smile. Straightway the multitude rush at her call; barter happiness and peace for her gilded apples, which turn to ashes in their mouths; and yet, strange to say! their faith in Appearance is steadfast as ever; and they press on for more, and yet more of the delusive fruit, ‘with an appetite keen as the scythe of death!’ How humiliating the spectacle! The visible, the transitory, the deceptive, alone the “all in all” of myriads of beings, whose life here is but a span, but whose life hereafter is an eternity! Strange infatuation! to make the Spiritual the slave of the Physical, the Infinite of the Finite! But is it not so? Gaudy vesture, stately mansions, glittering equipages, knee-service and lip-service—these must be obtained, or man is a non-entity, life is not worth living for! The visible present is alone worth the ambition of a human being; he is laughed at and despised, who makes not this his chief concern, and dreams of a future in a world invisible. Such an one, however, is wiser than he seems. There be a rare few scattered up and down on this restless globe, that will hail him as a brother, and thank God, that there is yet one more come out from among the sons of Cain, from whose mental vision the scales have fallen, and who is enabled to look down upon the present

and its busy toilers in the dust with solemn pity, and upwards and onwards with increasing joy and hope—a man erect before God and his angels. He has wealth and a will to bestow it liberally, compared with which worldly riches are but as dross; he has thoughts bright and beautiful, like Jacob's ladder, whose base is on earth, but whose top is in heaven; he has knowledge which no institution can give—knowledge acquired by his own digging, exceedingly precious, because it is of Man, of Nature, and of God. He is wise above what is written. He is a prophet of the latter days, and speaks as one whom Truth has given authority to speak. Hence his prescience is indubitable; so the wise esteem it, because they know the sublime Power whose minister he is, has spoken with him face to face, and shown him her counsels. Hence, too, his audience though 'fit,' are 'few;' for fools believe him not, and despise his words. What marvel? The spiritual can only be discerned by the spiritual; the foolish have but the 'case of eyes,' and therefore cannot see the glory he reveals. Nevertheless the seed he has sown shall not perish, but shall bring forth fruit in later days; for truth cannot die. In the meantime the world's bauble-strife will continue, and he will pass on, but not silently; he has a work to do, and he must do it: at his peril let him be silent! The hearts of men are alienated from the Old Worship, which has become 'weary, stale, flat, and *unprofitable*;' their faith is in things visible; things spiritual they find it hard to conceive—nay, shake their heads when they are mentioned; like Thomas, they will *touch*

before they believe; and lay their hands upon their gold, with a most knowing smirk, which, being interpreted, says, ‘in this is our belief, doubt it who may.’ Therefore, to restore the Old Worship, the worship of the Godlike, the REAL, he, the Prophet, the Missionary of Truth, must speak, even though the world stone him with stones, and leave him in his rags to die. Like Luther, ‘were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles,’ he will on; like him, too, he will declare before all principalities and powers, ‘it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me. Amen.’

In the spirit of this heroico-æsthetic philosophy have I warred against Avarice, expecting no meed but from the wise and good; for the world has little charity for him who aims a blow at its favourite child. A time will come, when the Telamonian shield will be withdrawn from this deadly Teucer; then will Love encounter him, and drive him hence forever; then will Love’s “kingdom come,” and man be re-insouled. But though I have made war with this formidable foe, not an arrow dipped in gall have I discharged against any one of God’s making. I have but made me an image of clay—not colossal like that of Frankenstein—but approaching to humanity, and breathed into it the spirit of the world, as an insensible mark for virtuous indignation. The ‘ingredients’ used in the formation of my ‘personage,’ I have selected from no particular locality; I have gathered them east, west, north, and south, and compounded them as best

I could; but it is quite possible, that some who may look upon him, may fancy they see in his features a resemblance of their own, and thereat take offence. To such I would say, in all good faith, the resemblance is purely accidental, and would advise them to lave in a purer fountain than they have been accustomed to frequent; and then the *amaurosis*—in which alone the fancied resemblance exists—will quickly disappear, and they will thank God that they have listened to the voice of truth, and hold up their honest faces as men that need not be ashamed. The mirage that has so long deluded them will melt away, and glorious realities in a kingdom that will become theirs, if they faint not, will be revealed. They will find, that to have become dead to the lying ‘vanities of this wicked world,’ and to have breathed the air of that serener world—the intellectual—the spiritual—is to live as beings but ‘little lower than the angels’ in worth and dignity.

It is refreshing to see a few noble, right-hearted men venture to proclaim aloud in the hearing of thousands, even in places ‘where merchants most do congregate,’ a Philosophy which, founded on Christian principles, aims at the elevation of man in his social, moral, and intellectual condition, and breathes the spirit of universal good-will; but it is still more refreshing to see such assemblies, shaking off for a time the trammels of faction and business, open their hearts to the reception of the glorious truths which that philosophy inculcates, and reward its missionaries in the noblest way in

which gratitude can be evinced, by a simultaneous resolution to become more catholic in love, more prompt and extensive in action. This is as it should be. There is yet hope for Man; he is beginning to be appreciated; he is already acknowledged to be something more than a spinning-jenny and a ploughshare, and to possess ‘senses, affections, passions,’ which it is of importance to cultivate and govern. Yes, there is hope for Man. Is it too much to say, that this auroral flush is the harbinger of Millennial day? Avarice has heard a voice, as of a silver trumpet, proclaiming goodwill, and honour, and exaltation to man; and she trembles in her stronghold; her gold waxes dim; her watchmen are deserting her walls. May the spirit of this humanising Philosophy soon banish her from the earth! Hitherto its steps are ‘beautiful exceedingly,’ as the sun on the mountains, creating oases in the wilderness of Toil, and the breath of its promise is fraught with the odours of the flowers of Paradise.

Blessings be on them, that band of brave men! A nation’s heart has vibrated to the sound of their gifted tongues. As was to be expected, however, all do not like their creed; a malignant few have charged them with uttering only ‘old truths,’ as if truths were things of yesterday and to-day merely, and were not, like the stars, always old and always young, though sometimes obscured during nights of gloom. Old truths, such as these good men utter, become *new* to a toil-crazed people, whose ears have seldom or never, in their

generation, heard their welcome sound from hearts of sympathy and love, and lips of wisdom and power. The buried gold of half a century has been dug up, and melted in new crucibles; a beautiful coinage, with a new 'image and superscription'—MAN THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD—has been issued, and passes current with the coin of the realm.

In the enlightened creed enunciated by this Philosophy I have long been a believer; I have long seen there was no hope for man till the partition-walls of faction were thrown down, and he could meet his brother in fellowship and goodwill. Many a breach has already been made by that brave band; and, ere long, at the sound of their 'ethereal trumpets,' amid the shouts of approving millions, the old ramparts will fall, and man will be free to enter the Promised Land. Let them "proceed," then, entitled to the ennobling appellations which the poet gives to the illustrious harbinger of a New Age—

*Aggredere, ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara Deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum !
Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusque, maris, cœlumque, profundum :
Aspice venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo.*

And I hope I may without presumption adopt the poet's prayer—

*O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus et, quantum sit tua dicere facta !*

One word in conclusion as to Commerce. I am not insensible to its manifold blessings, nor unaware of the 'old, the intimate, the natural alliance between it and literature ;' but because Avarice has converted many of those blessings into a curse, and broken that beautiful alliance, I have spoken of a corrupted Commerce as the genie-slave of the ' Old Lamp,' as 'the Lucifer, son of the Morning, fallen from his high estate.' Alas ! how different now are the ways of commerce from what they were about two centuries and a half ago, when the epithet "royal merchant" was given by Shakspeare to Antonio, to indicate the high sense of honour and integrity, which distinguished that individual, and the class to which he belonged ! That there are many merchants whom I know, and very many, I would fain believe, whom I do not know, to whom that noble title might be justly applied, I feel proud, for the honour of my country, to acknowledge ; men whose word, according to the old phrase, is as good as their bond, and whose munificence, both in public and private, is truly princely, in the furtherance of any cause which has for its object the welfare and happiness of their fellow-creatures. Such men, "royal" in heart and deed, I reverence ; they are of that exalted class, of which Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' vol. i. p. 290, gives the following illustrious example :—"Peter Blundell, of Tiverton, in this County, was a Cloathier by his profession ; and, *through God's blessing* on his endeavours therein, raised unto himself a fair estate. *Nor was he more painfull and industrious in gaining, than pious and prudent in disposing thereof ;* erecting

a fair Free School in the town of his nativity. By his will he bequeathed thereto a competent maintenance (together with convenience of lodging) for a Master and Usher. And, lest such whose Genius did encline, and parts furnish them for a further progress in learning, should, through want of a comfortable subsistency, be stopped or disheartened, he bestowed two Scholarships and as many Fellowships on Sidney Colledge, in Cambridge; carefully providing, that the Scholars bred in his School at Tiverton, should be elected into the same. I cannot attain to a certainty in the time of his death, though it be thought to have happened in the year 1596." How few of *our* modern "Cloathiers," apply their gains in the same laudable way in which good Peter Blundell disposed of his wealth!

The picture I have drawn of Commerce exhibits, I am aware, its harsher features; but in thus delineating, and holding up these to view, I hope no one will blame me; for, as a wise man well observes, "it is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments."

I do not expect, nor have I tried, to please all; but if I succeed in gaining a 'fit audience though few,' that will make common cause with me in the love of Man, and hatred of all that militates against his happiness, and retards his moral and intellectual progression, my end will be gained, and I shall be satisfied.

To all who have aided me in the publication of this Work, I return my hearty thanks, and say in the words of Chaucer—

Go litle book, God send thee good passage,
Chese well thy way, be simple of manere,
Looke thy clothing be like thy pilgremage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto hem all that will thee rede or here,
Where thou art wrong, after hir help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.

W. D.

Huddersfield, Dec. 2nd, 1844.



THE VALE OF CALDENE;
OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BOOK I.

“ I am called Chyldhod, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coyte, a cockstele, and a ball ;
A toppe can I set, and dryve in its kynde ;
But would to God, these hateful bookes all
Were in a fyre brent to powder small !
Than myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play,
Which lyfe God sende me to myne endying day.”

Sir Thomas More's Rafal Lamentacion.

“CHILDHOOD, AND RATHER ITS TERRORS THAN ITS RAPTURES, TAKE WINGS AND RADIANCE AGAIN IN DREAMS, AND SPORT LIKE FIRE-FLIES IN THE LITTLE NIGHT OF THE SOUL. CRUSH NOT THESE FLICKERING SPARKS!—LEAVE US EVEN OUR DARK PAINFUL DREAMS AS HIGHER HALF-SHADOWS OF REALITY!—AND WHEREWITH WILL YOU REPLACE TO US THOSE DREAMS, WHICH BEAR US AWAY FROM UNDER THE TUMULT OF THE WATERFALL INTO THE STILL HEIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD, WHERE THE STREAM OF LIFE YET RAN SILENT IN ITS LITTLE PLAIN, AND FLOWED TOWARDS ITS ABYSESSES, A MIRROR OF THE HEAVEN?”

Jean Paul,

THE VISIT, &c.

Proem.

The Pilgrim, after a long absence, sets out on a visit to his Native Vale—arrives in the evening, and apostrophises the Moon, but is called to repose. The next evening summons him to the Hills, which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he addresses, warmed with the recollections of childhood—discovers, however, that the devastating hand of man has destroyed many of their beauties and solitudes. He then turns his steps towards his GRANDFATHER'S COTTAGE, which he describes as it stood when he was a boy—but finds it on his approach ruined and desolate. Pained with the sad realities before him, he invokes MEMORY to recal the scenes of the PAST. Home, with its cherry-tree and rivulet—his GRANDFATHER and GRANDMOTHER, with their flower garden—rise to his view. He is a boy-warrior again on CHATSCOUT, and fights for the supremacy of his native river. Now he is a School-boy, and a TRUANT—is apprehended, and brought before his Rev. Tutor, who punishes him for his delinquency—MACHPELAN, with its honoured inhabitant, the VILLAGE SAGE—the village minstrels and their solemn music—charm his sight and ear. The sounds of rural festivity on the return of Peace—the SOLDIER'S RETURN to his faithful Ellen and his good Old Sire—the PAINTER—the VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER—the EMPIRIC—the DUBLIN B.A.—close the train of reminiscences in Book I.

THE VALE OF CALDENE.

BOOK I.

THE VISIT, &c.

“It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds! I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song.”—*Ossian*.

“Shall I thank God for the green summer, and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes this world so beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers? Are they not higher and holier than the stars? Are they not more to me than all things else?”—*Hyperion*.

I.

Onward, my steed, at thy full career!
The home of my childhood now is near;
Onward fleet as the winged wind—
Sweet rest to-night, and keeper kind;
And thou, on the morrow, shalt range at will
O'er flowery meadow, or sunny hill.
Bravely, my Zephyr!—now take thine ease.—
Yon sky-peering rocks, and those sentinel trees
Gleaming in moonlight, o'erlook the dear spot,
Where the CALDER rolls by my father's cot.
And thou, fair Empress of Night, dost come,
With thy wonted smile, to welcome home

The Pilgrim who, when far away
From those sylvan scenes he was doomed to stray,
Has felt in his heart he could worship thee,
As the Parsee the sun, most fervently :
For thou as a spirit wast wont to move
Hallowing the haunts of his early love,
And touching the dew-gemmed leaves of the trees,
With thy silvery wand, as they shook in the breeze ;
While jutting out from the foliage-screen,
Some old furrowed rock was greyly seen,
With its moss-tufted crown of varied hues,
And its numerous lamps of crystal dews,
Lighted up by thee on wreathed pedestals,
For Faeries to dance by, at Oberon's balls,
When Titania in beauty came forth from her bower,
To trip the green circle at night's witching hour ;
The while, that the frolicsome stream would leap,
Beneath thy smile, down the craggy steep,
Mirthfully throwing its fitful showers
Of luminous drops on the nodding flowers ;
Then stealthily winding away like a snake,
Till it silently slept in a little lake,
In whose unsullied mirror true
Thou cam'st at midnight thy face to view,
Awaking the birds that slumbered on
The neighbouring boughs, with the light that shone
From that lakelet fair ; so that cheerily they
Have sung awhile, as at dawn of day ;
And the hungry owl, that cowered above
The leaf-screened home of the nestling dove,
Scared from his prey, hath speedily flown
To the TURRET ROCKS,* his eyry lone,

* These rocks are nearly opposite Oswald. *Vide* Star-Seer.

And brooded there, till OSWALD HILL
Hath shrouded thy form, and all was still.

Shine on, O Moon! let thy bright beams fall
On spangled rock, and moss-grown wall;
On beetling crag, with its whispering shade,
Where the lover woos his true-hearted maid;
Let every tree, at this holy hour,
Have the mellow charm of thy luminous dower;
Let lowly violet, and sweet wild rose,
And purple-belled foxglove, that towering grows
On the sloping side of the mountain ridge,
Near the lonely and ivied MILCHIN BRIDGE,*
That hoarily spans CAL'S amber stream—
Let thy own cusped flower, that's lulled to sleep
By the falling waters the green rocks weep—
Let *all* have the spell of thy holy beam!
But I must no longer tarry here,
For a well-known voice now greets mine ear.—
Good night! good night! sweet moon, I'll rove
Next eve with thee o'er scenes I love.

II.

My native hills, rock-wardered hail!
Once more I feel your cheering gale,
Which, laden with perfume of flowers,
Plays round me, as in childhood's hours;
And, as I gaze upon ye, how
The Past revives before me now!
I seem as though again a child,
And I were wandering, like a wild

* *Vide* note at the end.

Young honey-bee, a happy rover,
 Your green and flowery sweets all over !
 My benison rest on ye !—Friends
 May smile or frown, to serve their ends ;
 But you are everlastingly
 Leagued in true Friendship's bonds with me !
 O could I, for a moment, clasp
 Your giant forms within my grasp,
 I'd prove that soul to soul ne'er grew
 More close in love than I to you !

But ye are changed ! alas ! the thought !
 'Tis man, not Time, the change has wrought :
 His devastating hand has been
 Among your solitudes, and green
 O'erhanging woods, where many a tree—
 Beneath whose ample canopy,
 Screened from the summer's mid-day sun,
 Myself and mates have races run,
 And mimic battles lost and won,
 While our fond parents seated near,
 Each young Athlete's exploits would cheer—
 Is by the ruthless axe cut down,
 Due space to yield for smoky town.

Nor here stays devastation's hand :
 Those storm-worn rocks, that erst did stand
 In hoary majesty above
 EAVES* flowery slope, and piny grove—
 Those rocks from which, perchance, of old,
 The Druid would his lore unfold—

* A lofty mountain-ridge, north of Caldene.

Those rocks where nature's hand had made
Full many a seat, and sheltering shade,
To which in leisure hours, my sire
With cronies sage did oft retire
To read the news, and talk apart
Of politics and Buonaparte,
While o'er their heath-crowned bower sublime,
I loved in reckless mood to climb,
And seek birds-nests among the ling,
Or bilberries thread on grassy string,
Or, stretched supine, on cloud-land gaze,
And grand aerial castles raise—
Yes, these, the bulwarks of your strength,
My native hills ! man has at length,
Armed with a thunder of his own,
From their firm bases overthrown,
And down your sides the fragments hurled,
Like ruins of a recent world.

III.

Embosomed in yon darkling wood,
The cottage of my Grandsire stood ;
Around whose walls were wont to twine
The ivy and the eglantine :
And—seeming as if born of them—
Moss-roses, from an unseen stem,
Peeped forth, like radiant eyes I've seen
Beneath a half-drawn veil of green.
A garden famed for lovely flowers,
Long winding walks, and shady bowers,
Lay in rich amplitude before
The venerable patriarch's door ;
And close behind his home, a wild
And rugged mouut of rocks was piled,

Whose sides, I've thought, the fays of old
 Had tintured o'er with green and gold ;
 And that the flower-festoons that hung
 Adown them, faery hands had strung :
 Beautiful spellwork, which the wind
 Moved to and fro, and shewed behind
 Some niche, the coney's dwelling place,
 Whence oft he peeped with wistful face ;
 Or the high fountain, whence the rill
 Wandered, in rippling music, till
 Its scattered waters, oozing through
 Wild cress that on the rock's side grew,
 In drops innumerable fell
 Into a green and mossy well.

Such was the sweet sequestered ground,
 Where virtue an asylum found ;
 And, unambitious e'er to prove

What joys the warring world could give,
 Dwelt in this Paradise of Love,

And learned with Nature's God to live :
 Yet, though in rocks and bowers apart,
 He thrice a-day poured out his heart
 In fervent prayer, the Sabbath bells
 Had scarcely wakened in the dells
 The slum'bring echoes, ere ye saw
 His spouse and him by old LLADS LOWE,*

* Llads Lowe Balder. This is the name of a singular and magnificent rock, north of Caldene. The antiquarian will at once perceive its British derivation, and Druidical appropriation. The words signify "The Slaughtering hill of Balder,"—being, no doubt, the altar on which the Cymric sacrifices were performed. In so little estimation does this fine old rock appear to be held by the owner of the property, that he has suffered it to become the back-stay to a crane by which to wind up stones from the adjoining quarry, and allowed the workmen to deposit upwards of fifteen feet of rubbish at its base !

Climbing the well-known steepy road,
That erst led to the house of God.

But yonder—no, it cannot be!—
Is this the *all* remains of thee,
Scene of my childhood?—Sure some spell
Of dire delusion o'er it fell
The moment when I sought to trace
Each beauty in its wonted place!—
What now appals my aching view,
Alas! is but too sadly true!
That dear abode is tenantless!
That garden is a wilderness!
Those guardian rocks—ah! where are they!
Riven from their ancient site away!
And ruthless ruin reigus around
The whole of this once hallowed ground!

IV.

Oblivion! mantle with thy shadowy pall
The thoughts that hold my sorrowing soul in thrall,
Like those dire spells the wild weird sisters weave
Round Lapland hinds, that roam at shut of eve!
And thou, sweet Memory, like yon dreaming moon,
Come in thy beauty, though at midnight's noon;
And while the Present is with clouds o'ercast,
Relume the faery regions of the Past!
But not alone its *joys* I crave to see—
Its *sorrows*—e'en its *wrongs*—are dear to me:
Let all that cheered, and all that sunk my heart,
Be mirrored faithfully in every part;
Let those dear scenes where boyhood's feats were done,
The football tossed, or mimic battle won;

And those still dearer—hill, and rock, and grove,
 Where my young heart oft told the tale of love
 To one fair listener, who, though coy, believed
 The youth that loved her would not have deceived ;—
 Let hoary OSWALD, 'neath whose rocky shade,
 Vows to ELIZA and the Muse were paid ;—
 Let CALDER, on whose shelving banks I've stood
 To lure the fish, or lave me in the flood :—
 All these, as known in childhood's brighter day,
 Muse of the Past ! on thy wild harp pourtray !

Propitious Power ! I feel thy witching spell !
 Changed is the scene—once more I seem to dwell,
 A child in form and feelings,—blithe and free—
 In the sweet home of my nativity.
 There stands the tree, whose boughs, with wanton shoot,
 Hung their too tempting, interdicted fruit
 Close to my chamber window ; whence, like Eve,
 I claimed, unknown, the privilege to thief :
 Here, like a vein of molten silver, still
 Wanders, in ceaseless murmurings, the rill,
 On which my thread-rigged, tiny barks were borne
 Safe to their harbour, by yon blooming thorn.

V.

Beloved companion of my infant years !
 My tender guide, beguiler of my tears !
 In whose fond breast my little griefs could e'er
 Find that asylum never found elsewhere !
 Revered Instructor ! whose rich mind could cull
 Delightful lore from all things beautiful
 In nature, and insensibly could lead
 Young minds the language of sweet flowers to read ;

Learn from the sweet-voiced minstrels of the grove,
To glow with filial piety and love ;
And, in the shining wonders of the sky,
A hand Almighty visibly desery.
My kind, good Grandsire !—in a leisure hour,
We both are seated in the rustic bower,
Near the bee-hives, on that delightful ground,
Where useful plants, and far-famed flowers abound,
Loading with richest perfume all the air,
In grateful tribute for thy guardian care.
Yonder, a fountain's bubbling waters play
Bright in the sun, then swiftly wind away
'Tween banks of lilies, that, like naiads, seem
Nodding in noontide slumber o'er the stream.

The good old man now lifts his hand aloof,
And from the bower's thick-matted ivy roof,
Draws forth that dear, yet interdicted hoard—
His pipe—all bronzed with frequent incense poured
In dreamy hours ; when, every care at rest,
Peace, dovelike, nestled in his aged breast ;
And, well replenished with the grateful weed
From the bright box that serves his casual need,
His ebon charmer with his lens illumines
At the clear sun, and straight his seat resumes :
Round his grey locks the curling vapours blue
A moment play, then vanish from the view ;
And he, the while, with anxious eye surveys
My sports along the daisy-bordered ways ;
Breathes many a kind admonitory word
To mind my footsteps—but is heedless heard ;
Till, onward in play's petulancy led,
Some fragrant favourite falls beneath my tread ;

Then, sudden ceasing from my sport and mirth,
I raise the crushed flower from the indented earth,
And hastily, with cautious cunning stoop,
Erect to place it 'mid a sister-group :
But, ah ! unseen, that moment, at the gate
My Grand-dame stood, and saw that floweret's fate !
And now, indignant, she with hurried speed,
Hies to her spouse to tell him of the deed ;
Exerts her eloquence—but all in vain—
To win me pain, lest I transgress again.
He, e'er indulgent when I sinned in play,
Secretes his pipe, and wipes my tears away ;
And, fearing wordy warfare to withstand,
Conducts me from the garden by the hand.

Far in the covert of a neighbouring wood
We stray, forgetting soon the recent feud.
I all my wonted playfulness resume,
And gather flowers that by the pathway bloom,
Presenting them the good old man to smell,
And all their names in quick succession tell ;
He smiles approval ; and, in accents mild,
Answers the queries of the tedious child.
A hoary rock hangs o'er a mossy grot—
The hallowed temple of this quiet spot.—
What strains are those that fill the noontide air ?
The solemn breathings of a soul in prayer !
There kneels that aged sire on grassy sod,
Pouring his orisons unto his God ;
That mute child wondering how that God could hear
From the far sky, when He *appeared* not near.

Sire of a better age ! sublimer creed !
Christian in heart, and unobtrusive deed !

Saint of the hills ! whose prayers with fervour fraught,
Sprung from the fount of consecrated thought ;—
Who, like his sires, 'mid erring thousands stood
True to his Church, his King, his country's good ;—
Whose charity no limitary sect
Bade only kindred worshippers respect,
But, like its sacred source, rich, unconfined,
Bestowed its sympathies on all mankind ;—
Whose mild religion ne'er reproved the mirth
To which young hearts in innocent sport give birth ;—
Whose cheerfulness shone forth without control,
Bright, glorious mirror of the unclouded soul ;—
Whose winter of existence passed away
Serenely mild, and venerably gay ;
And o'er whose humble grave no tears were shed,
Save those which love and friendship pay the dead !
Dear honoured Sire ! of all my friends the best !
If happy spirits feel an interest
For those they loved, that on the earth yet live—
Look on thy child ! his waywardness forgive !
Still hover o'er him as his guardian friend !
Visit his slumbers, on his steps attend !
That he, while here, like thee may humbly shine,
And *his* life's sunset be as bright as *thine*.

VI.

Yonder, with pensile birches round his brows,

*CHATSCOUT frowns hoary through moss-silvered boughs,

* This remarkable pile of rocks has been shorn of a great portion of its sylvan loveliness by the cutting of the railway. Weasel Hall, at the foot of it, where I spent the happiest days of my boyhood, has been removed to another locality to make room for that strange intruder upon the sanctities of my native vale.

There nature's hand has scooped a rustic shade,
The trysting place for lads and lasses made,
Who, in their best attire, oft thither rove
On Sunday eve, to whisper tales of love.
Along the lane that winds around its base,
Behold a troop of pigmy warriors pace;
Each proud to see his wooden spear and gun,
His cap and feather, pictured in the sun;
And, in gay splendour, o'er his honoured head
The paper banner gallantly outspread;
On whose white field, emblazoned as of old,
Red lions fight with unicorns of gold;
Or, clad in crimson, brave St. George assails,
On his black steed, the fiery dragon's scales!
While the drum beats the solemn Point of War,
And the shrill fife its music sends afar.
Whence is this armament, and what its aim?—
How! know ye not the CALDER's knights of fame,
Marching to do dread battle with the train
Of sturdy foemen, ranged on yonder plain;
And vindicate the honour of their stream
'Gainst those who HEBDEN dare superior deem?

Now front to front the hostile bands appear:
Each chieftain foremost with his gilded spear,
The signal gives.—They meet—they fight—but see!
The HEBDEN cravens from the battle flee
In wild dismay, by CALDER's host pursued,
Far 'mid the coverts of that sloping wood!
The victors now assemble on CHATSCOUT;
Wave their plumed caps, and raise the exulting shout;
Then 'neath green boughs, with pomp they march away,
To hold a revel on old OSWALD grey.

VII.

Once more I am a schoolboy: on my arm
A basket's slung, that holds a mother's charm
To learning—sugared cake and cherry tart,
And those sad things called *tasks*—unlearn't by heart!
A pewter-bottle, once my sire's of yore,
Filled with new milk, hangs daugling down before;
And thus equipped, on some bright morn in May,
I schoolward wend my solitary way
Along yon flowery lane, that winds between
Alternate woods and fields of freshest green.
In *those* the sweet birds' melody I hear,
On leafy bough, or wild rose blooming near;
And now I wish that I were such as they,
I'd live in woods and sunshine all the day.
They have no schools—where'er they list, they fly,
And live on flowers and fruits—and so could I!
O'er *these*, the busy humming-bee I view,
Visiting flowers, and sipping honey-dew;
Or the gay butterflies, on gaudy wing,
Each chasing other in a mazy ring.
From his green bower, o'erbending grass among,
Up springs the lark, and trills his merry song,
In very mock'ry of *his* heart, who flings
Him joyless down, gay bird, to watch thy wings
Fanning the free air! O that I, like thee,
Could soar away!—then no more schools for me!
On daisied bank reclined, the sated cow
Lows for her young, that, heedlessly below,
Pursues with antics strange, and awkward bound,
Its pictured shadow, flitting o'er the ground.
My crested Charlie mounts that ivied wall,
Claps his white wings, and seems on me to call;

Then down he flies; quick follow one by one,
His lovely charge, that, chuckling in the sun,
Wander 'mong flowers, and peck, as on they pass,
Green-hooded seeds that tremble on the grass.

Ah! happy things! to books and tasks unknown,
For lives like yours, I'd gladly change my own.
But list that sound!—alas! what woe is mine!
Yon distant church-clock tolls the hour of nine!
What must I do? If I proceed to school,
I'm sure to smart beneath the dread ferule!
To some lone spot my hasty steps I'll bend,
And happy there, the live-long day will spend.
My home shall be within this velvet glade—
How sweet to dine beneath yon moss-grown shade,
And have you, little birds, to carol round,
And share my meal upon the flowery ground.

There is a spell upon me: all things seem
Harmonious, beauteous—an elysian dream!
The spell of sound! The birds this morn, in strife,
Carol their lays. Far off, the ousel's fife
Mellowly trills; the plaintive ring-doves coo;
And the lone bullfinch beats his wild tattoo.
The spell of vision! Near yon wandering brook,
In zig-zag lines, those fierce flies glide, which look
With their rich mail of gleaming green and gold,
Like guardian spirits of some faery hold.
Anon the redstart quits his secret nest
In that old wall, and shews his scarlet vest.
And now—as 'twere a fiery emerald sent
By Genii from that liquid element—
The bright kingfisher darts adown the stream;—
'Tis here!—'tis there!—'tis gone!—'twas but a dream!

The conies peep from out the creviced rocks ;
And now they issue forth in numerous flocks!—
Some crop the grass, and some are nimbly seen
Sporting in sunshine on the dappled green.

Oh! that my dwelling ever were with you,
Ye merry revellers! Oft would we renew
Sweetest communion. Every mossy nook,
Where the lone wild bird builds, that will not brook
The touch of rude hands on its nest,—should be
Watched well, and kept from all intruders free.
I'd have a wall of stones, with moss o'ergrown,
In front of my abode ; its wicket known
To none save you ; and, in the space between,
A little plot of ground—so soft and green—
Bordered with choicest wild flowers—harebells blue,
Daffodils, daisies—all of every hue :
And I would call you by dear names to come
And visit me, and round my sylvan home
Make pastime at each early dawn and eve ;
And from my hand food fearlessly receive,
Culled in sweet places. Thus we'd live in song
And mirth, as happy as the day is long.

But heard I not a rustling 'mong the trees ?
'Tis but some restless bird, or passing breeze.
Again !—Some stealthy footstep must be near !
A rush ! a cry !—“ Make haste ! the Truant's here ! ”
Loud ring the woods ; and soon a merry band
Of hatless schoolmates press on every hand.
Vain task to flee ! Behold me captive led,
Noisily guarded to the place I dread.

Stern on his seat the rev'rend *Tutor see;—
 The trembling Truant suppliant at his knee,
 With faltering accents pleading to assuage
 The fearful tempest of his rising rage.
 Ah! bootless prayer! The heavy blows descend:
 'The scourge must cure whom reason cannot mend.
 Now the poor urchin, painful from the smart,
 Is placed in penance, from the rest apart;
 And, couchant, with his book between his knees,
 Must learn the task his swollen eye scarcely sees;
 But soon, though thus exposed to scorners' view,
 His thoughts—trees, fields, and flowers—are all with you!

VIII.

†MACHPELAH! why around thy sacred bower,
 Throng the clean peasants, at this sunset hour?
 A boat lies moored along the sedgy strand,
 Crowded with minstrels of the village band;
 But who is he—the venerable Sage—
 In velvet cap, descends with steps of age,
 That sloping path, beneath those cedars tall,
 Bestowing blessings, smiles of love on all?
 A hundred heads are bared!—From sire to son
 Runs the kind whisper—"Yonder comes Old John!"
 And many a hand is stretched, with filial care,
 To help the Patriarch to his wonted chair

* The Rev. Joseph Charnock, incumbent of Heptonstall. He is now, I believe, above eighty years of age, but still continues to attend to his sacred duties, both as a minister and teacher, with faithful assiduity. May the blessing of his numerous pupils attend his gray hairs!

† A little hamlet, now connected with Hebden Bridge, and named Machpelah by the late Dr. Fawcett, who resided there many years, and had a private cemetery in a retired part of his grounds.

Upon the deck ;—where, safely seated, now
Above the rest, appears his honoured brow.
Slow glides the vessel o'er the rippling tide :
The crowds move onward by the waterside
In solemn silence. On those tremulous lips,
Sealed with unutterable feelings, fix
The eyes of all. At length the welcome word—
“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow !” is heard
Bursting in rapture from the full heart's urn
Of that true Israelite.—Hark ! in return,
Voices on land and water, mingling meet
With instrumental music, lift the sweet
But solemn strains to heaven ! The echoes wake
From slumber 'mong the impending rocks, and make
The air all harmony. The whistling hind,
Slow wending homeward by steep paths that wind
Among the hills, the distant music hears,
And stands in silent wonder ; then he rears
His pack against a stone, and hastes to scale
Some tree or rock, that overlooks the vale,
From whence those sounds, in mellowed softness come,
Like strains angelic to his bosom's home.

With crowding listeners every rising ground,
And high hill-top, and craggy scout,* is crowned ;
But, by the spell of that soul-hallowing song,
Is charmed to stillness every rustic throng.
Each tender mother curbs, with whispers mild,
The loud out-breakings of her restless child ;

* Scout is a term by which many rocky eminences are significantly distinguished, in the neighbourhood of Hebden Bridge. *Vide* Webster's Dictionary.

Taps his red cheek, her lips so oft have kissed,
Points to the scene below, and bids him list ;
And maids, in round-eared caps, and russet slips,
Stand mute, with finger on their rosy lips,
Hushing the murmuring music that would start,
If unrestrained, spontaneous from the heart ;
Awed into silence by some saintlike sire,
Or pious mother, whom those strains inspire,
Which now, each minstrel roused by music's spell,
Burst from the vale, with more ecstatic swell.

The song has ceased. A silent pause ensues.
The boat glides on: the accompanying crowd pursues.
Again all eyes affectionately turn
To the tranced Pastor, seated in the stern,
Whose soul, upborne on holy rapture's wings,
Still in the Heaven of Heavens the pæan sings!
But now, descending to its earthly shrine,
It glows with fervour more intense, divine,
Transforming with its own celestial light,
That mortal frame into a temple bright,
From which a voice, in thrilling accents, speaks:—
“My fav'rite hymn!” and, instantaneous, breaks
Forth into singing all the minstrel-train ;
The glad hills echoing with the holy strain.

O who can tell the rapturous thoughts that roll,
At this charmed moment, through that Patriarch's soul !
With eyes upturned, whence sacred tear-drops come,
And quivering lips, most eloquently dumb,
He looks towards heaven ; where, o'er each silver cloud,
Fancy beholds angelic watchers bowed ;
To waft, in crystal urns, to brighter spheres,
Those voiceless thoughts, too pure for human ears !

But now the shades of evening darkling brood
O'er OSWALD'S rocks, and ousel-haunted wood.
Arrived where BEEMOND'S * amber mountain-burn
Dark CALDER joins, the choral crowds return,
Rending the air, as slow they move along,
With "Rule Britannia!" spirit-stirring song!
And as the vessel nears Machpelah's grove,
The Royal Anthem bursts, with notes of love,
From loyal hearts; for Christian Britons feel
More for their King than common patriot zeal!

Just as the bark its destined moorings gains,
Die the last echoes of those loyal strains.
Silence prevails upon this sacred ground,
Save the soft sighing of the trees around,
That overhang, with dark funereal shade,
The ivied cave where holy dead were laid.
Slow from his seat, like one inspired of old,
Rises the Shepherd of this peaceful fold,
And on the deck a moment speechless stands,
With streaming eyes, and elevated hands;—
Down on their knees, uncovered, all the crowd,
As by some spell, are in an instant bowed!
Then in a voice, all tremulous at first,
Like a soft summer-wind, which, ere it burst
Into full music, timidly doth trill
Its harp among green leaves to try its skill,
The pious Pastor pours the parting prayer!—
A loud "Amen!" from all assembled there,
Tells how each bosom, touched with hallowed fire,
Feels the warm glow which Goodness can inspire.

* A beautiful woodland glen, nearly opposite the Turret Rocks.

In happy groups the peasants homeward plod,
But frequent pause to bless that man of God ;
Who now, attended by a few grey sires—
Brothers in Christ—to his abode retires—
Abode renowned ! where oft the reverend Sage
To good young children, gave the pictured page—
O prized reward !—for knowledge best displayed
Of GOD'S blest word, and all that He had made.
Behold around that hospitable hearth,
Those hoary men—the excellent of earth !
In cheerful chat, with social pipe, and glass
Of good home-brewed, a genial hour they pass ;
(O Water-wisdom ! spare thy haggard frown !
In days like these, thy nostrums were unknown ;)
Then, while warm blessings from each heart ascend,
They part, as friends should part, reluctant from a friend.

Hail, holy man ! how poor compared to thee,
The wealthiest lord that rules o'er land and sea !
Thou hadst a sway no earthly power imparts—
A throne of love in all thy people's hearts ;
And Calder's Vale, beneath thine empire sage,
Seemed to enjoy a second Golden Age.
E'en vice itself had learned thy face to fear,
And only triumphed, when thou wert not near :
The staggering drunkard, if thy name were heard,
Checked the lewd song, or curbed the unholy word ;
When passing thee, assumed a steadier pace,
And drew his slouched hat o'er his bloated face :
Rude, untaught children, quarreling in play,
Beheld thy well-known cap, and slunk away.
Domestic feud, if but thy look were seen
Turned to the portal, wore a milder mien ;

And though not quenched, (alas! it often glows
With fiercer fury after short repose,)
It durst not prove a rebel 'neath thine eye,
But, awed, stood silent, when thy form was nigh;
And raging cruelty's uplifted arm
Hath been arrested by the potent charm
Of thine appeal, in solemn tone, to Heaven—
“Forbear to harm the creatures God has given!”

But O, 'twas not thy highest praise alone,
That vice e'er trembled where thy presence shone—
'Twas thine whene'er conviction probed the heart,
With holy balsams to allay the smart;
To win with love, not frighten with the rod,
The trembling spirit to the throne of God;
And by thine own example brightly teach
What hirelings shrink from, though they dare to preach—
That the true pastor of a Christian fold,
Unlike the fabled deity of old,
Wears not two faces—one, all smiles within
Wealth's splendid halls, kind exorcist of sin—
The other, darkling like the clouded moon,
When Penury claims Religion's cheering boon;
But e'er the same, let Want—let Grandeur call—
His looks beam love—a love that burns for all.

In lowly cot, or palace of the King,
Thy words were welcome as the voice of Spring;
And had thy heart on earthly toys been set,
Thy brow had worn a Bishop's coronet!
But thou, e'er faithful to thy charge divine,
What royal kindness offered, didst decline;
Reaping more joy from one request obtained,
Than if a thousand mitres thou hadst gained.

What didst thou crave?—what did thy Sovereign send?—
*A gracious pardon for an erring friend!**
The ensanguined deep, the dead-heaped battle-field,
Fame's fleeting guerdons, to the victor yield;
But thy blest deeds alone in memory dwell,
Like precious gems enshrined in secret shell;
Yet these, when burst earth's bubbles of renown,
Shall form bright jewels in thy heavenly crown.

As when Llangollen's vale and wizard stream
Smile in the glory of the sunset beam,
Which, like a golden scarf the lover leaves
To soothe the maid, who at his absence grieves,
The orb of day, at parting, gives to grace
The Edenic beauties of the enchanted place,
And long illumine, memento of his love,
Each ivied bower, and consecrated grove;
So, FAWCETT, though thy life's bright sun is set,
Beautiful lingerings of its radiance yet
Gild many a cot among my native hills,
Whose aged inmates, with devotion's thrills,
Thank Heaven the precious privilege was theirs
To feel the unction of thy fervent prayers!
And long, O long! when these have ceased to be
The hoary chroniclers of thy deeds and thee,
May their descendants live with joy to tell,
That the bright mantle of thy virtues fell
On one who by his life and actions spake—
A second FAWCETT, or a HOLLINRAKE!

Machpelah! now what art thou but a name?
What canst thou boast, but of thy former fame?

* *Vide* note at the end.

Thy cedar grove, whose feathery branches hung
O'er the sweet grotto, round which ivy clung,
Starred with a galaxy of roses wild,
That through the dark green leafage peeped and smiled—
Is now despoiled of all its wonted bloom
By the black smoke-clouds that above it loom !
The secret path, which wound among the trees,
Bordered with cowslips and anemones,
Where often walked, in meditative mood,
The good old man—those cherubs of the wood,
The little birds, blithe, hopping on before,
To pick the crumbs he strewed in ample store,
Or bending down from their green heaven above,
To hail their friend with songs of grateful love—
Deep buried 'neath black heaps of ashes lies—
Those sights so lovely to commercial eyes !
And, haply, ere a few short years are o'er,
Machpelah, save in name, will be no more.
Where slept the Dead—where oft the voice of prayer,
The inspiring hymn, awoke the evening air,
Another *tomb* may rise, and *sound* may come,
To greet the inquirer for a FAWCETT'S home !

Was there no filial hand upraised to stay
The usurping demon, Avarice, on his way ?
Was there no voice in all the valley heard,
No heart with grateful recollections stirred,
To save from desecration that retreat,
Once hallowed by a sainted FAWCETT'S feet ?
Alas ! I fear, sons of my native vale !
Ye saw the demon's ruthless work prevail
Unchecked, unhidden !—Did ye thus repay
A love for you that never knew decay ?

IX.

Dreams of the past arise, on wings bepeared
With the rich lustres of your radiant world !
Again I am your denizen, and live
Blest in the elysium which your spells can give.
Peace is proclaimed : and hark ! from vale and hill,
Incessant shouts, and sounds of gladness fill
The summer air. From every house and tree,
Nigh the gay scene of rural revelry,
Floats many a banner, with meet emblem fraught
Of peace and love, by village damsels wrought,
Who now, the reign of cruel warfare o'er,
Hope soon to meet, upon their native shore,
Those brave, but truant lads, whom glory's charms
(A long since pardoned fault) won from their arms.
But who is she, that looks so sad and pale ?
'Tis gentle ELLEN, lily of the vale,
Who, though transplanted from green Erin's isle,
Lives in the sunshine of her sisters' smile—
The maids of fair Caldene ; for she for one
Of two brave brothers, that had stood alone
On Albuhera's hill, to shield the form
Of their fallen leader, in the battle-storm,
Left her own land, since love forbade her stay,
Now that her HENRY was afar away—
And sought his father's home, whose good and true
Old English heart received and blessed her too.
Yet why, when every bosom swells with joy,
Should cankering sorrow her kind heart annoy ?
Peace is restored—but ah ! will *he* return,
Her own loved hero ?—In the ebon urn
Of buried hopes, the last she cherished lies ;
And something whispers : “ Never must thine eyes

Behold him more !” How can she then be gay ?—
The broken heart ne’er feels joy’s holiday !
’Mid sylvan glooms that suit her spirit’s mood,
She roams, the angel of sad solitude,
To hold communion with her grief apart,
And hug more close *his* image to her heart,
Who now, perchance, upon some bloody plain,
Unburied lies, by foreign foemen slain.
Beneath a pine, whose half-clad branches fling
A solemn shade o’er Beemond’s golden spring,
Lorn ELLEN sits upon a mossy stone,
And takes from out her bosom, one by one,
The treasured lines of love—to her more dear
Than aught—save him who sent them—can be here.
But o’er that precious pledge, whose oft-raised seal’s
Device and motto, scarce the wax reveals,
She pauses long and weeps—ah ! well she may !
It was the last her HENRY sent to say,
That he was wounded, but still cherished hope
God would enable him with this to cope,
And meet his ELLEN at his father’s home,
Never again from love and her to roam.

Sweet mourner wipe thy tears. Look up ! look up !
A radiant angel, with a golden cup
Of nectared bliss, bends smiling o’er thee now,
And points to yonder mountain’s sunny brow,
On which, attended by his lame old sire,
A warrior youth, in glittering attire,
Leans on his sword, and gazes all around,
As if expecting a fair form should bound
Into his arms, with welcomings of love,
From some green bower in Beemond’s breezy grove.

Whom deem'st thou him?—Perchance a soldier who
Brings happy tidings—No! such grateful dew—
So whispers grief that o'er thy bosom lowers—
Must never fall upon hope's withering flowers!
But hark that voice! Is it, too, strange to thee?
And those fond words: "My ELLEN, come to me?"
With sudden cry, and outspread arms, the maid
Rushes all wildly from the pine-tree's shade;
And ere her HENRY, bounding o'er the heath,
Can clasp her form, down, like a snowy wreath
Loosed from a rock, by the first gales of spring,
She sinks insensible 'mid bowering ling.

Few die of joy.—Behold! with martial pride,
The gallant soldier homeward leads his bride;
Their good old father marching on before,
Waving his crutch, his lameness felt no more;
While ranged before that happiest of homes,
The band strikes up "The conquering hero comes!"
Now smokes the feast; and friends and neighbours crowd
Around the board, at which presides the proud
Kind-hearted sire, who, in tumultuous joy,
Upheaps each plate, as though he would destroy
All future cravings; and oft pledges male
And female guest in draughts of amber ale,
From ALBUHERA* drawn at his command,
And passed in silver quart from hand to hand.
But there is one who, all too happy, sits
By that brave youth, and smiles and weeps by fits;
No food she tastes; no proffered cup she sips
Save that first kissed by his beloved lips;

* A large cask, so called in honour of his son's prowess.

Absorbed in dreamlike agony of bliss,
No voice she hears, no form she sees but his ;
Her gentle words are for his ear alone,
Breathed in that soft, and silvery undertone,
Which melts into the heart, deliciously,
Like music wafted o'er a moonlight sea.

Now to the hearth the welcome guests repair,
The damsels crowding round the soldier's chair,
Whose bride, in envied happiness they view
Throned on his knee—her beautifully blue,
Love-lighted eyes upon his features bent
With earnest gaze, and rapture eloquent.
Inquiries frequent now are made of those
Who went like him to quell Old England's foes ;
And many a bosom heaves with joyous swell,
At the glad news that each is safe and well,
And hopes ere long o'er the salt waves to come,
And all he loves meet happy at dear home.
Then, by request, with frank but modest mien,
The hero tells of climes where he has been ;
The battles fought ; the deeds of valour done ;
The dangers 'scaped ; the honours he has won.
The long recital o'er, elate with joy,
Upleaps his sire, and shouts, "My own brave boy !"
And beauteous ELLEN—frown not prudes at this—
Prints on the soldier's brow a fervent kiss.
Charmed with the tale, fond maids, and spinsters prim,
Wish Heaven had made them husbands just like him ;
O then they feel, that they had guilty been
Of that sweet bride's involuntary sin !
Each father could with joy from life depart
To clasp a son so worthy to his heart ;

And many a boy could wish himself a man,
To stand the foremost in the battle's van,
And, home returning, crowned with laurels, prove
How sweet the welcome of his faithful Love !

X.

Bright dawn of manhood !—waned, ah ! much too soon,
At thy approach, blest childhood's lovely moon,
Whose soft effulgence to my vision gave
A charm vanished, I in vain may crave !
The dawn of manhood !—hail to all the strife,
Loves, joys, and woes, that chequer human life !
With these, led on by thee, enchanting Hope,
My spirit bounds exultingly to cope ;
And twines its generous sympathies round all
That's left worth loving since the primal Fall.

Hail to the art, whose talismanic power
Reflects the past, retains the present hour !
To memory's eye recalls, with dear delight,
Elysian visions from oblivion's night ;
Gives to affection's gaze, bedimmed with tears,
The buried treasure of ecstatic years ;
Arrests, perpetuates, nature's varying form,
Or robed in light, or darkling in the storm ;
Wakes from the silent slumber of the tomb
Celestial beauty in immortal bloom ;
And, triumphing o'er Egypt's boastful art,
Embalms each look that lightens from the heart :
The dauntless hero for the battle glows ;
The lover's mien proclaims his secret throes ;
Unbronzed the cheek, the ruby lip unbleached,
The brow unshrivelled, and the eye unquenched.

Enchantress hail!—Though oceans roll between
 Our present homes and childhood's faery scene,
 Thou bring'st to view, remembrancer beloved,
 The hills we climbed, the valleys where we roved,
 In youth's gay morn, by wonted wood or stream,
 With our heart's hope, when love was all our theme.
 Immortal sister of the Muses, hail!
 'Tis thine to please when tuneful numbers fail;
 With plastic hand to clothe with form and hue
 What godlike Shakspeare, classic Milton, drew;
 And charm the man, o'er whose contracted soul
 The minstrel's magic holds no sweet control.

Ah! where is he, the Genius of the vale,
 Who long has drooped beneath the withering gale
 Of cold neglect, with which the sordid crew
 That lord the valley, treat the Gifted Few?—
 A crew insensible to aught save gain,
 And the dark joy of giving merit pain;
 Unskilled alike to appreciate or condemn,
 Scorn those whom fortune has not dowered like them.
 Vain fools that, like the unbelievers, ween
 A wealthless prophet is a Nazarene!

The house in which his hopeful genius first
 In secret, stealthy solitude was nursed,
 No longer hath the alluring spicery-lore
 Glittering in gold above the well-known door.
 Some pious sage, whose mouth is *sans* a tooth,
 Wishful in these bad times, our rising youth
 'Gainst sins of *taste* determined war should wage,
 And save their teeth and pence to comfort age,
 Has now converted—when *his* taste is cool—
 This spice-depot into a Sunday-school.

My elder brother ! who, ere bardic fire
Urged me with trembling hand to strike the lyre,
Hadst oft in secret, with a minstrel's power,
Waked thy harp's sweetness in thy lonely bower,
And imaged both on canvas and in rhyme,
The painter's vision, and the bard's, sublime.
Ah ! whither, gentle C—yt—n, hast thou fled ?
Has Heaven no brighter prospects round thee spread
Than those uncheering at thy manhood's dawn,
When hope's faint star arose—but was full soon withdrawn ?
Say to what place, in times of dire distress,
Hast thou retired, with haply none to bless,
And, like a fettered eagle that no more
Must track the ether and the sun adore,
Foregone for cares of an ignoble kind,
The aspirations of thy heaven-taught mind ?

Methinks I see, in some unplastered room,
Thy frameless pictures hang in murky gloom !
Thy sun-browned Barman * views no more the sun
With looks all redolent of wit and fun ;
But dark communion with the rafters holds,
His head enveloped in the spiders' folds ;
Thy lovely Gipsy with cerulean eyes,
On the damp floor, 'mid useless lumber lies ;
While crawling vermin with their nausea streak
Her brow's fair hue, the vermeil of her cheek.
Like mirror-fragments in a desert found,
Thy landscapes lie despoiled, and scattered round,
As by an earthquake in confusion hurled ;
And chaos revels o'er thy painted world !

* This and the Gipsy alluded to in a subsequent line, were, when I saw them some years ago, two highly creditable specimens of C—yt—n's genius as a painter.

Thy mutilated easel's thrown aside ;
Thy colours cobwebbed, and thy pencils dried ;
Or made to span some pictured paper-pane,
And hold it there, to keep out wind and rain !
Thyself engaged in menial toils I see,
And woman's handicraft excelled by thee ;
As if thy genius were determined still,
Though held in thrall, to shew superior skill.

Arise thou Eagle of the Vale, arise !
The paltry trammels of mean toil despise !
Leave those for hands of rude, ungifted men,
And live the Painter and the Bard again !
Think not, though thickening clouds around thee lower—
Though friendless still—unblest with fortune's dower—
That Heaven ordained thy genius* should be made
A drudge degraded of a sordid trade !
Beware lest thou perform a traitor's part,
And plant a dagger in her sickening heart,
And her dim ghost through life thy steps pursue,
Point to her wounds, and claim a vengeance due !
Burst the dark clouds that hover o'er thy head !—
Above them fields of azure are outspread !
Full many a wight, less gifted far than thou,
Has won bright laurels to adorn his brow ;
Then sure 'tis thine, to whom indulgent Heaven
The double dowry of the god has given,
To soar on high ; and if there laurels be
In fame's proud temple, win them yet for thee !

* The Genius of Painting—unlike that of Trade—I have personified as feminine.—*Idem* note, Book V.

Track not my path. From childhood to this hour
 I've been the slave of Indiscretion's power—
 Such is, at least, the only badge which fame
 Has yet vouchsafed to deck my humble name.
 'Twas never mine to boast thy talents rare,
 (Like miser's treasures, buried 'neath thy care ;)
 But I have felt—and trembled when it came—
 A power mysterious lighten through my frame ;
 And oft have burned, impatient of control,
 To vent the ready thunders of my soul ;—
 In vain!—I've waited till the storm has passed,
 Held by the shackles of *profession* fast.

The unhappiest he of all the sons of song—
 The slave and monarch of the youthful throng !—
 Whose time and talents, all his pains despite,
 Are spent in washing mental *Æthiops* white ;
 While fond, discerning parents wisely rate
 His store of knowledge by the scholar's pate.

The Muse disdains the thralldom of a school :
 She loves the air of mountain, and the cool
 Of sylvan covert in the sunny vale ;
 The song of birds, of milkmaid o'er her pail ;
 The lake's green margin on an eve in June,
 When its blue bosom to the rising moon
 Heaves rapturously, as bridegroom's, when his bride
 Walks forth to meet him, in her beauty's pride ;—
 Or she, in moments more sublime, her form
 Invests in terrors of the midnight storm :
 In the deep thunder's mighty anthem joys,
 And plays with lightnings as a child with toys ;
 Rides on the ocean-billows, tempest-hurled,
 Tracks every clime, the empress of the world ;

Stands on Heaven's highest pinnacle sublime ;
Views the birth-morn—the tragic close, of Time!—
Hails the first ray of living light divine,
That visits darkness from the eternal shrine ;—
Sees, rising beauteous from chaotic sleep,
Innumerable worlds, like bubbles on the deep ;
Each in the omnific hand of Godhead borne,
Creation's radiant orrery to adorn ;—
Hears the dread fiat—"Time shall be no more!"
Earth inly trembles to her farthest shore!
The sun grows dark, as furnace lacking food !
The stars expire ! the moon is turned to blood !

Such, heavenly muse, in life's delightful spring,
The exalted themes I wooed thine aid to sing ;
And oft, e'en now, at still and deep midnight,
When gathering clouds have veiled the stars from sight,
I sit me down beneath some sheltering rock,
To watch the breeding storm ; and when the shock
Of the hoarse rumbling thunder bursts among
The startled hills ; and they, in echoes long,
Hail their loud challenger ; and flash on flash
Cleaves the black concave ; and with sudden plash,
Down teems the rattling rain—I call to thee,
Sweet Syren, that, in all thy majesty
Of loveliness and light, thou wouldst descend,
And with my soul thy purer essence blend !
Oh fatal prayer ! thou com'st in all thy charms,
As did the God of Thunder to the arms
Of mortal beauty, but to scathe the breast
That, loving thee, preferred the dear request.
Away ! away ! thy dangerous spells remove !
I inly burn with unavailing love ;

Which, like a secret, subterranean flame,
 Dries up my blood, and seres my feeble frame;
 So that, where'er I go, I shrink to see
 The eye of health its glances turn on me.
 Go, sweet enchantress, with thy sister, roll
 The clouds away that loom o'er C—yt—n's soul;
 Urge him, too reckless of each magic spell,
 To ply the pencil, and to strike the shell;
 To quit the spot where genius may not thrive,
 Ere gathering peril's stormiest hour arrive.
 Friends let him seek—wherever he may roam,
 He'll find the best, the most remote from home.
 True are the words of Him who proved them true:
 "At home no prophet meets with honour due!"
 Home, once regardless of her nursing's weal,
 Puts on the mourner, and affects to feel;
 A parent's anguish and regret displays;
 Erst prone to blame, grows prodigal of praise;
 And deigns to shed a tributary tear—
 WHEN ALL THE WORLD STANDS WEEPING ROUND HIS BIER!
 Builds the high tomb, and plants the sable yew
 O'er honoured dust, whose worth she never knew!

XI.

And where art thou, my sentimental friend?
 The bard in whom strange whims and virtues blend;
 Before whose throne my muse has drooped her wing,
 As in the presence of Parnassian King.
 Still dost thou sit on thy majestic stool,
 The dreaded monarch of thy motley school?
 Still teach each wealthier boor, and romping wench,
 Friend Murray's syntax, and old Chambaud's French?
 And for thy pains, from parents void of sense,
 Receive the half-reluctant recompense?

Does thy fair spouse, in queenlike bulk and pride,
 In her domain of squalling inns preside;
 And make each urchin in her presence live
 In trembling awe of her prerogative?
 Symphonious still to CALDER's constant roar,
 Dost, on thy harp, thy thought-winged numbers pour,
 Inspired by Cobbett's far-famed hippocrene,*
 And sweet Havannah, banisher of spleen?
 Comes Jane, with silver voice, and sylph-like tread,
 To warn thee still of thy neglected bed;
 When thou indulgest, with prolonged delight,
 Thy moody vein, in solitude of night?
 Alas! I fear, thy genius cannot save
 Thy spouse and thee from misery's sweeping wave!

Stern Cincinnatus of the mental soil!
 Thy days have passed in honourable toil—
 Not like the merchant's, in acquiring wealth,
 But at the peril of thine ease and health—
 In cultivation of that godlike art,
 Which sows instruction in the youthful heart.
 I dread lest now thy labour's narrowed field
 For thy support a scanty harvest yield;
 And thy once-portly *cara spousa's* form,
 Like unaccustomed gleaner's in a storm,
 Shiver and droop beneath the blighting gale
 Of cheerless woe, that pours adown the dale.

The man whose sword with human blood is dyed,
 Is hailed by millions as his country's pride;
 Fame blows his clarion, braids his laurel wreath,
 And Britain's treasures glut the man of death!

* Small-beer.

But he, the nobler veteran who has fought
 In bloodless combat in the field of thought ;
 Spent a whole life of unremitting zeal
 In mental toil for youthful Britons' weal ;
 Receives no guerdon from his country—save
 The bread of sorrow, and a martyr's grave ! *
 Such for thy worthies, Greece, didst thou decree ?—
 Let guilty Britain blush and answer thee !

XII.

Shame on the land that boasts of noble deeds,
 When vile empiries must purloin the meeds,
 Which patient industry, with skill combined,
 Has earned by culture of the youthful mind !
 Is there a bankrupt-tradesman, who has lost
 His all—and *more*—to thousands' bitter cost ;
 Who at the mart dares not to shew his face,
 For fear of curses and of dire disgrace ;
 And who, from all the avenues of self
 Cut off, shrinks back upon his sordid self ?—
 Ho ! there is one way open for him still—
 A last resource in this his day of ill—
 He needs but turn a pedagogue to find
 How all-forgiving, and how very kind
 His former friends—when they behold the fate
 Of one so “ fallen from his high estate ! ”
 Support and patronage they freely give—
 A brother—though a charlatan—must live ;
 Though lost to all that can ennoble man,
 His very name denounced by public ban ;
 Though void of talent, save of low chicane ;
 Though lost to virtue, ignorant and vain ;

* *Vide* note at the end.

Though him they durst not trust with goods or gold,
 (For reasons which their ledgers could unfold ;)
 Yet to his care a treasure more divine—
 Their children's education—they resign !
 While he, the drudge, well-known from youth to age
 As a tried teacher, by experience sage,
 Who, when for school they could their toils forego,
 Taught them the little learning that they know,
 Must to this upstart driveller bow the knee,
 And starve by tutoring brats of low degree !
 'Tis well !—just Heaven their folly laughs to scorn,
 And gives them sons they wish had ne'er been born.

XIII.

But shall we pass his rubious Reverence by ?
 Let Erin's saints forbid ! who hovered nigh
 His rough war-couch, when he in youth essayed
 To earn a livelihood by the killing trade,
 And bade him lay his *unfleshed* weapon down,
 And woo a wife in Dublin's famous town ;
 Lay up at leisure some slight store of knowledge,
 And honours win in its most learned college ;
 Then, though of "little Latin and less Greek"—
 Still less possessed of lore more needed—seek
 His native land, which he an idler left,
 And try to enter, through some covert cleft,
 The Sanctuary, as his proper sphere,
 And preach—no matter if none went to hear—
 The fee would save his stomach, if not souls,
 From famine's dismal purgatorial howls.

All hail to thee, most reverend man of God !
 The path appointed thou hast boldly trod ;

Quitted the war-field (where thy precious life
 Thou mightst have lost) and won an Irish wife;
 Gained by her aid, O benefactress kind!
 A little light in thy benighted mind;
 Learned how to spell, and read 'gainst nature's will,
 With tolerable orthographic skill;
 To demonstrate, beyond the reach of doubt,
 That what is not within can ne'er come out;—
 Hast understood, though once thou didst despair,
 That triangles are not exactly square;
 Construed, by help of literal versions lent,
 The Latin Vulgate, and Greek Testament;
 Or caught, upborne on Hamiltonian wings,
 A glimpse of regions where sweet Maro sings;
 Where Homer, throned in majesty sublime,
 Peals the grand song that charms the ear of Time;
 And thus equipped, thou hast returned to say,
 "Of Dublin College, lo! I am B.A.!"
 At the proud boast, within his pebbly bed,
 Affrighted CALDER shrunk and hid his head;
 And all the lambs around Warluley's hill,
 B.A.'d loud and long, with sudden terror chill!
 The Church to thee, spontaneous, opened wide
 Her sacred gates, which oft have been denied
 To men who would have loathed thy *crawling* sin
 Of entering, unprepared, her courts within—
 Right-minded men, the latchet of whose shoes
 Thou wert not, hireling, worthy to unloose.

Now I beseech you listen, gentles all,
 To the grandiloquent ecstasies that fall,
 Extemporaneous, from that Preacher's lips,
 In tones as melting as, in the eclipse

Of the full moon, at midnight's solemn hour,
The screech-owl's music from the ruined tower !
Mark how his gestures *plunge* the emphatic words
Deep in the heart, like double-edged swords !
And how—as when the oilless chariot-wheel
Takes fire by whirling round the axle-steel—
His ruddy features, with the rapid flow
Of pompous nothings, burn with redder glow !

See where he toils up yonder spiral hill,
Intent his sacred mission to fulfil,
Bearing the pedlar's pack of rags and dross,
(Who slyly lauds the carrier of his cross,)
Blessed by each wondering cottager, who deems
His Reverence e'en the lowliness he seems ;
And hailed by children, that, like terrier dogs,
Run yelping after, in their clattering clogs !—
A sight far more delectable to see
Than when St. Sackcloth,* on his bare-worn knee,
Washed thirteen beggars, to convince mankind
Of his extreme humility of mind !
But has the Church no recompense bestowed
Upon the saint who bore the pedlar's load ?
Has she, ungrateful, passed his merits by,
And viewed his acts with unapproving eye ?
Sad, mournful truth !—Save some chance Sabbath day,
No congregation hears him preach and pray !
She found him hungering, thirsting for good things,
And still she leaves him to his stomach's stings,
Regardless of his talismanic name,
His Dublin laurels, and his deeds of fame !

* Thomas-a-Becket.

But shall his light lie 'neath a bushel hid ?
 His patron saints of noodledom forbid !
 "Pity the sorrows of a *cure*-less priest,
 Whose cravings, Guardians, drive him to your door !
 O give some twenty—fifteen pounds at least,
 And he will preach the gospel to the poor !"
 And could the Bastile-rulers hear unmoved
 This modest quest ? Alas ! they all approved,
 With conscience economically nice,
 Of preaching without money, without price !
 What though not oft his talents are required
 To grace the pulpit, for the Sunday hired,
 And charm the hearers with a sermon sweet—
 He well can teach the rising race—to eat,
Et cætera—and train them in the way,
 From which, hereafter, they will never stray !*

Kneel, kneel, ye pedagogues, both great and small,
 And down before this wondrous Dagon fall !
 No more, presumptuous, hope to gain your bread
 By honest means—this vampire must be fed !
 Think not, henceforth, though ye have sown the field,
 That ye must reap the harvest it will yield :
 His Reverence comes, and with his secret scythe,
 Cuts down the crop, and claims it all as tithe,
 Sly chuckling, as he steals the well-eared sheaves,
 To see you pining on the chaff he leaves !
 Resign your claims to patronage and pay ;
 He lords the ascendant, and must have the sway !
 Your strife with dunces, here, is at an end ;
 Lo ! yonder comes their peace-maker and friend,

* "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." This might be an appropriate inscription for his Reverence's temple of knowledge.—Printer's Devil.

Who soon, with kindred sympathy inspired,
 Will lull those brains which ye so oft have tired !
 Leave then, like him—though with *ignobler* aim—
 The land o'ershadowed by his mighty fame ;
 Shoulder your ferules, quill-armed cap-a-pie,
 And join the rebel-ranks beyond the sea ;*
 Or, tired of earth, ascend in Green's balloon,
 And war with Gog and Magog in the moon !

Truce to this theme : one word before we part,
 I give thee, priest, all shameless as thou art—
 Doff, doff thy sacerdotal robes, and cease
 To be a herald of the Prince of Peace ;
 For thou, in secret, hast his banners stained,
 And warred 'gainst precepts in His word contained.
 He bids thee love thy neighbour as thyself ;
 But thou hast wronged him for the love of pelf !
 "Thou shalt not steal !"—this, haply, thou hast read,
 But never felt within thy heart of lead ;
 For thou, a wolf in clothing of a sheep,
 Hast robbed the folds which skilful shepherds keep !
 'Tis written in the volume of that Book,
 In which, save Sundays, thou dost seldom look,
 "The righteous seed I ne'er saw begging bread ;"
 But thou, a *priest* ! from house to house hast sped,
 To beg, with wheedling wiles, which few could foil,
 The hard-earned fruits of honourable toil !
 Matchless imposter ! marvels not thy soul
 The thunder, harmless, o'er thy head should roll ?—
 That one who first, before the public eye
 Upheld thy name in hues of brighter dye,

* *Vide* note at the end.

Should not, aroused by thy cold-blooded wrong,
Ere this, have scourged thee with satiric thong?
A begging go!—for this thy proper trade
Thou well by “nature’s journeymen” wert made;
But that the world more sympathy may shew,
And give more loaves and fishes for thy maw,
Thy seamless garb of sanctity resign,
And, beggar-clad, with well-feigned limp and whine,
Of which to thee some brother in the art
In pity may the proper knack impart,
Go forth with scrip in hand, a second Dan,
Twin-brother of the Irish Beggarman;
Like him with fame and honours meet be crowned,
And in the wealth of *penny-rint* abound.

Parents of England! have you ceased to feel
An interest in your offspring’s mental weal?
Shall they, by pseudo-pedagogues like this,
Be lured to ruin with a Judas’ kiss?
Broods o’er your judgments, starless, moonless night,
In times of boasted intellectual light,
That ye see not, hallucination-mad,
Empiric Ignorance, though in cassock clad?
Shall cozenage usurp proud Honour’s seat,
And tread down Science ’neath its cloven feet?
Shall shameless Beggary in triumph lead
Your children captive to his house of need,
And chain their minds with spells more dark and foul
Than deadly hell-broth of a wizard’s bowl?
Then from your thresholds spurn the beggar-brood,
From little Lighthead, down to great Drawblood!

NOTES TO BOOK I.

(Page 7, line 12.)

Near the lonely and ivied MILCHIN BRIDGE.

MILCHIN. This word appears to me of doubtful derivation, but one thing is evident, that the modern pronunciation "Milking" is a gross corruption, inasmuch as the Bridge is at the bottom of two rocky and precipitous woods, without any pasture for cattle, (except what has been reclaimed from the Eaves within the last century), and is so narrow as not to admit of the passage over it of a cow or any animal of equal dimensions. It may be from the British "Miolechoin" Greyhounds, and may mean "The Bridge of the Greyhounds"—a very appropriate appellation.

Mr. Horner, of Halifax, has executed two very beautiful views of this Bridge, illustrative of the following lines from the *Star Seer* :—

"There bows a hoary bridge, that seems to spring
From wild-rose stems which, entertwining, cling
With broad-leaved ivy, round its rugged form,
And, as the fringe-work of some faery charm,
Hang 'neath the arch in beautiful festoons,
Gemmaed with white roses, that, like little moons,
Shine o'er the surface of the amber deep,
Where lies the trout in silver-lidded sleep."

(Page 26, line 2.)

A gracious pardon for an erring friend !

The circumstance to which I have alluded, is well known to most of the friends of the late Dr. Fawcett. It may, however, be necessary to state for the information of those who are unacquainted with the history of that good man, that he wrote a book, entitled *An Essay on Anger*, which, by some means or other, fell into the hands of George III. His Majesty was so pleased with the perusal of the book, that he caused inquiry to be made

respecting its author, and expressed his desire to oblige Dr. Fawcett, when an opportunity presented. A remarkable proof of the sincerity of the Royal promise was, after some time, touchingly manifested in the pardon of a young man who had committed forgery, at the intercession of Dr. Fawcett.

(Page 40, line 6.)

The bread of sorrow, and a martyr's grave.

Like many of his brother-teachers in the West Riding, this old school-master complains, and with just reason, of the mean solicitation for pupils practised by certain individuals interested in the upholding of Proprietary and Collegiate Institutions. It is deeply to be regretted, that gentlemen, who have graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, should disgrace their honourable profession as teachers by descending to the mean practices of the empiric, under the sanction of a conventional respectability conferred by a wealthy and interested party, and afford ampler ground for suspecting that quackery and pretence are far from being extinct in our public places of learning.

(Page 45, line 6.)

And join the rebel-ranks beyond the sea.

At the time these lines were written, there were rumours of insurrectionary movements in the Canadas; and his Reverence was then in the zenith of his prosperity. I have learnt since, that he has gone into the land of oblivion; and I once resolved—from a natural wish not to war with the dead—to cancel all I have said respecting his doings; but my literary and legal friends advised me to publish my gentle philippic, as a warning to his successor and others, not to tread in his steps.

THE VALE OF CALDENE;
OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BOOK II.

“A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse.
A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!”

Southey's English Eclogues.

" I AM NOT ONE WHOSE PLEASURE IS TO WEAVE
TALES HIGHLY WROUGHT OF SUDDEN ACCIDENT,
UNLOOKED-FOR RECOGNITION, OR DESIRE
STRANGELY FULFILLED ; BUT YET I HAVE A TALE
WHICH WILL BRING TEARS OF PITY TO THINE EYES,
AND SUMMON ALL THY SADNESS TO ATTEND
A WILLING MOURNER IN A FUNERAL TRAIN."

School of the Heart.

ROBERT AND MARY.

Poem.

THE EVENING of the second day, with its cloud-glories, its awakening stars, and its rising moon, tempts the Pilgrim to revisit some of the scenes of his early childhood. His steps are soon arrested by a sudden light streaming from a cottage. He enters, and beholds the OLD BEGGAR-MAN, whom he so well recollected as the weekly visitant at his father's door in happier days, dying unattended by any one but his tottering spouse. The wanderer quits the melancholy scene, and speeds towards the abode of two friends, endeared to him by the associations of his boyhood—ROBERT and MARY. On his way, the scenes of the Past revive in all their vividness. ROBERT and he are on the mimic battle-field—are at the green shaw, achieving deeds of archery—MARY, in budding loveliness, one of the fair spectatresses of the scene. The marriage of the youthful pair—their rural home—their beautiful children—all pass in review before him, and he indulges the hope that he shall find his friends as happy as when last he saw them.—That hope is blasted. Poverty and affliction have entered the cottage. The strong man is broken as on a wheel—his children are famishing for bread—and their mother is dying. After having in vain attempted to console his distracted friend, the Pilgrim returns homeward at the DAWN of DAY ; and with an address to the GENIUS of TRADE and to the SUN, concludes the Second Book.

THE VALE OF CALDENE.

BOOK II.

ROBERT AND MARY.

“ O voice once heard
Delightfully, increase and multiply !
Now death to hear ! For what can *we* increase
Or multiply, but *woe, crime, penury !* ”

Paradise Lost, X, 729.

I.

The daylight is dying upon the hills,
And hushed is the dizzy hum of the mills ;
The birds are warbling their vesper hymn,
And night is unfolding her curtains dim ;
And the stars, like eyes that have waked from sleep,
Through the deepening azure twinkling peep ;
And the moving clouds have a double glow—
A rosy back, and a breast of snow ;
And as towards the brightening east they sail,
That red flush fades to a dusky pale ;
And now they are wreathing their fleecy arms
To welcome the moon, when she comes in her charms
Of blushing loveliness, fresh from her bower
Of coral and pearl, at this balmy hour.

Lo yonder!—'tis she!—but her form's now hid
 That gorgeous pavilion of clouds amid.—
 She seems as though she were tarrying there
 To adjust her robes, and her shining hair,
 Ere she sets out on her journey far
 Through the starry fields, on her crystal car.
 She comes!—how beautiful!—Hill and dell
 Rock, tree, and river, beneath her spell,
 Smile with a witchery more divine
 Than in the glare of the Day-god's shine:—
 But, lovely moon, I vowed with thee
 To rove o'er the scenes of my infancy.
 Then let us away—but pause!—a light
 Suddenly streaming, attracts my sight.

II.

List! list!—a groan from yonder lowly shed,
 Arrests my ear, and checks my hasty tread.
 'Tis like the moaning of a spirit sent,
 At dead of night, from mouldering monument,
 Burd'ning the winds that round the lone GREAVE * croon,
 With hollow murmurs to the waning moon,
 That tell of wrongs unknown and unforgiven—
 Wrongs dark and deep, unvisited of Heaven!
 Lift light the latch!—no mockery of woe
 Deceives the eye with mere external show!
 Here Poverty, Affliction, Sorrow, reign,
 Tearless Despair, unmitigable Pain!
 Lo! by the feeble glimmerings that fall
 From that dim light, suspended from the wall,

* In allusion to a foul murder that was committed at this place, the perpetrators of which have never been discovered.

Stretched on a bed—uncanopied—the wan,
Lean, ghastly spectre of what once was man ;
And o'er him, tottering, bends the shrivelled form
Of One who yet survives the rayless storm
Of misery that, like the dread Simoom,
Weaves round *his* head the darkness of the tomb !
With palsied hand, a feather oft she dips
In a small phial, to anoint his lips—
Livid, and withered, moistureless, apart—
Whence come those groans that harrow up the heart ;
For here no Æsculapian skill essays
To pour the balm, the languid wretch to raise :
Far, far from him all money-purchased aid ;
Too oft it shuns the couch where Want is laid !
Beside that lonely bed no priest * doth stand,
With gilded missal in his reverend hand,
To read the ritual which his church believes
Redemption oft in death's last hour achieves,
And whisper comfort, when the trembling soul
Plumes for its passage to the final goal.

The hour is nigh :—that sufferer's sunk eyes gaze
Wildly, yet fixedly, on the lamp's red blaze ;
Towards which he stretches forth his shrivelled arm
And long, lean fingers ; as he thought 'twould warm
His pain-chilled frame, and bless—if ought could bless—
The midnight horrors of death's wilderness ;
As thou the giddy infant oft hast seen,
With beauteous wonder in its eager mien,
Look wistfully ; its tiny fingers play
To reach the candle's bright, attractive ray.

* It may be just necessary to state, that the dying man was a Roman Catholic.

Those groans have ceased ;—the harbinger of death
Speaks, in that rattling, of his parting breath ;
A gleam of consciousness illumes his eye,
Like sunlight flashing through a stormy sky ;
And his last looks, with awful meaning rife,
Rest on the features of his aged wife ;
And while his lips to speak in vain essay,
His troubled spirit quits its home of clay.

The martyr, burning slow on pagan fire—
The soldier, that doth drop by drop expire—
The sailor, sinking 'neath the stormy wave,
With fruitless struggles, to a watery grave—
The wretch, condemned unequal war to wage
With the fell tiger maddened into rage—
The malefactor, doomed on bloody tree
To perish in protracted agony—
The slave entombed within the burning mine—
Pilgrim of sorrow ! what, compared with thine,
The momentary ills which *these* may bear ?—
Ills light as feathers floating in the air !
Thine was the doom to find unto the last,
The present hour still darker than the past ;
To travel on through all the waste of years,
Despair thy food ! thy drink the well of tears !
Not but, sometimes, along thy desert way,
Appeared a green oasis, a sunny ray
To cheer thee ; yet life's general tenour ran
Replete with all that misery brings to man.

No more !—O heart ! I feel thy fountains rise,
And in a torrent overwhelm my eyes !
Flow on ! though mine an unpartaken grief,
Though tears are bootless to impart relief

In the dark hour when suffering merit dies ;
 Yet pity's tribute what kind soul denies ?
 Accept this tribute, venerable Dead !
 And peace brood o'er thee in thy lowly bed !

III.

How beautiful, upon the moonlight breeze,
 That cot's blue smoke ascends among the trees !
 Beloved abode ! whose sylvan loneliness
 Has been its happy shelter from distress ;—
 Would it were so ! and that its inmates still
 Were kindly shielded from the common ill !
 Here while I stand, in fancy I behold
 Those golden days in vista bright unfold,
 When he who dwells in that secluded home,
 Once loved with me o'er these dear scenes to roam.

Friend of my boyhood ! Genius' low-born son !
 Leader of sport ! and president of fun !
 Distinguished champion on the well-known field !
 Knight of the sapling spear, and paper-shield !
 Beneath whose kerchief banner I have fought,
 And bloodless deeds of youthful prowess wrought,
 Inspired amid the well-contested strife,
 With martial sounds of mimic drum and fife !
 Matchless artificer of paper-men,
 That, on the old oak battle-plain,* again,
 With flags and small brass guns, displayed to view
 A Lilliputian scene of Waterloo !
 Prince of the bow ! deserving all the fame
 Of thy great prototype's illustrious name—

* An oak table, on which are still visible the effects of our mimic battles.

In yon deep glen, where high the King of Trees,
 The mighty WHITEBARK,* growth of centuries,
 (Woe to the unhallowed hand, that heaves the blow
 To lay the monarch of High Greenwood low!)
 Rears 'gainst the deep-blue heavens his leafy head,
 And, far and wide, his branches overspread
 A rising progeny, that, round their sire,
 In slender, pigmy mightiness aspire—
 In that retreat, thy merry Bowmen bold,
 In garbs of green, and bonnets decked with gold,
 Again assemble, deeds of skill to try,
 Ranged in due order, 'neath thy martial eye,
 By LITTLE JOHN, and one more proud to claim
 WILL SCARLET'S honours than a scholar's fame :—
 But mark'st thou not, amid the lovely band
 Of fair ones that, like Hamadryads, stand
 On yonder shelter'd knoll aloof, to see
 Our boyhood sports of rival archery,
 That gentle Maid—so beautifully shy—
 Peer on thy form with half-averted eye ;
 Now deeply blush, now pale as marble grow,
 When, as the arrow from thy well-strung bow,
 Achieves its destined, and unerring aim,
 Thy gallant Bowmen shout in loud acclaim ?
 As if she fears that *other* eyes should look
 Too fond on thee with gaze she could not brook.

Beautiful creature ! if there e'er were seen
 On earth an angel, she is one I ween ;

* This was one of those old patriarchal trees, which are rarely to be seen in the neighbourhood of a densely populated manufacturing district. Since the above lines were written the Whitebark, has been felled. Let the Goth who caused it to be done, take heed to the ban under which he did it !

But she's not like your cloistered, pallid fair,
With languid look, and fashion-braided hair,
Skilled with light foot the mazy dance to trip,
And polished accents breathe from pride-curved lip.
What though the sun has o'er her features thrown
A veil transparent of the slightest brown,
The rose and lily, undefiled, shine through,
Like morn's first smiles through heather-drops of dew ;
While her long tresses, dark as midnight cloud,
Flow artless down, in one promiscuous crowd ;
Save when some truant curl its beauteous home
Deserts awhile, with the young breeze to roam ;
In part disclosing, pure as snowy wreath,
Her swanlike neck, and budding breast beneath
What though in all the glare of dress arrayed,
Her native loveliness was ne'er displayed ;
Alternately exposing to the view,
Each braided anklet, and white silken shoe,
When, with some perfumed, and be-whiskered beau,
(Like a wasp rampant) tripping on light toe,
The "unseemly Waltz," Quadrille, or Rigadoon,
At midnight hour, along the bright saloon—
Robed in her best, the elected Queen of May,
In peerless beauty, on the gala-day,
This mountain sylph, with faery step, I've seen
Join in the rural dance on OSWALD GREEN.
What though there fall not from her ruby mouth,
The soft refinements of the enervate south,
But in her speech and song, the ear can trace
The uncouth dialect of her native place ;
Yet there is music in her voice and tone,
Which, with its charm, for this slight fault alone,
E'en to the most fastidious can atone.

And then her heart—it is the home of all
That's left of sweetness since the primal fall !
She loves—but 'tis with timid, trembling fear
Of the rude world's derisive smile and jeer ;
And though she trusteth not to breathe in words
The precious secret which her bosom hoards ;
Yet, O, so deeply is her sinless soul
Absorbed in its sweet passion—no control
Has she to 'guise her feelings!—e'en the name
Of the loved object, so affects her frame,
That oft her cheeks, her eyes, her conduct, prove
Too faithful tell-tales of her latent love !—
She loves—and though, like all her own dear sex,
She sometimes suffers jealousy to vex
Her inward peace—heroic girl ! she'd stake
Her all for him she loves, and perish for his sake !

Such is the opening blossom of fifteen,
Friend of my youth ! thy little mountain queen.
How blest art thou all earthly bliss above,
In the rich boon of this fair creature's love !
Soon may gay hymen's rosy wreath divine
Make that fond heart indissolubly thine ;
And every hour of your existence flow
Replete with all the sweets that life can know.
Five summers glide away:—my wish is crowned !
Your loves are sealed !—Let joy and song abound !
Years roll along ; and in yon sheltered cot,
Bliss, if not wealth, is your perennial lot.
Two lovely cherubs, in whose features shine
Thy MARY'S looks so softly blent with thine,
To heighten your felicity are given—
The radiant stars that gild your little heaven.

As strong in years he grows, 'tis sweet to view
 The son his sire's wild youthful sports renew ;—
 What are to him the unmeaning, common toys
 Of early childhood ? they can yield no joys
 Like those he feels, now his young arm can wield
 His father's boyhood mimic spear and shield,
 In combating the many-headed brood
 Of giant foxgloves in the adjacent wood ;
 Or when he takes from out their secret drawer,
 The paper-warriors of the days of yore,
 And with no mean tactician's skill, in play,
 Marshals each host in battle's stern array,
 On that renowned, and cannon-dinted plain,*
 Where heroes fell, full oft, to rise—again !
 While his fond, beauteous mother smiles with joy
 To see the father imaged in the boy ;
 And his sweet, blue-eyed sister on her knee,
 Chuckles, and claps her little hands with glee,
 When the fierce Frenchmen tumble, one by one,
 By brother HENRY's sure pipe-stopple gun.

O Memory ! bright talisman that rears
 To Thought's rapt eye the scenes of vanished years !
 Hast thou but limned this vision of the Past
 With the dark Present only to contrast ?
 E'en while I musing stand, beguiled by thee,
 The once-blest inmates of that home may be—
 Though hope would fain believe it is not so—
 Participators of the general woe !
 Why do I tremble ?—Dark forebodings, cease
 My tortured mind's disquiet to increase !

* The old oak table before referred to.

Was that a groan? or but the hollow sound
Of the night-wind among the trees around?
All now is silent: every plant and leaf,
In drooping stillness, seems to emblem grief.
Light as I tread, the reigning sadness mute
Chides the intrusion of my wandering foot.
Must I proceed?—Should all my fears prove true,
Alas! how bootless all that I can do!
Heaven, when it dowered me with a feeling heart,
Denied the means to act a Howard's part:
Yet though I may not like that godlike man,
Raise those that droop—the little all I can
Shall I refuse, my Friend, to thee and thine,
If haply now in grief or want ye pine?
No!—werë't the last poor crust of all my store,
And dark despair crushed every hope of more—
Were't the last cheerer in my scanty cruise—
Freely, as Heaven the grateful morning dew
Sheds on the drooping flowers, I'd these bestow
To glad your hearts, and mitigate your woe.

But here's the lonely dwelling.—Is it thought?—
Has some dire spirit of enchantment wrought
A melancholy change?—around it thrown
A dread, a stillness that were once unknown?
Hark! as I nearer wend, the breathless air
Seems fraught with murmurs of a voice in prayer:—
I know it well!—though now, in tone subdued,
It lacks its wonted joyousness of mood.
O list!—Those struggling accents, like the sound
Of muffled bells, my startled ears astound;
For they betoken that the utterer's grief
Is far too deep to find in words relief!

See, through the tattered curtains of that room,
The speechless, wan-worn mourner!—him from whom
Those sad notes came—knelt by that humble bed,
Whereon lies one—the semblance of the dead!
Beside him, bent in attitude of prayer,
His little son, and infant daughter fair.
Their hands and streaming eyes are raised to Heaven,
As thitherwards their thoughts were solely given:
And sure, if Heaven regards thought's sinless strain,
Your pleadings, children, will not prove in vain.

The parent-mourner now again essays
To vent his sorrows, and thus faltering prays,
With quivering lips, and ruddy eyes that seem
Like *his* who wakens from a woe-fraught dream:
“O GOD! if thou thine ear dost e'er incline
To supplication, hear and answer mine!
Spare my dear spouse!—on me, alone on me,
Let the full weight of all her sufferings be!
Condemned through life to all the woes that e'er
Were doomed on earth for one poor wight to bear—
Be this my portion!—I will not demur,
If thou wilt health again restore to her—
My babes' kind mother, my beloved wife,
Charm of my home, and solace of my life!
Regard, O GOD! regard these infants dear!
If *mine* thou heed'st not, deign *their* prayers to hear!
These have not sinned—thy justice won't condemn
These for *my* sake—*my* guilt impute to *them*!
'Tis for the best of mothers!—her who taught
Their lips to praise thee, at the dawn of thought—
Her, who when want and sickness undermined
Her tender frame, bowed cheerfully resigned

To thy high Providence, and uttered not
One murmuring word, at her untimely lot!—
Yea! 'tis for her—their father's hope and pride—
The comforter, when every friend beside
Deserted him, in darkest hour of need—
'Tis for this angel, these poor children plead!
But if thou wilt not heed these innocents' plea,
And call that gentle spirit home to thee,
Oh! if thou art a God of merey, leave
Not us behind, disconsolate, to grieve,
And linger in existence through long years
Of want and misery, in this vale of tears!—
In love for her, and these sweet cherubs, call
Not *one* away—but, Heavenly Father!—*all!*”

He ceases ; for his grief beyond control
Again o'erwhelms his agonising soul.
Unconscious haste ! intrusively I stand
In Misery's presence ; and the fevered hand
Of the mute, anguished mourner graspeth mine,
With looks no power of language can define !
As marble still, save when the long-drawn breath
Gives saddening token of approaching death,
Lies, *there*, the shadowy semblance of a form
Once beautiful as Hebe's ; every charm
Of womanhood, in cheek, lip, eye, and brow,
And whole demeanour—ah ! what is it *now* !

But she would speak ; and her unclosed eyes fix
With tremulous gaze—as when, from dark eclipse
The moon emerging, glimmers through a cloud
That doth its form translucently enshroud—
On husband, children, kneeling by her bed,
Alternate warmed with hope, and chilled with dread.

“ My ROBERT ! ”—and her voice’s feeble tone
Sounds like a harp-note of a world unknown—
“ I’ve heard thy prayer, and GOD has heard it too ;
But I must leave thee, love—and, children, *you* ;
For whom, if Heaven had willed, my wish had been
Still longer to remain, that I might screen
Your early years, with all a mother’s care,
From ills that may—nay, must be yours to share.—
My wish is vain !—I feel my hour is nigh—
But let me bless—embrace you, ere I die !—
HENRY, my son, my firstborn, come thou first,
Receive my parting blessing !—I have nursed
And reared thee tenderly !—The lonely dam,
In the green vale, watched not its only lamb,
With more devotedness than I’ve watched thee—
Sweet miniature of him, so dear to me !—
Yes, now, my boy, I feel the health-warm press
Of thy soft cheek on mine, whose chilliness
Is as the winter’s breath.—Weep not, my love,
GOD will protect thee—GOD who reigns above !
Pray to Him, HENRY, night and morn ; nor let
Thy heart the precepts I have taught forget !
Revere thy father !—he will shortly be
Left the sole guardian of that lamb and thee ;
And—and”—she can no more : the half-uttered words
Die on her lips like sounds of light-touched chords.

Ye sons of wealth ! e’er saw ye scene like this ?
Ah no !—’twould mar your visionary bliss ;
But would ye your delights awhile forego,
And deign to enter this abode of woe,
If human misery claims an honest tear,
Your hearts were marble to refuse it here.—

That dying Mother, with faint look, yet mild
As summer's setting sun!—that weeping Child,
With eyes upraised, and hands on bosom pressed,
Pleading to die with her, and be at rest!—
That dove-eyed Innocent, like a cherub knelt
In fearful tremour, as she inly felt
A dark presentiment, her infant heart
Was soon with some beloved one to part!—
That Father—now delirious with his grief;
Raving in language indistinct and brief!
His heart a wilderness!—his home, once thought
The happiest on earth—now brought to nought!
And every hope—for he had many, bright
With rainbow hues—now lost in sorrow's night!—
This is a scene, would wake compassion's thrill
In hearts deemed callous yet to human ill!

But life still lingers in that sufferer's frame:
Her eyes relume—'tis but the prelude flame
Of speedy dissolution!—the last glow
That e'er will tremble through those lids of snow.
“Draw near, my ROBERT!—where's my little dove—
FANNY, where art thou?—Come and kiss me, love!—
Why beats thy heart so?—Why dost tremble thus?
Canst thou not smile, and speak again to us
As thou didst use to do?—There's sorrow writ
On thy fair brow, where joy was wont to sit
Like an unprisoned bird!—thy cheek, I see,
Is roseless now—my child, what grieveth thee?”

Lover of nature! thou hast often seen
The lily, when its coronal hath been
O'erfraught with dew-gems, sudden droop, and shed
On earth the shining burden of its head—

Such is that lovely child : her little breast,
With its full weight of sorrow now oppressed,
Discharges it in one bright, copious shower
Of blinding tears—for words she lacks the power
To utter—on her mother's pallid cheek ;
Who now appears as she, too, could not speak ;
But, O, how eloquent those looks that say
More than all gifted tongues, as fond they stray
Each dearly loved one's saddened features o'er,
Which soon, she feels, her eyes must view no more.
" ROBERT ! " at length, in tremulous feebleness
She cries—the mourner bends him in distress
Unutterable o'er her bed, the while
Her thin, cold hands press his, with faint, fond smile—
" ROBERT ! " while I have strength, O let me pour
My blessings on thee, in my dying hour !
I've loved thee tenderly—and thou'st loved me—
I know thou hast—sincerely, tenderly !
I envied not the great ones of the earth,
Their splendid halls, and pageantry of birth,
Blest with thy love—our home this peaceful cot,
Beneath the skies for me no sweeter lot.
When thou wert happy, I was doubly so ;
And built me strong in faith no earthly woe.
Save loss of thee, my FANNY, or my boy,
Could e'er my heart's felicity annoy :
Alas ! I little dreamed of ills to come !
Ills once undreaded at our happy home.
But felt I misery, sharing it with thee ?—
I knew no want, for thou wert all to me !
And oft I've prayed, by mortal ear unheard,
To have thy sorrows to myself transferred ;
For I had more than riches could bestow—
A husband's love—that husband, ROBERT, *thou !*

And when I saw thee wearied, spiritless ;
And heard thee oft, with withering bitterness
Of soul at midnight, when thou knew'st it not,
Lament the miseries of our cheerless lot ;—
Saw, too, thy unremitting toil to free
From want and woe, thy little ones and me—
What marvel if, thus witnessing, night and day,
Thy grief for ills no power of thine could stay,
My mind should gradually become distressed
To that degree, it could not, would not rest ;
And loving thee with love that had gained strength
By time, its energies should sink at length ;
And, as the green tree withers, when no more
The vital juice pervades the dying core,
This form became, in life's uncertain spring,
Such as thou see'st it now—a blighted thing !—
Where art thou, love ? the dark'ning film of death
Bedims my gaze, and fainter grows my breath—
Oh ! let me breathe its last weak wafture on
Those lips of thine !—thou, haply, when I'm gone
Wilt think more of my words.—Thy cup, I know,
Is drugged, my love, with overflowing woe ;
But dare not thou repine at Heaven's decree—
The draught though bitter, may prove balm to thee ;
For oft our Maker by affliction tries
To wean from earth, and win us to the skies.
And these our children—leave them to His care ;
For them His wisdom will a way prepare !—
We soon may meet again !—I go but little while
Before you into bliss !”—and with a smile,
Herald of peace, her eyes in death-sleep close,
Calm as an infant's, into soft repose.

How terribly that wild and upturned look
Lightens its awful meaning !—Who can brook

Such robbery of his heart?—Who can dissemble
 The anguish of bereavement, if the tremble
 Caused by the heartquake, be to nature true,
 And show a callousness she never knew?
 Such seems that look's dread import!—Let the man
 Reft as *he's* reft, his mien with censure scan!
 His home laid in the dust—and shelterless
 His family, though in a wilderness—
 The loss of his dear little ones—a limb
 Torn from his wretched body—had to him
 Been ills of lighter moment than to part
 With the sweet charmer of his home and heart.
 But, *here*, his children leaning on each other,
 Like flowers whose prop is gone—without a mother!
 And all that now remains of one so fair,
 So loving and beloved—lies lifeless *there*!
 And can he then so soon forget what fell
 From those sealed lips, and 'gainst his GOD rebel?
 Spare him your censure! ye who never felt
 Affection's glow your icy bosoms melt!
 'Tis not for *you* to act the censor's part,
 And, all unfeeling, judge the feeling heart.
 His that wild agony of grief which burns
 Within the soul intensely, and returns,
 Like lightning-kindled heather, its fierce ire
 Towards the black vault, whence burst the baleful fire!

There is a grief, whose frenzy will not be
 Rebuked by reason, nor, religion, thee,
 In that dread hour, when death's bereaving blow
 Robs the fond heart of all it loved below.
 No marvel, then, in such a mood of mind,
 If that wild mourner deem that Heaven's unkind.

Unchecked by reason, or religious awe,
He owns no guide but erring instinct's law ;
And, as the eagle, when the lightning's wrath
Arrests his mate on her aerial path,
He darkly scans the unrelenting skies,
Rebellion redly flashing from his eyes !

IV.

Homeward in sorrow I return ;
For lo ! Aurora from her urn
Is pouring on yon orient screen
A copious flood of silver sheen.
Star after star, as dawning day
More brightly glows, fades fast away ;
Just as in love's enchanting dream
Sweet eyes of beauty o'er us gleam ;
But ere we can exclaim—"Look here !"
The lovely tremblers disappear.
Still lingering on the rear of night,
That westward wheels her rapid flight,
Hangs like a dinted, dingy shield
The sullen moon ; as loth to yield
Her conquered empery to the sway
Of the imperial Lord of Day ;
But scarce her beams those thin clouds tinge
That float around her like a fringe.

Behind yon distant mountain dim,
The sun heaves now his ruddy rim :
As I have seen, on some fond breast,
A rose peep o'er a sable vest,
Taken with tears from a sacred tree,
That shed its balmy fragranc y
In pure devotedness above
The consecrated grave of love.

V.

Awake my lyre ! a worthy pæan raise,
 And join exulting nature's shout of praise !
 Still mute thy voice ?—What doth thy spirit say ?
 Roll on grand orb, roll on the flood of day !
 But lovelier far—nor deem me slanderous thou—
 Fair Cinthia's mien than thine imperial brow.
 Save in this holy hour, when nought is heard
 But sound of rippling waters, warbling bird,
 Or pleasing hum of honey-gathering bee—
 How few the charms thou, *here*, caust yield to me !
 Soon from his couch, that gives a respite brief
 To the long reign of heart-corroding grief,
 The haggard son of want must rise again
 To sad renewal of his daily pain ;
 And soon, instead of all this music sweet,
 Far other sounds the list'ner's ear will greet !
 First, the grim factory's jangling iron bell
 On the still air will peal its hateful knell,
 Rousing the little stripling from his sleep
 To toil, that scarce allows him time to weep ;
 Next, from each Pandemonium's heated rooms,
 The roar of * *devils*, and the din of looms !
 The scream of *throxtles*, and the buzz of *reels* !
 The clash of *frames*, the roll of dizzy wheels !
 And then, throughout the day, the noisy war
 Of rattling coach, and heavy-laden car,
 Or the steam-dragon, with his misty mane
 Afar outspread above his motley train,
 Mingling harsh dissonance with ditties rude
 Of strolling wretches, destitute of food !

* The engines whose names I have italicised, are well known to every factory child.

Genius of Trade! such are the sounds that cheer—
Go where thou wilt—thy leaden heart and ear!
Look at thy trophies!—thousands made to chew
The bread of pain, to feed a pampered few,
Whom thou hast raised—because to thee they sold
Conscience and virtue for the meed of gold—
Far, far above the common herd, to shine
Immaculate, adopted sons of thine!
A time will come, if that thy arts prevail,
And public virtue, truth, and justice fail—
A time will come—so saith the *prophet*—when
Will disappear the middle class of men,
Old England's glory, maintenance, and shield,
Or on her shores, or foreign battle-field;
And when, henceforth, there only will be found
The tyrant Trade-lord, and his serfs around;
But Thou who rul'st the armies of the skies!
Avenger of iniquity, arise!
Protect the poor! avert that evil day,
And save the land from Trade's usurping sway!

O sun! my former wish I would recall—
Delay thy chariot, nor disturb the pall
That yet hangs kindly o'er yon vale below,
Where thousands slumber, that must wake to woe!
And gild those well-remembered spots again,
Which still some vestige of the past retain,
That fancy may the veil of years remove,
And picture scenes of happiness and love.

THE VALE OF CALDENE;
OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BOOK III.

“ Spirit of the Past ! look not so mournfully at me with thy great, tearful eyes ! Touch me not with thy cold hand ! Breathe not upon me with the icy breath of the grave ! Chant no more that dirge of sorrow, through the long and silent watches of the night ! ”

Hyperion.

"THESE TRAITS OF CHARACTER, A GOOD HEART AND A POETIC IMAGINATION, MADE HIS LIFE JOYOUS AND THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL ; TILL AT LENGTH DEATH CUT DOWN THE SWEET, BLUE FLOWER, THAT BLOOMED BESIDE HIM, AND WOUNDED HIM WITH THAT SHARP SICKLE, SO THAT HE BOWED HIS HEAD, AND WOULD FAIN HAVE BEEN BOUND UP IN THE SAME SHEAF WITH THE SWEET, BLUE FLOWER. THEN THE WORLD SEEMED TO HIM LESS BEAUTIFUL, AND LIFE BECAME EARNEST. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL IF HE COULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THE PAST ; THAT HE MIGHT NOT SO MOURNFULLY HAVE LIVED IN IT, BUT MIGHT HAVE ENJOYED AND IMPROVED THE PRESENT. BUT THIS HIS HEART REFUSED TO DO ; AND EVER AS HE FLOATED UPON THE GREAT SEA OF LIFE, HE LOOKED DOWN THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT WATERS, CHEQUERED WITH SUNSHINE AND SHADE, INTO THE VAST CHAMBERS OF THE MIGHTY DEEP, IN WHICH HIS HAPPIER DAYS HAD SUNK, AND WHEREIN THEY WERE LYING STILL VISIBLE, LIKE GOLDEN SANDS, AND PRECIOUS STONES AND PEARLS ; AND, HALF IN DESPAIR, HALF IN HOPE, HE GRASPED DOWNWARD AFTER THEM AGAIN, AND DREW BACK HIS HAND, FILLED ONLY WITH SEAWEED, AND DRIPPING WITH BRINY TEARS !—AND BETWEEN HIM AND THOSE GOLDEN SANDS A RADIANT IMAGE FLOATED, LIKE THE SPIRIT IN DANTE'S PARADISE, SINGING, 'AVE MARIA !' AND WHILE IT SANG, DOWN-SINKING, AND SLOWLY VANISHING AWAY "

Hyperion.

THE MAID OF CALDENE.

Proem.

MORNING breaks upon the Pilgrim as he wanders over OSWALD HILL—the valley beneath is filled with a dense mist—this gradually melting away as the sun ascends, he descends, seated on a rocky cliff beneath, the wasted form of the BARD OF CALDENE, whom he describes as having known in happier days by the title of Laureate of the Vale, when he sung in Oswald's bower, ELIZA'S BIRTH-HYMN. The BARD, absorbed in a reverie of the Past, tells his sad Tale, apparently unconscious of the listening Pilgrim—dilates on the purity of FIRST LOVE—describes the FIRST MEETING with his fair one; and, in a more joyous mood, sings of the MAID OF CALDENE; OF THE LOVER PUNISHED. The Minstrel then changes his strains to notes of sadness. LOVE with him has been a DREAM and a disappointment. He addresses THE MOTHER of his loved one in tones of bitter reproach, as having broken the heart of her daughter—pours out his feelings and reflections on visiting ELIZA'S GRAVE—alludes to the COMFORTER sent in his affliction, his Daughter, and her untimely death—unfolds his sweet dream of THE CHILD AMONG THE FLOWERS—apostrophises the SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED; and with the strains of his melancholy FAREWELL, the THIRD BOOK closes.

THE VALE OF CALDENE.

BOOK III.

THE MAID OF CALDENE.

————— “Nec me meminesse pigebit ELISE :
Dūn memor ipse mei, dum spiritus reget artus.”

Virgil.

I.

How beautiful, upon the mountain-tops,
Among the blooming heather's twinkling drops
Of rosy dew, thy steps, great Lord of Day!
While vassal clouds, with varied glory crowned,
Up in the empyrean far away,
In multitudinous masses, crowding round,
Await thy regal coming. Earth is glad,
And sends to meet thee her blithe herald-bird
With his tumultuous song; which welcome heard,
Rouses the mellow piper, sable-clad,
Screened in the tufted holly, and awakes
The booming bugle of the winged wight,
Who his devoirs to cred'lous flow'rets makes,
And robs them of their nectar. On the site
Of OSWALD's tower I stand, as on an isle
Desert and wild, amid a milky sea;

For such those vapours seem, 'neath morn's first smile,
 In the deep vale. Save top of some tall tree,
 Struggling from fleecy meshes to get free,
 Or the rock-reefs, like fortresses outpeering,
 Or drowsy crew his tardy voyage steering,
 In dark relief, above the silent surge,
 No form is visible to the horizon's verge.

A gentle wind awakes, and gradually away
 The mists dissolve; and cliff, and leafy spray
 Beneath me, are revealed. Far down I see
 On yonder crag, in dim obscurity,
 A lonely man, whose truant spirit seems
 A willing wanderer in the land of dreams.
 Meet spot for thee, who long a prey hast been
 To wasting sorrow, MINSTREL of CALDENE!
 How changed since sweet ELIZA'S natal day,
 When, 'neath you shade, in merry month of May,
 The mountain maid, with wreaths of lilies pale,
 Crowned him the Laureate of her native vale,
 And deemed his strains—forgive the gentle fault—
 The beautified echoes of poetic thought;
 While o'er the strings his earnest hand he flung,
 And thus the birth-hymn of the maid he sung:—

II.

ELIZA'S BIRTH-HYMN.

“What month in the year is the sweetest of all?”
 Said a pilgrim who wended the greenwood gay:
 A voice from each tree, beetling rock, mossy wall,
 With rapture replied—“It is May! It is May!”

Then built he an altar of stones of the wood,
And laid thereon rose-leaves, frankincense and myrrh:—
Awhile, in fixed attitude, silent he stood,
As the quest of his bosom he could not prefer.

At length, slowly bending his knee 'mong the flowers,
That broidered the floor of the worshippers's fane,
He lifted his voice—and a hush o'er the bowers
Instantaneously fell, as 'twere midnight again.

“Sovran May! at thy shrine this green altar I've built,
“And garlanded meetly with blue-bells in bloom;
“But the blood of my firstling for thee I've not spilt,
“To hallow my off'ring of flowers and perfume.

“With a heart full of hope, yet with trembling and fear,
“At thine unkindled altar I fervently bow!—
“If my prayer for a daughter be sped—O draw near!
“And with beams of thy beauty enkindle it now!”

He scarcely had spoken, when thrice the trees bowed,
And a vision of glory appeared in the wood;
A goddess, flower-crowned, from a bright silver cloud
Stept smiling, and by the awed worshipper stood.

She bore in her white hand an emerald wand,
Whose top was emblazed with a luminous star;
With this the heaped altar she touched, and a bland
Spiral flame, 'mid a cloud of perfume, rose afar.

And then in a tone, which that harp by her side,
No'er in sweetness could rival, though every string,
Instinct with the spirit of music, be plied
E'en by thy fragrant fingers, sweet virginal Spring,—

She spoke—"Gentle pilgrim, I've heard thy request ;
"Speed home, for the spouse of thy love waits for thee
"With rapturous yearning!—thy fond prayer is blessed!—
"This day a fair daughter shall smile on thy knee!

"And to her a rich dowry of charms I'll bequeath,
"To which the proud world in mute homage shall bow ;
"And each natal day, shall some bard gayly wreath
"A coronal-garland to deck her fair brow.

"Her heart shall be tender as leaves I unfurl ;
"Her feelings as fragrant as breath of the flowers ;
"But her voice—when it bursts from its portal of pearl—
"Will break all the nightingales' hearts in my bowers!—

"For the spell of its sweetness I've wrought of the rill's
"Faery music, that charmeth the listening moon ;
"And the throstle's wild notes, and the exquisite trills
"Of the ousel at eve, for a magical boon!

"And the Peri that waketh this chorded shell,
"Forsaking my bower, the loved maid shall convey
"In his chariot of dreams, to the enchanted dell,
"Where the Spirit of Music reigns ever and aye!—

"And the green Singing Tree* makes symphonious chime
"To the minstrel-rivulet's silvery tone ;
"And bright birds rain warblings from cyries sublime,
"Like moon-wreaths of magic on Melody's throne!"

Here ceased the fair goddess ; then on the last cloud
Of incense ascended ; and, smiling adieu
To the pilgrim, in rapt adoration still bowed
At the foot of the altar, she faded from view.

* *Vide* Eastern Tales.

O'er the head of the damsel just twenty and three
Flowery seasons had rolled, when a bard chanced to rove,
In a mood of sad thought, through the greenwood lea,
Where the pilgrim erected his altar of love.

On a sudden appeared, like young Beauty in dreams,
The Goddess of May, and she said to the youth,
"This day wake thy harp-strings with loftier themes
"Than bodings of evil, or wailings of ruth.

"Speed, speed to the bower of my daughter, and wreath
"A coronal meet for her beautiful brow ;
"Then kneel, till her lips shall their witchery breathe,
In reward for the task I impose on thee now !"

Here, then, gentle maid, by the mandate of May,
That bard at the throne of thy minstrelsy bends,
And tenders the wreath, which the Muses this day,
Have joyfully wrought for their fairest of friends.

Long, long, when the season of roses is passed,
And hushed the lone nightingale's warblings of love ;
When winter his mantle o'er nature has cast,
And silence prevails in the tenantless grove ;—

Be thou our loved nightingale, cheering our bowers,
With the music of summer, the wild notes of spring ;
Like Titania who sits in sweet moonlight, and showers
The spells of her lips on the charmed Faery King.

May thy life, like thy voice, be all music and mirth ;
All sweetness, all harmony, rapture and bliss ;
And every return of the day of thy birth,
Be hailed in a lay more ennobling than this.

How changed, indeed, since last I heard that lyre
Breathe its sweet music by the evening fire,
While round the bard, in silent rapture, hung
A varied group of list'ners old and young ;
And near him stood a nymph ye would have deemed
One of the Nine—so beautiful she seemed !
But that is passed !—list to his mournful tale,
Borne to my ear upon the morning gale.

III.

“ Oh ! is it ever thus, when Love's first flame,
Which Heaven deems pure, and angels holy name,
Burns mutually in two fond hearts, that some
Dark thunder-cloud must o'er its brightness come,
And blast the hopes, that, like young birds in spring,
Just mount in air—to perish on the wing ?
Is it a sin, proud Wealth ! with one of thine
The dowerless youth a wreath of love should twine,
If both possess—what thou can'st ne'er bestow—
The meed of mind, affection's fervent glow ?
Then have I sinned !—but O, the sin's so sweet,
That, were I free, I should the same repeat !
My heart could ne'er resist the double charm
Of mental worth and elegance of form,
If to that charm the magic one were given—
A lip all redolent of Music's heaven !
E'en when a child, if but my roving eye
Saw female loveliness approaching nigh,
Spell-bound I stood, abandoned all my play,
Till the bright vision vanished quite away ;
And o'er my trembling soul a shining crowd
Of sweet emotions, moved without a cloud.
But there was *one* who, in the imaginings
Of my charmed spirit, only wanted wings

To be in her young beauty, like those bright
 Ethereal beings, hovering in the light
 Of the lone Poet's most enchanting dream,
 In moonlight dell, by some soft-falling stream !
 Yes, such wast thou, ELIZA, when I first
 Beheld thee, and my smitten bosom nursed
 A tender passion—kept too long concealed ;—
 For much I feared that, if 'twere once revealed,
 Thou wouldst my suit with haughtiness disdain,
 And add keen insult to refusal's pain ;
 But soon, my angel, thy sweet kindness taught
 My soul to banish the dishonouring thought.

IV.

“ How crowds the past upon me !—In a cool,
 Still summer's eve, returning late from school
 Adown the accustomed lane, a female cry
 Burst on the silent air !—I climbed a rock hard by,
 And saw a fair young creature close pursued
 By that wild wight, mad Israel of the Wood.*
 I shouted loud, and to her rescue flew :
 The grinning maniac 'mong the trees withdrew ;
 While she, in beautiful terror, in my arms
 Fainted away !—And whose that heaven of charms,
 Which I that sad, yet blissful moment pressed,
 In silent rapture, to my beating breast ?
Hers—but to save a grief, a sigh from whom,
 I would have welcomed, Fate ! thy direst doom !
 O ! I shall ne'er forget, when from her swoon
 Recovering, and her beauty (like the moon

* The pranks of this individual, whose madness I suspect was more attributable to cunning than to the moon, are chronicled in the recollection of many females in the neighbourhood of Hebden Bridge.

From brief obscurity) emerging bright
From sudden terror's transitory night,
With renovated bloom—the radiant look
That beamed upon me!—at its light I shook
With mingled feelings of delight and awe,
As though an angel's loveliness I saw.
But who can tell the emotions which I felt,
When, in bewilderment of soul, I knelt
Before her, and poured out the fervent strain
Of my long cherished love—now hid in vain—
And, at each glowing word, observed the maid
Look round and tremble, as of *me* afraid!—
The thought was madness!—instantly I rose,
Entreated that her fears she would compose,
And pardon what her heart might disapprove—
The hasty ravings of presumptuous love.
The damsel smiled, and, deeply blushing, said,
'If true thy love, be all thy wishes sped;
'For rest assured, whatever foes withstand,
'My heart shall crown the guerdon of my hand.'
With these sweet words—to *me* how sweet were they!—
The lovely Faery lightly tripped away.

“My Beautiful! and thou art with me now,
Seated in moonlight on old OSWALD'S brow!
Thy soft blue eyes, bright as yon stars above,
Glow with the light of poesy and love!
And from thy mellow lip, on the charmed air,
Float sounds as sweet as Music's self were there.
But now the hour forbids our longer stay:
O'er the blue hills we are away, away!
At length we pause beside the old Yew Tree,
(Dark as the soul that frowned on love and me!)

And sighing seal, though interdicted bliss,
 The low ' Good Night ! ' in one long, lingering kiss ;
 Then glides my fair adown the short green lane
 Before her home ; but ere her footsteps gain
 Its ivied portal, I behold her stand,
 Give one fond look, and wave her snowy hand.

V.

" Love ! thou art like the restless summer-bird,
 Whose lonely warble 'mong dark boughs is heard,
 Disturbing the still forest, ere day-flush
 Awakes the other syrens of the bush.
 Thou wilt not let me slumber ! Wherefore, now,
 Com'st thou untimely, with thy shining bow,
 To wound sleep's delicate ear ? List ! list !—a strain
 Of softest music wakes !—it dies !—again,
 More mellowly and meltingly it swells
 Upon the breeze, like sound of distant bells,
 Borne o'er lone waters at the hour of eve.
 Is it a dream ? or does some faery weave
 Spells to enchant me ? List !—I will arise
 And seek the charmer, though on yonder skies
 Many a bright night-watcher lingers still
 O'er EAVES' dun rocks, and OSWALD'S hazy hill.
 But whither wend ? O love ! as thou didst break
 The charm of slumber, for thy captive's sake
 Give him the golden clew that hath the power
 Forthwith to lead to that sweet siren's bower,
 Who, ere the early huntsman winds his horn,
 Sings like an angel, heralding the morn.

O what a gush of melody was that !—
 Vain seeker ! on this troublous earth ne'er sat

(Save, haply, Saturn's genial reign beneath)
One who such tones of ravishment could breathe.
But wheresoe'er, invisible charmer, thou
Mayst veil thy mortal, or celestial brow,—
Yes, be thou one of the stray cherubim,
Now caroling on earth thy wonted hymn,
Erst poured in groves of paradise ; or one
Of Beauty's daughters, risen ere the sun,
To breathe, in holy solitude, thy soul's
Divinest music, and from flowing bowls
Quaff Feeling's luscious vintage, which doth burn
Sparklingly fresh from Love's secreted urn ;
Or be thou some melodious spirit of air,
Free wandering with young zephyrs everywhere ;
And, viewless trespasser, in moonlit bowers,
Stealing the od'rous breath of sleeping flowers,
Wherewith thine own to sweeten and refine,
When, at some witching hour, thou dost recline,
As now, I ween, upon a starry steep,
And sing thine exquisite strains, or gently creep
Under green boughs, and strive, in mellow skill,
To foil thy sister-spirit of the rill,—
I still must follow, while thou deign'st to sing,
For thy sweet charm is on me ! Were I king
Of flowery Faeryland, thou should'st be queen ;
For beautiful thou must be—though unseen
Thou choosest in thy solitude to dwell,
And revel in the magic of thy spell.

“ O for an unguent, that would cause these orbs
To penetrate the gloom which yet absorbs
The loveliness of nature ! that I might,
In the wished absence of all other light

Than what thy charms diffuse, mark how accords
Each look of rapture with the pearly words
Of men or angels' utt'rance, thy thoughts urge,
Like silver dew-drops, o'er that ruby verge,
Where Music sits, as on enchanted ground,
And charms them into globules of sweet sound.

“ Behold a glimpse of a light form!—’tis gone!
And these aerial strains that lured me on
To this wild errantry, have died away;
And now I learn the first approach of day,
Kindling the orient, from far-echoing hymn
Of early ousel, shrouded in yon dim
And misty wood; as he were summoner,
With his loud reed, to every slumberer,
(Soft nestling within curtains of green leaves,
Which loving Nature’s finger round them weaves,)
Their sylvan harps in readiness to hold,
When the first sunbeam tints the rocks with gold.

“ That voice again, with tenfold witchery
Hallows the air!—and now, O ecstasy!
Delusion’s spell is broken! Not a month
In climes, or east, or west, or north, or south,
Save *one*, could ever breathe such notes divine—
And that, my own loved, peerless maid—is *thine*!

“ Feet! hush your dissonance, and noiseless, fleet
As glancing sunbeams, near the lone retreat
Of the dear songstress bear me, that, unseen,
In the charmed neighbourhood of some covert green,
I may drink in, from those sweet sounds aloft,
The exquisite nectar of each latent thought.

“ There is, far up above me, ’neath a rock,
O’erhung with feathery fern, and briars that lock
Their arms in wild festoonery, a cave—*
An Oread’s home of old, and where a grave
Hermit once dwelt, (if true the chroniclers
Of mountain story,) who, in characters
Uncouth, and now with silver moss enchased,
His saintly name above the entrance traced.
A little flowery flat—I wist not more
Than three yards square—extends before the door.
And in a dark green corner, to the left
As ye ascend, within a spiral cleft
O’erarched with emerald fretwork, bubbles up
A crystal spring, that flings into a cup
Of Nature’s workmanship, moss-brimmed and rude,
The sparkling waters, which, in jocund mood,
Whirl round with bee-like hum ; then overflow
Their prison’s verge, and fall, like wreaths of snow,
Into deep sedgy channels that engird
The cave’s foreground, where ceaselessly is heard
Their wild commingled music ; this the wing
Of the stray zephyr fitfully doth bring
To the chance list’ner in that faery bower ;
Who, overcome by its bewitching power,
Falls fast asleep, and, like the Seer of old,
Dreams of bright angels trilling harps of gold.
But brief these wizard waters’ giddy round :
When, like a silver fillet, they have wound
That plot about, and hurried to the brink
Of yon huge rock, they pause—as one would think—
Just to behold how many captive rills,
Born like themselves bright denizens of the hills—

* Still known by the name of Toby’s Cave.

Turned to mean uses, all polluted flow ;
And, scorning such vile vassalage to know,
Sink, with a bubbling struggle, in a reft,
Which some compassionate genie kindly cleft
In the grey rock, at their sweet naiad's prayer,
To be their shelter from pollution's air.

“ And art thou shrouded in that holy cave,
Beautiful caroler ? and dost thou crave
No loving auditor but the timid hare,
Stealing to listen from his furzy lair ;
Or crimson-crested goldfinches that crowd,
With gentle twitter, to the branches bowed
O'er thy retreat, and, downward glancing, drink
The honey of thy music ? Dost thou think,
Love would permit the youth thy charms enthrall,
To drowse upon his couch, when, at the call
Of the winged God, thou risest ere the day,
To wile in song thy tender cares away ?
No ! the soft plume that o'er each pearly lid,
Hooding its diamond, delicately slid,
And broke *thy* gentle slumber, o'er *my* eyes
Passed like a sparkling wand, and bade me rise.
And then I heard a voice—so heavenly-sweet !—
Methought e'en *thine* therewith could not compete ;
(Forgive the slander !) though I knew on earth
None else could ever give such sweetness birth :
I deemed it were an angel's—sent to woo
My spirit to the skies ; but soon the view
Of thy bright beautiful presence, as, up there
It shone a moment in the golden air
Of mellow morn, dispelled the phantasy :
And now, again, thy peerless form I see
Near that high rocky verge, gazing upon
The unfolding glories of the rising sun.

“ But does the brightness of yon orb eclipse
The light of song, that streamed from those sweet lips ?
Has Music hung her harp upon the willows,
And died in sorrow on those ruby pillows ?
Forbid it heaven !—but hush !—Screened am I now
Deep in the green gloom of a sheltering bough,
That overhangs the cave ; and there doth stand,
Like some fair vision from the spirit-land,
My own true damsel, looking towards the east,
Whose gorgeous king, from shadowing hills released,
Walks 'mid his splendid temple like a God ;
Scattering his radiance on the flowery sod,
Impearled with dew, and sending vassal beams
To kindle the rock-spangles ; and the streams
That laugh adown the hills, impregn with gold—
So dazzling, it is painful to behold ;
Or, 'mid a labyrinth of pillared moss,
Propping a roof which faeries might emboss,
In olden time, with fretwork wild and quaint,
Visit some lonely flower ; which, like the saint
That wonned in this rock-cave, loves solitude ;
And, with such visitant charmed, doth straight unhood
Its golden eye that, like another sun,
Illumes the small dew-cressets trembling on
Each emerald cup of moss-wreathed chandelier ;
Making its beautiful residence appear
Titania's bright, illuminated hall,
'Thus lighted for a faery-festival !

“ But ne'er, O sun, didst thou, in beauty's bower
Behold a sweeter, or a fairer flower
Than that which, hallowed by thy rising beams,
Smiles in its lilyed loveliness, and seems

By its bent posture, prisoner of the spell,
With which the invisible naiad of the well
Enchains the willing lingerer near that cave ;
Making the heart, where secret love dwells, crave
A heaven of freedom, that it might be free
To lift the veil from every secrecy,
And shew the dear one treasured feelings, bright
With all the radiance of love's purest light !

“ But hark ! what means that voice from yonder hill,
Filling CALDENE with echoes loud and shrill,
At this still hour ? That lovely dreamer's glance,
Released by that wild cry from glorious trance,
A moment seeks the syren ; then with haste,
She quits the rock, and down EAVES' heathery waste
Speeds rapidly ; her mantle's folds outspread,
Floating like wings of azure o'er her head.

“ Her form is lost beneath those tall trees' shade,
That, with their sunlit plumes, nod o'er the glade,
Where CAL's glad waters, while they yet are free,
Meet in a hallowed spot, and murmuringly
Rove round a little golden-bedded lake,*
Kissing the pebbles and the flowers that make
Their sweet home on the margin. Oft, 'tis said,
The fair maids of the valley hither sped
In days of yore, to lave their lovely limbs,
Ere rose the swartly woodman, or the hymns
Of the leaf-minstrels, woke the ear of morn :
And many a damsel, whose bright charms adorn
The hall and cottage, I have heard, is wont
To visit stealthily this secret fount,

* This beautiful natural basin, at the foot of Dill Scout, is now nearly filled up with rubbish.

In summertime at dawn ; and now my fair
And her blithe summoner, perchance, repair
Thither by concert—unobserved they deem—
To revel freely in the golden stream.

“ Dian forgive me ! I would not disturb
Love’s hallowed precincts—but I cannot curb
My soul’s desire, my Beautiful, to be—
If but for one blest moment—near to thee,
That I may snatch, in some green nook, unseen,
A glorious—yet unblamable, glimpse, I ween—
Of every charm unveiled, which Love may view
With purity, and yet with rapture too.

“ Quick as my fair, but by a nearer route,
I gain the dell ; then, unperceived, the scout
That frowningly o’erhangs precipitous, sublime,
The mirrowing lake, I, midway, cautious, climb ;
And on an old fantastic tree, whose boughs
Protrude with fanlike shade, which just allows
Concealment from below, myself I screen,
To watch the appearance of my woodland queen,
Whose mellow voice I hear, answered by one
As sweet, but of a livelier, louder tone,
In that green bower, with roses spangled o’er,
Which glow like stars on heaven’s cerulean floor.

“ Delightful spot ! There’s every charm of sound,
Of scent and sight, in this enchanted ground.
Far up above, on yonder sunny tree,
The wizard blackbird sings right merrily,
As ’twere a jubileo : innumerable songs,
Most delicately blent, burst from gay throngs,

Shrouded in neighbouring grove, or distant dell ;
And, ever and anon, the powerful swell,
As from an organ, of LUMB waterfall,*
Sends forth its hollow thunder into all
The adjacent woods, making them seem
Soberly sad. Beneath me, ere the stream
Enters that moss-rimmed basin, it sends up
A merry laugh, like Bacchus o'er a cup
Of jolly wine, ere he retires to steep
His muddled senses in the dew of sleep.

“ How gratefully those violets are pouring
Their incense to the morn ; and yon embowering,
Dew-fraught wild roses their aroma blend
With the sweet breath those honeysuckles send,
That, in luxuriant lovingness, embrace,
And crown with flowers of gold, that pigmy race
Of clustering hazels, whose brown slender stems
Bend 'neath their weight of floral diadems.

“ Look round ! Not Dian, when the boon
Of pleasant cool she sought, at heat of noon,
And her chaste form baptized in crystal flood ;
Not Acidalia, when she fondly wooed
The coy, love-proof young Adon in green bower—
Could o'er have wished a holier spot or hour
For converse with soft naiad or with love,
Than this I now enjoy. Around—above—
All things are beautiful : trees grotesque
Wreatho their old boughs, and form rich arabesque

* The deep-toned music of this once beautiful cascade, is now never heard, except when there is an occasional overflow ; the water being diverted from its original channel for the use of a cotton mill.

Green cupolas, whose festooned leafage gleams
Tremblingly pendent in the soft sunbeams ;
And from whose tufted pinnacles, by fits,
Some restless, chirping bird jocosely flits ;—
Or arches, underneath whose fretted roof,
As through a magic tube, you see aloof
From all annoy, a tiny, faery bower,
On yon hill-side, with many a bright wood-flower
Of azure, white, and crimson, beautified,
And by those visiting rays now glorified
Like a rich shrine, to which some god of old
Descended, flaming, in his car of gold ;—
Or darkling hollows of thick matted leaves,
Whither many a bird, with the soft hair he thieves
From the recumbent kine in distant meads,
Or flexile roots, with wavy wafture speeds
To build his happy home ; nor tarries long,
But out again he flies, and trills his merry song.

“ With what a soft voluptuousness those waters
Roll o’er their bed of gold ! wooing the daughters
Of beauty, lingering in that rose-decked home,
With dove-like murmur, speedily to come
And lie beneath their crystal coverlid,
Lovingly shrined, like the sweet moon amid
A thin cloud’s gossamer folds ! And what a lush,
And beautiful o’erbending of green bush,
Of plant and flower ! all nodding to the breeze,
With their ethereal, bright antipodes
Shining beneath, and, with a courteous greeting,
At the lake’s verge, like loving sisters meeting !

“ What numerous visitings of sunny wings
From bower and tree ! as there were communings,

This happy morn, of high import among
The leaf-crowned dryads and the feathered throng.
And lo! as wakened by some sudden spell,
Out-steps the grey owl from his ivied cell
In yon old oak, and at the entrance sits,
Blinking i'th' sun, and hooting, as by fits,
Some peevish titmouse, whirling round him, twits
His dappled plumes; then slips away, unseen,
Into a loop-hole in the ivy-screen.
At length beyond all further sufferance tried
By his sly foe, who, still unpacified,
Continues his attacks, the bird of night
Spreads his dull wings, and slowly takes his flight
This way and that, by screaming birds pursued,
Roused by the wren's shrill cries from out the wood.
Now he escapes, and, with an eager shout,
Soars far aloft, and speeds to lone DILL-SCOUT,*
Whose rocky brow, in purple grandeur frowns
O'er LUMB's wild woods, and sloping pasture-downs.

“ O that I were but one of you, gay birds,
That I might flutter round, and hear the words
Those sweet ones utter, in that bower enshrined,
As they each robe from their fair forms unbind!
Rouse, slumbering wind! upwaft on thy deft wings
To my bent ear the gentle whisperings
Which, 'mong those roses, die a fragrant death!
Or ope a tiny window with thy breath

* This lofty rocky mountain, to the South of Caldene, received its name, no doubt, from the Saxon word *Dile*, which signifies an herb. This derivation becomes the more probable from the circumstance of the vicinity of the mountain having been long famed for many of the most rare of the Yorkshire plants, and on that account much visited by botanists.

Amid that silken leafage, that I may
Snatch one bright glimpse of those within, whose stay
Augurs, I fear, a consciousness of some
Unwelcome wight, too near their sylvan home.

“ But there’s a trembling in the leaves—and lo !
The delicate fingers of a hand of snow,
Followed by their slim sisters, now gleam through
The yielding foliage weeping pearls of dew ;
Which, on those raven tresses that outpeep,
Fall like young stars, and, ’mid their darkness, sleep.
Heavens ! what a vision of loveliness that cleft
Leaf-screen unfolds !—as when some eve in June,
From a dark cloud the beautiful queen-moon
In glory comes !—A brow that hath bereft
The snow of whiteness !—Such those eyes’ rich hue,
Yon sky can’t peer it with its depth of blue !—
And such the light through those dark fringes streaming,
You fancy, when the gentle maid was dreaming
Of bliss and heaven, two truant starlets slid
Invisibly beneath each snowy lid ;
Forsaking the far-darkling dome above
To dwell in those blue firmaments of love !—
A cheek that, partly by those locks concealed,
Blossoms like a rose-bower ’mid a lily field !—
A lip—O ’tis a ruby throne of bliss,
Where Beauty placed the spirit of a kiss
To live in perfume, and love’s looks to win
From the soft rondure of that dimpled chin !—
A neck which thine, O Venus, could not shame—
There every grace which thought or wish could name !—
A bosom—tell me who has ever gazed
On the sun’s cloudless majesty, undazed ?

Bright palace of pearl! within which dwells a spirit
Pure as the angels that yon heaven inherit!
Too pure for earth, too sensitive, too tender,
To bear, unscathed, the ills that life may render!—
Those heaving orbs!—what eye can dare the sight?
In their excessive loveliness of light,
Peering above that floating gossamer shroud,
Like young worlds rising from a snowy cloud!
Beautiful awnings, swelling o'er the bowers,
Where the bright Feelings sit enthroned on flowers,
Weaving rich harmonies to load Thought's wings,
When next from out those ruby gates she springs!—
A form transcendent, delicately shrined
In snow-white lawn; softly through which defined,
Each rounded limb, with most bewitching grace,
Gleams like a moss-rose in a crystal vaso.

“Such is that peerless creature, timidly
Stealing a glance at every rock and tree,
That may conceal a watcher. From the shade,
Laughing springs forth the other lovely maid,
And jeers the ling'rer; telling her the wind
Brings voices to her ear; or, close behind
That very frail, and ill-concealing bower,
She sees some uncouth lurker darkly cower.
Thus teases this young happy one, the while
Tripping that flowery bank:—now, with a smile,
She dips her white foot in the wave—and now,
Hastily snatching a green, floating bough,
Laden with water-drops, with arch mimicry
Of sobs and tremblings, most provokingly,
Flings its bright burden, like a shower of pearls,
Upon her shuddering sister's neck and curls.

"Beautiful trembler, cease to fear!—above—
 All round—the holy sunniness of love
 Alone rests on thee! To those waters go,
 That towards thee numerous wavelets, sparkling, throw,
 With voice of invitation. May heaven's thunder
 Instantly split the unhallowed wretch asunder,
 Who dares molest thee!—Start not!—far away
 Beyond the hills *that* song—haply the gay
 Carol of Ned,* the woodman, soot-black o'er,
 Sat in the sun, at his fern cabin door,
 With his loved jug, and hiccuping farewell
 To the night-faeries in the TURRET-DELL.

"She comes! radiant with smiles and blushes, like
 A spirit of spring and summer! Minstrels, strike
 Your sweetest harps, among your leafy bowers,
 And give her rapturous greeting! And ye flowers,
 Amid whose beauties those light pearly feet
 Are softly shined, shower on them kisses sweet
 Of dew and perfume! Waters, be ye still
 And smooth, as is a glassy mirror, till
 That loved one see her sister-naïad come,
 Smiling a welcome to her azure home!
 Well may ye seem so proud! never before
 Saw ye so fair a vision on your shore!
 And, haply, never will your arms entwine
 Again a form so lovely, so divine!

* The singular individual here alluded to, was well known in his day ; and many a tale could he tell of the TURRET-FAERIES that were wont to visit him, and dance in moonlight on the green before his cabin. Often have I foregone the pleasure of studying *longs* and *shorts*, to enjoy a sunny forenoon's conversation with Old Neddy about his faeries, as we sat together in the glen where he was then superintending the burning of charcoal. He was a real lover of the marvellous, and of a jug of good "nut brown."

“ She climbs that ledge with green moss cushioned soft;
 And looking wistfully around—aloft—
 Drops her white robe—within the water dives,
 A flash of living lightning which deprives
 My eyes of vision!—How my hot brain whirls!
 I swoon! I sink!—

“ Where am I?—’neath the curls
 Of my own loved One shadowed!—to her breast
 With uncontrolled affection fondly pressed!
 Her white arms wreathed around me! and her lips
 Kissing my forehead!—Let again the eclipse
 Of death come o’er me, if to me ’tis given,
 When that is passed, to wake in such a heaven!

VI.

“ A dream! a dream! such Love’s elysium is!
 And its best boon—a momentary bliss!
 And what its hopes—though they appear as true
 As stars in heaven—as bright, as lasting too?—
 Beautiful bubbles of a child at play,
 That gild the air—but quickly melt away!
 And on the soul’s enraptured vision all
 Their cold dregs with a baleful influence fall!

“ Perchance some youth, whose smiles reflect the rays
 Of the heart’s sun, in Love’s auspicious days,
 In plenitude of present bliss, may deem
 This strain a slander on so dear a theme—
 Young dreamer! ’twas but yesterday, when he
 Who pours this lay, in fond idolatry
 Raised in *his* heart as radiant a throne
 For smiling Love, as glows within thine own;
 And in the o’erflowings of his boundless mirth,
 Wished every youth who traversed the green earth,

Felt as *he* felt, where'er his footsteps roved—
The bliss of loving, and of being loved!

“But ah! that bliss was far too pure to last!
A withering wind of desolation passed
O'er the bright Eden of two hearts, whose flowers
Of Hope were twined in Love's delicious bowers!
And all became a wilderness!—a scene
Where nought—save ruin—told of what had been.

VII.

“O thou, renowned for piety and prayer!
For holy converse, and exterior fair!
Whose latter days—if kindness judge the truth—
Have passed in penance for the sins of youth;
Whose lowly garb—oft censurably mean—
Bespeaks a heart as lowly—and as *clean*:—
Thou who hast shone, in every scene of life,
More as the stoic, than the tender wife;—
Who couldst, unmoved, see pining Penury stand,
Begging a pittance from thy sparing hand;
Or take, without one seeming throb of pain,
Its humble pledge for food—in hope of gain!
And then, while smiles of secret joy would play
Around thy yellow lip—retire to pray!

“Say, saintly mother! does *thy* Christian creed
Hallow the heart that works a demon's deed?
Say, do its precepts—ever on thy tongue—
Sanction a deep—irreparable wrong?
Say, are they all disciples of thy Lord,
Who *hear* and *speak*—but never *feel* His word?
Whose lips can breathe a curse—pronounce a prayer—
Blast kindred hearts—and yet the *saint* can wear?

If all are Christians who such deeds have done,
 Then thou—kind mother!—art a worthy one!
 Yes, thine the boast—the conscious bliss!—to know
 Thy deeds brought irremediable woe
 On *him* thy soul, in pious hatred, would
 Have blasted with heaven's thunder—if it could!
 And O! how higher swelled that bliss—to see
Her, whom that cursed One loved—thy *daughter*—be
 Estranged from happiness; and, day by day,
 Fade in her beauty silently away;
 Till thy kind wish—most *christianly* expressed!—
 ‘That she were rather in her grave at rest,
 Than waste her love on him who sought her hand’—
 At length was granted!—death, with gentle wand,
 Touched her—and the oblivious earth closed o’er
 That form which love, nor *thou* canst injure more!

VIII.

“Here is her grave!—Why dost not thou, O stone!
 Tell the sad story of the Dead? Thy tone
 Ne’er to the stranger would this truth impart:
 ‘The dust beneath conceals a broken heart!’
 Thou art like *her* who bade thee prate so high
 Of peace in death—a *lapidary lie*!
 ELIZA’S grave!—Heart, bend not, burst not yet!
 Arm in thy might! thy sword of vengeance whet!
 The dark destroyer of thy peace pursue,
 Till thou and Heaven receive atonement due!
 —But pause, avenger! ere thou dare to shed
 The burning vial on the hoary head!
 Review thy deeds and tremble! lest thy pride,
 Which haughtier grew, when Cruelty denied
 The hoped-for blessing, served to speed the blow
 That early laid thy fond ELIZA low!

Oh! did she not—despite forbiddance—prove
True to her word, unswerving in her love?
And though thy lot was humble, often breathe
A tender wish her fate with thine to wreathe?
And didst not thou—although affection's flame
Still burned as bright as in the hour it came—
Refuse the boon?—because thou couldst not brook
A humbler home for her than she forsook;
Forgetting that all-faithful Love can make
The cot a palace for the loved one's sake.
Yet, O my heart! how soothing is the thought!
Thy deeds with kindness more than pride were fraught:
Kindness forbade thee to transplant a flower
Of tender growth to an ungenial bower;
And Pride—until a sunnier hour should come—
Disdained to snatch it from its native home.

“Months passed away; and I no tidings heard
Of my soul's charmer, save a whispered word,
That she was dying—and that, though she had
Oft wished to see me—was as oft forbade!
But like the faithful solitary star
Attendant on the waning moon—afar
To her my spirit wandered—e'er stood nigh,
Until she faded from her wonted sky.

“One starlight evening, I was sat beside
My chamber's open lattice; and I spied
A lonely bird approaching on wild wing,
As rueful tidings it were sent to bring.
Quick through the casement o'er my head it flew.
And, as it passed me, gave a shuddering coo;

Then thrice about the dimly lighted room,
 As if it sought a resting-place in gloom,
 Fluttered the feathered pilgrim ; but, at length
 It nestled, quite exhausted of its strength,
 On a small image of the God of Love.
 I seized it gently—'twas a beautiful dove,
 White as the snowy hills, save there was seen
 Around its neck a ring of changing green.
 Much wondering at the incident, I bore
 My trembling captive to a friend's—next door ;
 And when I entered his apartment, lo !
 Pale as my lovely visitant of snow,
 Laid on a sofa, in exhaustion's swoon,
 Like a fallen lily withering 'neath the moon,
 The idol of my soul !

“ Flow on ! flow on !

Tears of a bootless sorrow !—Yonder sun
 Witnessed the deed, and blushed ! and many a breast,
 Not with the tend'rest of all feelings blest,
 Melted with pity !—Oh ! my injured Fair !
 Thy mother broke thy heart, and laid thee *there* !
 That—but no more !

“ Perchance this creed of mine
 Lacks the rich leaven of the creed Divine ;
 Or rather it may lack that specious cowl
 Which hides the frowning visage of the soul !
 It may—but yet I scruple not to state,
 Love begets love, and hate engenders hate.
 Where is the man, if truth controls his tongue,
 That *feels* forgiveness for a deadly wrong ?
 Who, when the insulter smites him on one cheek,
 Presents the other, stoically meek ?

Tread on the snake*—does he forbear to sting?
 Or the pained hornet, when thou pluck'st his wing?
 Wound the roused lion—does he bow his head
 In patient suff'rance, till thou strike him dead?
 Nature inspires in injured beast or man,
 E'er to repel aggression when he can:
 And well I know my creed at least will find
 A meet response in *one* genial mind;
 Though the close veil that hides it, wears the sign,
 And outward seeming, of the faith Divine!
 Yes, there is One who, though no mortal ear—
 Save mine—the thunders of her hate may hear—
 Will, like some dread volcano, deeply hid
 The vast Andean solitudes amid,
 Pour out her fire-storms, till the skies grow pale,
 Like cheeks of maiden at some horrid tale!
 Well! let it pour!—though scorched, I can endure
 Her hottest hate—because 'twill flow the all pure,
 And *only* unmixed feeling that can start
 From the rank caldron of her foetid heart!

“There was a time, unfeeling One! when thou
 Heard'st other language than escapes me now;
 When, in despite of all thy rancour, still
 My lips returned thee always good for ill—
 Lest the dire bolt of thy malignant wrath,
 Should fall in vengeance on thy daughter's path—
 But all was vain!—it fell!—and she is gone!
 And *I*—no matter—*I* am left alone.

* “To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
 Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
 Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.”

Shakspeare.

“ Farewell !—but ere that parting word shall die
In silence, where thy hateful name shall lie,
Lest the loud world should deem thee all accurst,
And its deep thunders on thy grey head burst—
I charge thee—by the young and holy Dead !
The woes she felt, the bitter tears she shed !—
By all the sorrows of the Broken Heart !
The dying look ! the last convulsive start !—
By all the bleeding wounds (unmerited wrongs
Pleading for vengeance with unceasing tongues)
Which, in thy hate’s most unrelenting zeal,
Thou hast inflicted—but canst *never* heal !—
By all thy pious mockeries unforgiven !
Thy dread of hell ! thy hopelessness of Heaven !—
I charge thee !—*now*, while prayers with pity fraught,
From hearts unvizored, can avail thee aught—
Unmask thy soul !—and let its visage be
Known to the world, as ’tis to God and thee !
Thy covert crimes with penitence confess,
That Heaven may pardon—if it do not bless !
Let the brief moments of thy life’s decline—
Unlike its prime—with *some* few virtues shine ;
That o’er thy grave—when blighted hearts shall come
To curse thy name—the Angel of the Tomb
May point to some memorial that will stay
The maledictions that would shake thy clay !
And kindly whisper : ‘ Let these virtues live
To cancel wrongs, and teach you to forgive !’

“ Chained be thy tongue ! thou clamorous iron bell,
Stern summoner to sorrow !—But ’tis well
That thou hast broke my slumber ; for my theme
Like thee grew harsh, in progress of my dream —

Dream!—would 'twere so!—but call ye that ideal,
Bitter experience has too well proved real?
I *know* that I have loved—been loved again;
And I *know*—by my sunk soul's sleepless pain,
That I have lost what earth can ne'er restore!—
But it is passed—the DEAD *should* feel no more!
Henceforth, O withered Hand! though thou shouldst aim
Ten thousand arrows, tipt with hellish flame,
To lacerate my heart, I'll not reveal
One pang of anguish—an eternal seal
Shall close my lips—then empty all thy quiver,
While thou hast power to make the brave endeavour!

“ Grave of ELIZA, now farewell!—Again
Upon thy stony coverlid, the rain
Of my heart's grief, must never more descend,
When hence on my lone pilgrimage I wend.
——Insatiate rancour! wilt thou never sleep?
I crave but the poor privilege to weep
Where heaven sheds tears!—Lo! o'er that parapet grey,
A terrible Eye glares, which forbids my stay!
Glancing its baneful light, like a red star
Of most malignant influence, boding war
And dire destruction!—How those white lips tremble
With inward perturbation! They resemble
The opening crater's, when the fire-storm pent
Within its womb, struggles for furious vent!
Hark to their muttering thunder!—Worthy song
To raise to Heaven, as morning incense, strong
With sulphur of rank hate!—Perchance, ere night,
Good Mother! if *thy* catholic creed be right,
A little penance for this trifling sin,
As heretofore, may meet forgiveness win!

“ I leave thee—and for ever—to that God,
The Avenger of all evil!—On this sod
Laid o’er a broken heart—e’en though I trace
Still deeper thunders brewing in thy face,
And from thine eyes see fiercer lightnings flash—
My parting tears shall fall! Would I could wash
Away from this loved dust that shrouds the Dead,
The unholy stain of thy polluting tread!
——Avaunt weird Gazer! conjure up some spell
To waft thee to that clime where ice-fiends dwell
In everlasting winter!—that each word
Thy black heart utters, to as black a sword
May freeze, and hang in terror o’er thee—till
Repentance purge thy bosom of all ill!

“ She’s gone!—’tis well! I am alone, dear earth,
Once more with thee! The privilege is worth
A kingdom’s ransom to my troubled soul;
For I have thoughts that, e’er the hollow knoll
Of matin, pealed from yonder turret grey,
Shall summon me from hence to haste away,
I would upon this sacred spot declare.

“ Bright spirit of my Beautiful! if o’er
Such as thou art look down from worlds of bliss,
On those they loved, o’erwhelmed with woe in this,
And feel a holy sympathy—Oh! see
My desolate, lone heart, and feel for me!
The grass has grown around thy grave—the green
Of many winters’ wet, is sadly seen
Upon its sunken stone, since that dark day,
Thy earthly shrine was mingled with this clay.
And, haply, from the memories of the few
Who mourned thy loss, and shed the kindly dew

Of earnest sorrow, thoughts of what thou wast, ,
In all thy loveliness, are fading fast :
But though this tablet, in the lapse of years,
Shall cease to tell the tale that mocks my tears ;
Though all who knew and loved thee, may forget
Whose dust lies sepulchred beneath them—yet
Thine image only can with life depart
From the lone sanctuary of my inmost heart !

“ Oh ! ’twas most meet, that, loving as *we* loved,
Death the same hour should both have hence removed.
The thunder-riven tree, with blasted core,
May brave the tempest, but it blooms no more !
Thou wert removed in mercy : but, alas !
My doom was still through seas of grief to pass,
With manifold struggle—of all hope bereft ;
And e’en by those whose tender hearts have cleft
For lesser woes, abandoned to my fate,
With all the apparent callousness of hate,
When its lothed victim writhes !—At length a bland,
Compassionate creature, with a gentle hand,
Drew me, when sinking, to a flowery land,
And took me to her bower. I knelt to bless
My angel of deliverance—for no less,
Radiant with kindness, did the maiden seem.
I told her my sad story ; and a stream
Of generous pity gushed from out her heart.
There is a charm in sympathy—apart
From every other—which *they* only know,
And duly prize, who, in the night of woe,
Have felt its influence, coming like the moon,
To hallow all things with its luminous boon ;
And—sad thoughts kissed to slumber—wake again
Hope, the heart’s nightingale, to pour a strain

Of its accustomed hymn, that, evermore,
Tells of felicities for us in store.
Imprisoned in the meshes of this charm,
My sorrows lighter grew, and soon a warm—
If not intensely passionate, love sprung up
Within my heart. The hymeneal cup,
Temptingly proffered, hastily I snatched—
But scarcely had my evil Genius watched
The pale up-rise of the first nuptial star,
Ere he in sackcloth clad its orb! and war
Kindled through all the darkened heaven, whence came
Mutterings of breeding thunder, gleams of flame!
The clouds, ere long, in terrible fury burst
Upon my head;—yet I defied the worst
The unveiled Spectre of the storm could dare,
With all the desperate bravery of despair!
But I beheld, and sickened at the sight,
Some whom I cherished—some who, ere the blight
Of poverty fell on me, clustered round
My merry hearth, like angels that had found
Another paradise—some who had *spoken*
Irrevocable vows, and worn the token
And seal of love with pride upon the hand—
Change to unvizored fiends, and fiercely stand,
Armed with red thunderbolts of deadliest ban,
The foremost in the tempest's lurid van!
The desert has oases: winter storms
Disperse; and sunshine gleams on desolate forms
That shook beneath their fury. Mercy rent
The iron clouds above me; downward sent
Upon a golden beam, a precious boon—
Fool! 'twas but sent to mock me!—Soon, full soon,
The Giver claimed the invaluable gift, [swift!
And 'gain the storm raved o'er me, pierced with lightnings

IX.

“ Oh! for an urn of comfort! Smiling Spring,
Hast thou no gushing fountain, whence to bring
The needed hippocrene? Is there no charm
In all thy flowers to renovate, to warm
The dull, cold heart of sorrow? Hath thy lyre
Lost all its wonted sweetness to inspire
Thy once impassioned worshipper, and wake
The silent shell that, at thy bidding, spake?
Come at my earnest wooing, Youngling sweet!
Bring me a beaker, brimmed with vintage meet
For those that mourn in sorrow, brooding o’er
Wounds of the spirit that will heal no more!
Once was thy smile most gladsome, Maid of Mirth!
When my young feelings, like the trees of earth,
Burst into beauteous blossomings, which hung
Their petals o’er a sweet May-flower that sprung
Beneath their fragrant shadows, and seemed given
A holy, precious seedling, dropt from heaven!
Four times the earth had smiled beneath thy tread,
And thou hadst seen my hopes, with wings outspread,
Hovering, in tremulous tenderness, above
The expanding beauties of my flower of love,
And auguring, fond sibyls, from the past,
The golden hour of blessedness would last
Far on into the future—but when thou,
With garlands wreathed around thy radiant brow,
Camest on thy fifth gay pilgrimage—’twas o’er!
My heart was left all desolate—as before!

“ My daughter!—my loved child!—The only one
That rendered life endurable!—The sun
Gilding long years of darkness!—The sweet moon
Rising to cheer, at sorrow’s midnight noon,

Thy lone, unhappy father!—Thou art gone!—
Gone to thy home of rest!—and there is none
Left in the world's wide wilderness, to me
Can e'er supply, my child, the loss of thee!
In the gay month of flowers, thyself a flower
Of purest beauty, thou, a welcome dower
Sent from the skies, all life, all joy, didst come
To be the light to bless thy father's home,
When most 'twas desolate—when nought, save heaven,
His heart one drop of comfort could have given—
When earthly friends, like leaves from withered boughs,
Fell off, and left him naked; and the brows
Even of those who should have cheered, grew dark—
As if to quench the little vital spark
That lingered in the lamp, would be a deed
Sanctioned on high!—as if to wing with speed
The desolation pressing round him, would
Gladden their hearts which thirsted for his blood!—
Yes, in this midnight gloom, when on the verge
Of ruin stood thy sire, and saw the surge
Yawn to receive him, like a fiery grave,
Thou, my sweet angel, didst descend to save,
And stay the red right hand, outstretched to throw
The hated One into the gulf below.

“In preciousness thou wert a hundred-fold
Above the price of pearls!—an apple of pure gold
In silver network shrined!—a talisman
To charm away hot Hate's most deadly ban!
And could I then forbear to lift mine eyes
From communing with worms, and scan the skies
With apathetic gaze?—With numerous tears—
Tears that had slumbered in their fount for years—

I laid my hand upon thy cherub brow,
And blessed thee, with thanksgiving—for I now
Did feel myself within the universe
As one who might not always bear the curse
Wrong, in its wrath, heaped on him, in despair,
Without a friend to soothe—perchance to share—
(Though heaven forbid that Hate, my child, at thee
One dart should hurl, its malice meant for me!)
My heart which, heretofore, had fallen a prey
To sorrow, and was hastening to decay,
Like a lone dwelling in a pathless wood,
Heard thy sweet voice amid its solitude,
And welcomed thee, and echoed back thy chant,
Bird of white wings!—its only habitant!
Within, a fount of living waters sprung
As from the Smitten Rock, when first thy tongue
Warbled that most endearing syllable—
‘My Father!’—and around the flowing well
An odorous grove of charities rose up,
With shadowing leaf, and pendent flowery cup,
To form a bower, where, with unwearied wing,
Thou mightst fly in and out, and blithely sing.
Wounds that had festered, seemed at length as healed;
And like rent walls, by ivy-leaves concealed,
Within the bosom of some hoary pile,
Grew hallowed ’neath the sunshine of thy smile.

“And every day the sunniness of joy
Wakened new feelings, in the sweet employ
Of watching thee; and from thy dear heart’s urn
Treasuring pearly thoughts; and, in return,
Pouring therein flower-gems, from many a tree
That blooms in Faery-land of Poesy.

Cradled within mine arms, oft sleep hath hung
His silken pinions o'er thee, while I sung
In new-made tune, and words that came at will—
Now that thy charm bade troubled thoughts be still,—
Dirges for babes, who, wandering far away
From home, lie down and die at close of day,
Deep in the gloom of woods; and over whom
The winged mourners build a leafy tomb.
And when the song hath ceased, thou wouldst half open
Thy dark-fringed lids; and a round, lucid token
Of thy sweet pity would escape from them,
Hallowing the hand that pressed thee, like a gem
Dropt from invisible wings, that trembling move
O'er forms of beauty, with exceeding love.
Then wouldst thou bribe—with lips that, like May-clouds,
Warm kisses showered upon me, and with crowds
Of honied epithets, whose aroma came
Fresh from Love's roses, with resistless claim—
Frequent reiteration of the strain,
That told the tale of pleasurable pain:
And if my memory in reciting failed,
Thou wouldst supply what first my song detailed—
Wond'ring the while, sweet dove, that e'er I could
Forget one word of 'Babies in the Wood.'
Ah! little recked'st thou—and for thee 'tis well
Thou canst not now—how oft the dismal knell
Of sorrow broke upon the sunny hour
Of Fancy's revel, with a numbing power,
That paralyzed each effort of the thought;
Or thou hadst marvelled I remembered aught
That appertains to joyance, or could sing
Sweet dreams with harp of many a broken string.

“At dawn thou wouldst arise, and gently come,
And waken me with kisses, to ask some

New query of the previous evening's lay ;
And tell me that in dream-land far away
Thy spirit on a pilgrimage had been,
And the sad fate of infant sorrow seen—
The dead o'erstrewing in their leafy bower,
With many a wild and beautiful wood-flower ;
And birds, the while, like ministrant angels keeping
Watch, with low dirge, above the Ever-sleeping.

“ A Father's prattle !—Diver into deeps
Of the mind's sea, where many a pearl-thought sleeps
Dark in its coral chamber, canst thou see
No precious things, meet for thy treasury,
Outpeeping from the varying yellow sand,
O'er which this streamlet flows with murmur bland ?
Then is thy heart a stranger to the love
That warms a father's bosom ; and the dove,
Mourning in solitude, a lesson yet
Might teach e'en *thee*, which thou shouldst ne'er forget.
O lov'st thou not those sweet philosophies,
Blossoms of Feeling, which, like cinnamon trees,
Smell balmiest when shaken, better far
Than those which cause dull sage with sage to war ?
Then shall I cease to marvel that my theme
Should fail to win the meed of thy esteem.

“ My daughter ! every little act of thine
Dwells like a holy thing in memory's shrine ;
Nor would I lose that treasure—doubly dear,
Now thou art gone, and I am lonely here—
To call the wisdom of the world my own,
And sit unrivalled king on Learning's throne !
The Past is all my realm of pleasure now ;
And to the number of its angels, thou,

My Beautiful, art added !—Would I were—
 As thou to me—a sweet remembrancer
 To some fond bosom of a spirit passed
 From earth away ; but worthy to the last
 Of an abode in memory !—Alas !—
 Sad thought !—I fear that, save the grass
 Above my dust, there will survive of me
 No green memento, which the world may see ;
 For Hate would swelter, if it could not sere
 Ee'n the lone leaf Love dropped upon my bier.

“ Unmeet garrulity !—Ch ! to the cold
 And sordid selfish, I do now unfold
 Thoughts unapproved of Wisdom !—but to thee,
 My gentle daughter, who art yet to me
 A visible presence—*only* do I speak !
 Hate ! do thy worst ! upon my poor head wreak
 Thy venomous ire !—I have a comfort still
 In the Mind's Kingdom, which thou canst not kill !

X.

“ Dreams of green fields !—A silver voice is singing
 Somewhere among the flowers, sweet as the ringing
 Of faery bells at eve ; and I will go
 Search for the charmer : for my heart would know
 That voice among a thousand—every tone
 So mellow, so endearingly its own !—
 Giving such luminous glory to the words,
 They seem to sparkle like the trembling chords,
 When gently wakened into music bland,
 By the charmed touch of Beauty's jewelled hand.

“ Lo ! seated there, like one of the young Hours,
 The songstress on a little throne of flowers !

Her white straw bonnet garnishing all over
With blue-bells bright, and ruby gems of clover ;
Warbling the while—unconscious who is near,
With yearning heart, o'erbent to see and hear—
Snatches of song, all redolent of joy,
Learnt from swart Broom-girl and Italian boy ;
Who by her lattice oft were wont to stand,
And lured with toys stored halfpence from her hand.

“Sing on my child ! 'Twere sin to break the charm
That now rests on thee. To the outpourings warm
From thy young heart, I'll leave thee for a while ;
And wandering through the meads, the time beguile
In converse with the flowers ; from which to cull
Rich gems for thee, love—bright and beautiful.

“'Tis sunset hour : but yet my soul feels loth
To prison thy sweet will : I love thy troth
Plighted so early, innocent and free,
To Nature's tenderest, purest poesy—
The charming flowers !—bright stars, with which besprent,
Glow like the heavens, earth's verdant firmament.
Yet soon the chill may harm thee. Come, my love,
Let us away : to-morrow we may rove
Hither again ;—but lo ! my bird has fled
Her floral bower !—haply by fancy led
Down yonder dell :—yes ; do you not discern
The truant, with a parasol of fern,
Mincing the lady, so demure and prim,
Along that lagging streamlet's flowery brim ;
And, where the waters 'neath that bending tree,
Linger the most, pausing anon to see
Her garnished figure, with a smiling look,
Reflected in the mirror of the brook ?

“Nor Naiad, by the lily-margined rill,
Flower-crowned, bent listening to the silver trill
Of pebble-music ; nor, in woodland lawn,
Fair Hamadryad round the neck of fawn
Stringing oak-apple beads, and from the tops
Of wild white roses, wringing lucent drops
Into her emerald urn, wherewith to make
Cool vintage, her beloved’s thirst to slake—
Could e’er appear more beautiful than thou,
In all thy field-flower gaudery, art now,
My sweet May Queen !—I would I had the power
To build thee here a little cottage bower !
Then thou shouldst dwell in it, as dwells the dove,
Deep shrouded in a honeysuckle grove,
Far, far aloof from any reeky town,
Wandering at will this green dell up and down ;
And I would bring thee all the charms earth yields
Spontaneously, in vernal woods and fields :
Flowers of all colours, loading with perfume
Young zephyr’s wings ; song-birds of varied plume,
To wake thee every morn with choral hymn,
And sing to slumber when the woods wax dim :
Those thou shouldst plant where’er thy fancy willed,
By rock, or rill, or bower ; and *these* should build
Above thee on green boughs, in hollow roots,
Clasping old hills’ scathed hearts, ’mong overshoots
Of golden-fingered broom, or in the mouth
Of mossy cave, fretted with ivy-growth.

“Thine eye hath spied me in my green retreat :
But wherefore suddenly dost thou drop, my sweet,
Thy parasol, with downward look of shame ?
Him who could harbour towards thee thoughts of blame,

For mimic art which Nature's self commends,
'I would not number in my list of friends;
And my worst wish to one so cold should be,
That he might never own a child like thee.
Come to thy father's arms, my spotless dove!
Come to my swelling heart, where lives a love
For thee, a seraph's tongue and lyre of gold
Would fail in all its fervour to unfold.
Look up, and greet me with thy wonted smile!—
May holy angels keep thee from the soil
Of human ills! and may thy head ne'er bow
With cause for shame more culpable than now!
A startling voice, methought, from out a cloud
Of dazzling brightness, forthwith cried aloud
Amen!—I woke, and found that my request
Too well was answered! From the fragrant nest
Of my affections, Heaven was pleased to take
My Bird of Beauty, for its own dear sake!

XI.

“Ye gentle sister-spirits! once enshrined
In mortal forms most lovely, whence the mind
Shone like the cloudless moon—your dower the same—
(Save years and sorrow)—lineaments and name—
Haply, while now on this dear spot I kneel,
And all the anguish of bereavement feel,
And saddening recollection stirreth up
The black ingredients in my bitter cup,
Ye walk together by the silver rill
That gushes from the fount of Zion's hill,
And wanders, with sweet lapse of song, through bowers
Of amaranth and never-fading flowers,
Which, like charmed angels, woo its lingerings
Beneath the fragrant shadow of their wings—

Unconscious of my woe ! Alas ! poor heart !
 Thou canst not yet forego the selfish part
 To wish thy sorrows sympathy might move
 E'en in departed spirits of thy love.
 But O to feel assured—whate'er my fate—
 That ye are happy—ought to mitigate
 The keen asperity of wayward grief,
 And prove a holy balsam of relief,
 Without indulging in a wish so vain
 That earthly care should visit you again.

XII.

“ Farewell ! I hasten to my cheerless home
 Whence none to bless me ever more will come :
 For some—if e'er they felt—have ceased to feel
 For aught that may betide me—woe or weal ;
 And One—so beautiful, so much like thee,
 Joy of my heart ! when thou wert here with me—
 Knows not her sire !—Disease a film has thrown
 Athwart her mind, which ne'er may be withdrawn !
 And she may wander—no ! kind Heaven forbid !
 Spare me *that* pang !—the unfeeling world amid,
 The sport of ribald mockery !—the Thing,
 At which fell Insult foul reproach may fling !

“ Oh heart ! sunk heart ! bear up a little while !
 What though on thee nor hope nor joy may smile :
 Nor love amid thy solitude may sing,
 And bear thy fainting pinion on its wing ;
 The time is nigh when thou wilt be at rest !
 Fast towards the lurid, melancholy west
 Wheels thy declining sun ; and soon the battle
 Of these forked fires, the incessant thunder-rattle
 Around its orb, will cease for ever !—On !
 On to thy goal, thou sad and cheerless sun !

“Stranger! wilt thou the generous meed award
Of thy forbearance to the hapless bard
Who craves it of thee? *His* a harp whose chords
Have rung too loud and long with passionate words
Of selfish sorrow, e'er to win from thee
The ready guerdon of thy sympathy.
Haply, thy life has been an April day,
All flowers and sunshine; no discordant lay
Scaring the syrens of sweet thought away
From their loved bower, thy heart. If such thy lot,
The Minstrel's harp has power to move thee not.
But if thou hast, like him, warred with thy fate—
Loved—and for loving reaped relentless hate—
Lived till thy joys have perished every one,
And nought is left to cheer thee 'neath the sun!—
The Past—a dreary wilderness, with green
Oases scattered 'few and far between'—
The Present—winter, with perpetual snows
Bending and breaking the dead leafless boughs,
That erst, with foliage crowned, formed happy bowers,
Where white-winged Hopes built fragrant nests of flowers—
The Future—an illimitable wall
Of blackest dark, on which plumed fingers scrawl
Strange characters of fire, and lurid lips,
Like blood-red orbs emerging from eclipse,
Pout through the gloom, and, fiercely muttering, thrill
Thy heart with mysteries, ominous of ill!—
Then thou, at least, wilt not disdain to shew
A meet forbearance to a brother's woe!”

“The Minstrel ceased; and with an upturned glance
Of saddest grief, quitted his rocky stance;
Waved with his thin, pale hand a last adieu,
And like a spectre vanished from the view.

THE VALE OF CALDENE;

OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BOOK IV.

“Would God, I could turne Alpheus’ riuér in
To purge this Augean stable from fowle sinne!
Well, I will try.—Awake, Impuritie!
And view the vaile drawne from thy villanie.”

Scourge of Villanie.

“THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AVARICE AND COVEITISE IS THIS: COVEITISE IS FOR TO COVEIT SWICHE THINGES AS THOU HAST NOT; AND AVARICE IS TO WITHHOLDE AND KEPE SWICHE THINGES AS THOU HAST, WITHOUT RIGHTFUL NEDE. SOTHLY, THIS AVARICE IS A SINNE THAT IS FUL DAMPNABLE, FOR ALL HOLY WRIT CURSETH IT, AND SPEKETH AYENST IT, FOR IT DOTHT WRONG TO JESU CRIST; FOR IT BEREVETH HIM THE LOVE THAT MEN TO HIM OWEN, AND TOURNETH IT BACKWARD AYENST ALL RESON, & MAKETH THAT THE AVARICIOUS MAN HATH MORE HOPE IN HIS CATEL THAN IN JESU CRIST, AND DOTHT MORE OBSERVANCE IN KEPING OF HIS TRESOUR, THAN HE DOTHT IN THE SERVICE OF JESU CRIST. AND THEREFORE SAYTH SEINT POUL, THAT AN AVARICIOUS MAN IS THE THIRALDOME OF IDOLATRIE.”

Chaucer's Persones Tale, *De Avaritia*.

A V A R I C E.

Proem.

The Pilgrim, after his reneounter with the unhappy Bard, descends into the vale—meets with straggling crowds of work-people hastening to the Factories; and pained by the appearance of squalor, and the decrepitude of many of them, inveighs against the AVARICE of the Age, which subjects such large masses of human beings to protracted and unhealthful labour. He then reverts to the popular cry of the MARCH OF MIND, and that wonderful panacea for the evils of the Old Moral World, SOCIALISM—describes, allegorically, KING OWEN'S MARCH with his votaries, to his southern Utopia—THE SOCIAL PALACE—COLLEGE—THEATRE :—*Scene I.* EGYPT.—*Scene II.* THE SOCIAL ELYSIUM.—*Scene III.* THE OLYMPIAN GODS—A SOCIALIST'S FUNERAL ;—concluding the FOURTH BOOK with an APOSTROPHE TO AVARICE.

THE VALE OF CALDENE.

BOOK IV.

A V A R I C E .

“ God hath few frends, the Deuyll he hath so many.”

Old Poem.

I.

Lo ! now the turmoil of the day's begun !
No longer through translucent clouds the sun
Smiles like a bridegroom on the dewy vale,
And listens charmed unto the merry tale
Of ousel, choiring to the lyric lark,
Far up, invisible, beyond the mark
Of human ken, basking in glory, even
Anigh the very golden gates of heaven.
But as a mourner, pierced with sorrow sad,
In robes of melancholy sable clad,
He moves behind the smoke-clouds issuing forth
Those tall and grimy Minarets of the North.*
Along the road in straggling groups are seen
Men, women, children—cripples with shrunk mien,

* So burlesquely styled by a poetical friend.

Old ere their time—all hastening to those dens
Of toil and vice, that choke the sylvan glens.
Already, booming on the morning breeze,
Mechanic thunders frighten from the trees
The birds that sung so cheerily erewhile,
Sweet hymns to greet the sun's undarkened smile.
Those pines which stood but one short hour ago
Festooned with mist, like wreaths of fleecy snow,
Now hang their heads beneath the loathsome yoke
Of demon-forms of foul mephitic smoke !

Such are thy triumphs—such thy power, O Trade !
Thou man and nature hast thy bond-slaves made !
Where'er thy steps, earth withers, as the blast
Of the Siroc had o'er her bosom passed !
Creation's lord, beneath thy tyrant rod,
Loses the native impress of his God ;
Dwarfed in his stature, shrivelled in his frame,
He moves a man in nothing but the name !
Was it for this, great Lord of all ! that thou
The blessed sunlight didst on man bestow,
That he, save once a week, should ne'er enjoy
In the pure air, its smiles without alloy
Of noxious vapours, steaming from the spilth
Of rancid oil and ever-adding filth ?—
For this green earth with stately trees adorn,
And flowers whose beauties emulate the morn,
That they should wither 'neath yon smoke-wrought pall,
With woman, loveliest, sweetest flower of all,
(Shame to this boasted land !) immured within
Those cursed hotbeds of disease and sin ?
It cannot be !—Thou GOD ! proclaim'st aloud
Through all thy works, ten thousand blessings crowd

Round *all* men's path, thy goodness bids them share—
'Tis AVARICE only bids the mass forbear !
Hell-born monopolist ! thy Briarean hands
Are stretched abroad through near and distant lands ;
Their choicest gifts, despite kind Nature's law,
They fiercely clutch to glut thine avid maw—
Vain task ! that *deep's* without a bounding shore !
The more 'tis fed, it louder calls for more.
'Tis not enough that every clime must yield
The richest produce of the mine and field ;—
'Tis not enough man's blood and strength must be
Spent in vile bondage—all to pamper thee ;—
Thine is an iron tombstone on the soul,
The angel Hope has thence no power to roll ;
Chain'st down the mind in darkness and despair
To sleepless watchings for the body's care,
As *that* alone were worthy his esteem—
Death were annihilation—Heaven, a dream !—
The sun a lantern, moving to and fro,
To light pale Labour in his house of woe ;
The moon and stars, mere mockeries to chase
The friendly gloom from Misery's resting-place ;
And all the beauty of sky, sea, and land,
A lavish waste of Nature's liberal hand.
Beneath thine aspic touch the Feelings die,
Or swine-like wallow in Corruption's sty !
Before thy face the patriot Virtues flee—
Self is thy god—what charm has home for thee ?—
Home—the whole earth, with all that it may hold,
Thy wish alchymic would convert to gold,
If but to thee some other world were given,
Where thou mightst count it o'er !—*this* would be heaven !
This would be bliss thy spirit would enjoy,
Though souls should curse thee, and dark fiends annoy !

Thou from his eyry Genius lurest down
 To feed on husks beneath thy table strown :
 Shorn of his wings, the crouching Angel stands
 A suppliant slave, awaiting thy commands ;
 Unmurmuring hastes thy mandate to obey,
 Though vile the task, and leathsome is thy sway ;
 Toils for thy pleasure, with mechanic skill,
 Or in the mine, or in the noisy mill ;
 Invents new arts, by which the poor of bread
 Are daily robbed, that thou mayst gorge instead ;
 And thus soul-withered by thy deadly ban,
 Puts on the brute, and brutalises man !

II.

Loud are the shouts that burthen every wind—
 “Behold the achievements of the March of Mind!”*
 O what are they?—Blear-eyed Philosophy
 Makes mouths at God, and worships, Avarice, thee ;
 Digs a few inches down into the earth
 For hidden wonders, and, with ribald mirth,
 Exulting cries, “The Faith ye long have nursed
 In that Old Tale, is like a bubble, burst !
 See Nature’s tests, with truth unerring fraught,
 Truth that will stand the scrutiny of thought,
 Prove Moses’ record, which belief defies,
 A fragile web of fabricated lies!”—
 Alas ! what are they?—In the social frame
 A fire is kindled, whose devouring flame
 Will soon consume the living Heart, whence flow
 Those moral streams that cheer the vale of woe !
 A subtle Sciolism, from hell let loose,
 Decked out in tinsel theories so spruce,

* *Vide* note at the end.

Its wild phantasmas of a life all bliss,
 Pourtrays as possible, in a world like this !
 Deluded Ignorance, void of every doubt,
 Hails the bright picture with ecstatic shout ;
 Sees, in prospective, the Old Moral World,
 With all its follies, into chaos hurled ;
 And phoenix-like, from OWEN'S prurient brain,
 A glorious system spring without a stain !
 No longer man to man an abject thrall,
 But equal rights, and equal toil to all !
 The crownless king, the uncoroneted lord,
 Lab'ring, and feasting at the self-same board,
 With the rude boor, they once had frowned to see
 Come 'twixt the wind and their nobility.
 The lady, all her jewels laid aside,
 Her gilded chariot, and ancestral pride,
 Exerting, with the maid she scorned of yore,
 Her utmost skill in culinary lore !
 The bond of union between man and wife *
 Being not, as now, a heavy chain for life,
 But light as that which yoked each cooing dove
 To the bright chariot of the Queen of Love ;
 As easy, any time, to be transferred
 From Sue to Sally, as from bird to bird,
 When fickle Feeling, ever prone to range,
 Shall urge a plea for matrimonial change.

O blest Community ! no restrictive law
 To bind the will, or with religious awe,
 Restrain the passions in their wild career—
 No GOD to worship—and no hell to fear !

* *Vide* note at the end.

The direful evils which from vice arise,
Unknown within this Social Paradise;
All pure, yet free to love a week or day,
The next, to cast the chosen one away,
Just as *immaculate* Appetite may plead,
Or *chaste* Convenience sanctify the deed!
And yet—though incredulity may jest—
The castaway is every whit as blest
As he that, ere the honeymoon filled its horns,
Abandoned her, and now, unblamed, sojourns
In nuptial bliss, with some new willing bride,
Content, in turn, to wait love's ebbing tide:
For if the Koran of the Scot* be true,
'The Utopian Eden of this Social crew,
Must harbour none that, for a moment, taste
The bitter waters of the Old Moral Waste.

The March of Mind!—'tis true, Mind marches—but
With eyes oped earthward—heavenward, closely shut!
The light of Revelation, like the sun,
Is far too bright to fix their gaze upon.
Science is all! and mathematic rules
Make GOD a liar, and all who fear him, fools!
The human mind, in this the world's old age,
Seems in its dotage, and with gouty rage,
Voids its rank rheum on all the blessings Heaven,
In gracious goodness, unto man has given;
Prefers the mock'ries, the delusive toys,
The gnawing cares, the evanescent joys,

* Robert Owen, I understand, is a Welshman by birth; but his long residence in Scotland, fairly entitles him to be considered a naturalised member of the Scottish community, and as such I have considered him.

And all the sorrows of a scene like this,
 To cheering hopes of never-ending bliss;
 Throws to the winds the Telescope of Faith,
 And sees no star beyond the clouds of Death;
 Hugs the foul phantom of Desire infirm—
 Eternal sleep with darkness and the Worm!

III.

The March of Mind!—the march of Juggernaut,
 Riding in triumph over prostrate Thought!
 See where the Idol, from the "Land o' Cakes,"
 In grey-haired pomp, his solemn exit makes,
 Upon his ponderous *five*-wheeled car of Facts,
 Which, blazoned o'er with philanthropic acts,
 The sturdy steeds of Circumstance, in awe
 Of their controller, reverently draw!
 He comes to purge the earth of woe and crime,
 Of juggling Priestcraft's mummeries and mime,
 And all the frauds which, for unnumbered years,
 Have made mankind the dupes of slavish fears!
 Around this * CRISHNA of the Moral World,
 Adoring thousands troop, with flags unfurled,
 On which shines forth some aphoristic strain,
 The Man-god breathed, in inspiration's vein;
 And unto him with joy ecstatic raise
 The *Io Pean* of insensate praise.

The pageant halts in yonder fertile vale,
 Where rural arts and industry prevail;
 Where many a temple, raised by pious hands
 To Nature's God, in sweet seclusion stands,

* *Vide* note at the end.

Its tapering spire, half clad with ivy-frieze,
Hoarily peering o'er the circling trees;—
Where many a lordly mansion, greenly dark,
Peeps through old oaks that guard the ample park,
Time-honoured dwelling of a race whose name
The poor ne'er utter but with loud acclaim;—
And where, unenvious of its great compeer,
The rustic cottage, with its inmates dear,
Smiles in gay garniture of roses hid,
Its green-hedged plot of blooming flowers amid.

The Social Father, with benignant mien,
Silently gazes on this lovely scene;
Then his rough steeds, that on their weary way,
Have fed on *thistles* all the live-long day,
With hungry eyes the rich green pastures see,
And loudly neigh to graze at liberty.
At length, impatient of protracted pain,
They bound away, regardless of the rein,
And, with a friendly kick, send through the air
The grey-haired Sage into a mansion fair;
Whose inmates flee when they his face behold,
And leave behind the *trash* of hoarded gold,
The gauds of pride, the luxuries of sloth,
(At which the new Ism is exceeding wroth)
Unto the Saturn of a brighter age
Than that of old which gilds the mythic page.

Meanwhile, behold! a sudden change is wrought,
As by the wondrous magic of a thought.
Where is the temple with its hoary spire?
The old "oak-wardered" mansion of the 'Squire?
The deer-ranged park? The happy rustic cot,
Smiling amid its green-hedged, flowery plot?

Fled as a dream!—save yonder fair domain,
 Where good KING OWEN sways the Golden Reign;
 And in their place, o'er ample acres spread,
 The Social Palace rears its massy head;
 Where congregated thousands, meek and mild
 As harmless doves, are fondly domiciled!
 Dare ye, presumptuous, ask if human toil,
 With groans and sweat, raised this stupendous pile?
 Sceptics! believe the Arabian legends true:
 Persia has Genii—why not Albion too?
 Rub the charmed Lamp the Scotch Aladdin found
 Deep in the caves of Lanark underground,
 And, in an instant, comes a Genie-slave
 To execute whate'er your wishes crave!
 Would you a palace? Lo! as quick as thought,
 By hands unseen the mighty fabric wrought!
 Would you a harem, filled with Social Fair?
 Præsto!—the bower of Beauty woos you there!
 What marvel, then, yon structure should so soon
 Soar in the vale, as dropt from out the moon,
 When thousands more that Lamp's omnific spell
 Could summon, loftier than the towers of Bel?

IV.

Approach—but first, before you go within,
 Put off the sandals of the Old Moral sin;
 Follow the footsteps of that guardian nymph,
 And purify in Socialistic lymph;
 From her fair hands the unguent rare receive
 To aid your vision glories to perceive,
 Which else would soon, insufferably bright,
 Blind the weak gaze of unassisted sight:
 Then, thus prepared, the silk-lined carriage mount,
 Whose steam-barb snorts beside that crystal fount,

And glide adown yon "slantindicular way,"
 (In borrowed phrase Americ, so to say)
 Swift as a pleasant momentary dream,
 Into the land of honey and of—cream !
 Now you are seated—an invisible horn
 Gives the loud signal—whew !—the gateway bourn
 Your carriage has already reached, and there
 Self-opened stands ! while to your aid repair
 Crowds of the *Socii*, who, with welcomes, greet
 Your visit to their paradisal seat.
 Conducted by a Social Seneschal,
 Amazed, you enter a vast, splendid hall ; *
 Where seats, soft-cushioned with luxurious pride
 Of Tyrian-tinctured velvet, stand beside
 Two mighty tables that, from end to end,
 O'erspread with damasked drapery, extend ;
 On which in dazzling pomp, shine manifold
 Vessels of silver, porphyry, and gold,
 By Genii, vassals to the imperial will
 Of the Lamp's master, wrought with exquisite skill :
 And, here and there, 'mong other precious things,
 Inverted crowns of throne-renouncing kings,
 Filled with sweet flowers, instead of royal brains,
 Stand propped with sceptres of departed reigns.

A bugle sounds: two massive doors unfold,
 By secret springs, on noiseless hinges rolled ;
 Troops of fair girls and boys, in rich array,
 Heaps of choice viands on the table lay,
 Then quickly disappear : the horn again
 Mellowly winds a loud prelusive strain ;

* The principal part of this and the following description, is borrowed from a Social Drama, which I once glanced over in a bookseller's shop, written by a *Rev.* somebody of Manchester.

Through one wide portal, two and two advance,
In gay costume, as to a festive dance,
Seven hundred sisters, each with arms entwined
Round her companion, to their seats assigned ;
And, at the other, in rich habitings,
On which shine rainbow-hued concentric rings,
Emblems of Social Masonry sublime,
A host of brethren, whose slow steps keep time
To strains of music far removed from view,
Enter uncovered ; and in order due,
Assemble round their proper board, where none
Can claim precedence but the Sage alone.
As honoured visitants, you sit beside
The moral Corypheus and his bride,
Who, as *pro tempore* sultanness divine,
Enjoys the privilege with her lord to dine !
Once more the bugle gives a signal blast—
The only grace to hallow the repast ;
For in this New Jerusalem, to ask
A blessing were a mere superfluous task ;
And priest-taught, miserable cant to own
A grateful feeling to a God unknown,
Who, throned in his exclusive heaven, doth feel
No interest in human woe or weal.
Now the loud rattle of quick knives and forks,
The gladdening sound of—no, 'tis not of corks
Drawn from the inspiring bottle ; for the dear,
Old rosy God is never worshipped here ;
Nor are his gifts, though appetite may plead,
Sanctioned for use by this new Moslem creed—
That sound?—Behold ! a thousand silver tubes
With snaky heads, from rows of marble cubes
Ranged round the hall, spring up, and bending o'er
The glittering board, a crystal liquor pour

Into glass goblets duly placed apart,
Then backward slink with simultaneous start.
But deem not ye, because denied the use
Of the red grape's exhilarating juice,
The temp'rate neophytes, though with them you dine,
Will balk your stomach of its wonted wine.
Urge but your wish ; and, instant, through the floor,
Rises a table fraught with ample store
Of the rich nectar you delight to sip,
Sparklingly tempting your luxurious lip !
You pledge the Master of the feast ; and he—
Not in the juice of the "forbidden tree,"
But in a draught of Social lemonade—
Returns the courteous compliment you paid.
Your savoury tooth could relish well a wing
Of that roast fowl, in gravy wallowing—
Breathe your desire: the Master waves his wand:
A chain, whence dangles a self-moving hand
Of ductile gold, from the mysterious roof
Descends, and bears the dainty dish aloof;
But while in vain your eye yon arch explores,
The glittering hand the pilfered food restores ;
And—your astonishment to heighten still—
Carved to your wish with scientific skill!

The banquet finished, and all silent round,
Thrice the loud bugle gives a warning sound:
The doors unfold ; and while the viewless choir
Pours a glad hymn, the female train retire
Wreathed as they entered. Now the Social Sage,
Whose youthful bride assists his steps of age,
Slowly withdraws ; then, like drilled soldiers, all
The red-robed brethren quit the festal hall.

V.

Prepare still greater wonders to behold
In this New World, unparalleled, untold.
Art thou a pedant, whose despotic rule,
By cane or birch-rod, sways an abject school?
Unking thyself; thy sceptre lay aside,
Thy mien imperial, and thy classic pride!
Thou standest now on academic ground,
Where fear exists not, masters are not found;
Where mildness tempers learning's wholesome pill,
Improves the mind—yet leaves uncurbed the will;
Where irksome tasks in antiquated lore,
O'er which the Old World's wisdom loves to pore,
Are deemed absurd as *Bibles*, or the themes
Priests gather thence to gloze their idle dreams!
Lo! a republic of a thousand youths,
Imbibing knowledge of undoubted truths
From that clear source, whence truth alone can spring—
The glorious fount of *Human Reasoning*!
Here, to a group of urchins ranged around,
A sage explains the theory of sound;
The philo, there, to an attentive crowd,
Tells how the thunder rolls from cloud to cloud,
And launches oft its forked bolts of fire
On regal dome, and cross-surmounted spire;
Yonder a scribe, whom that rich signet ring
Proclaims vicegerent of the Social King,
Expounds some text from the new Koran's page,
To embryo moralists of this golden age;
Defends with all Arachne's subtle skill,
The five-fold web that binds the human will;
And with a lucid eloquence that far
Outshines the brightest Solon's at the bar,

Unfolds the tables of the "Twenty Laws,"
'Mid thunders loud of juvenile applause!

VI.

These lectures o'er, each doctrine understood,
And treasured up as intellectual food,
The groups of grave precocious girls and boys
Hastily throng, anticipant of joys
Their moral mentors have for them in store,
A semicirque of benches raised before
A green silk curtain, on which blazoned shine
The lineaments of OWEN the divine!
Aerial music breathes a mellow sound
Now near—far off—now heard as under ground:
It dies away in silence; softly rings
A tiny bell, and up the curtain springs!
Stay, puritan, stay! the scene thou need'st not shun—
Behold the work of THEIDON outdone!
Nay tremble not—no vengeful thunders stir—
'Tis an Historico-puppet Theatre!
Old Egypt's plain, its pyramids and domes,
Its ruined temples, chambered catacombs,
Nile's sacred stream, on which, in glittering pride,
The silk-winged barks of Cleopatra glide,
Their silver oars, in modulated time,
Heaving and falling to the conch-notes' chime;—
All this, in azure distance, woos thy gaze,
While, in the front, artistic skill displays
A conclave of grim Lilliputian ghosts,
Whose royal mummies sleep on Nilus' coasts,
Sitting in judgment on that guilty thing,
The mimic sprite of a departed King!

VII.

The scene now changes; and thou see'st pourtrayed
The dismal realm where many a mournful shade,
By the drear banks of Lethe's silent river,
Wanders in shivering hopelessness for ever,
In vain imploring with uplifted hands
A passage to those fair Elysian lands,
Where fortunate spirits, whom the Gods loved well,
In bowers of bliss for endless ages dwell.
Old Charon heeds not, but with rapid oar,
Steers his dark carack from the dismal shore,
Freighted with ghosts that have meet passport won
For the sweet clime that knows no setting sun.

Mark well yon happy region! On a hill
Shines a bright city, which Minerva's skill
Raised as the exclusive residence sublime
Of Social souls, when freed from things of time.
Already, crowned with amaranthine flowers,
A happy few lean o'er the golden towers;
And more are hastening to the crystal gate,
Where smiling Houris their arrival wait,
And point exulting to a shining throne
Of purest pearl, with many a precious stone
Emblazoned, and upborne on wheels that glow
With hues as splendid as Apollo's bow!
Above the vacant seat, two cherubs hold
A dazzling crown of carbuncles and gold,
Upon whose apex, wrought on "cloth of Tarse,"
R. O. encircled, gleam in emerald stars—
Resplendent ciphers! that declare for whom,
When his loved corse shall slumber in the tomb,
The patron-deities of the Social Reign,
This gorgeous, regal pageantry ordain!

VIII.

Another scene:—upon Olympus' brow
The harmonious Gods are all assembled now:
Jove, with the extinguished lightnings at his feet,
O'er his crouched eagle nods in slumber sweet;
Imperial Juno, blandly smiling, decks
With wreaths of flowers her peacocks' glistening necks;
Pallas, her dreadful panoply resigned,
To useful arts devotes her mighty mind;
Weaves for her Sire, now venerably old,
A regal robe to screen him from the cold,
(If Gods e'er feel it;) or, with active need,
Embroiders flowers upon a silken field;
The Queen of Love, now chaste as her own star,
Is giving lessons to the God of War,
Upon the exceeding sinfulness of strife,
And leading an *ungodly* rover's life.
Convinced, o'ercome by counsel so sincere,
Mars doffs his helm, and snaps his massy spear;
Hastes with the Goddess to her husband's dome,
And, reckless of all bloody broils to come,
As Vulcan's pupil, 'mong the Cyclops stands,
And executes his sooty lord's commands:
Plies the loud bellows; or, with sweaty zeal,
Wields the huge hammer o'er the hissing steel;
And thus while Mars essays his new-taught art,
Sweet Cytherea acts the housewife's part;
From place to place, with sober mien she moves,
Nor needs her chariot drawn by milk-white doves,
Which, from their silken bondage now set free,
Are building nests on yonder stunted tree.
The noontide feast her busy hands prepare,
Whose lily whiteness claims not now her care;

With timely forethought, from the well-stored cade
 She fills an urn with sparkling lemonade,
 Which a self-moving engine, at her call,
 Wafts in the midst of the dusk Fire-god's hall:
 There first, in courteous compliment, most meet
 To merits such as grace the new Athlete,
 With smiles that gild the hovering smoky screen,
 A brimming goblet of the hippocrene
 Presents to Mars ; who, pausing 'mid his toil,
 Wipes from his brows the black sweat's gathering soil ;
 And fondly bending on the queen his eyes,
 The grateful liquor to his lips applies.
 Then round she bears, while thanks her steps pursue,
 A copious draught to all the dusky crew ;
 Ending—as all leal ladies should, that love
 Their faithful lords, and deem it sin to rove—
 With her true liege ; who, ere the cup he sips,
 Prints three fond kisses* on her glowing lips.
 The curtain falls ; but soon upsprings again :—
 Behold a wild interminable plain,
 Girded with mountains and with forests dark,
 From which, as when Noah oped the sacred Ark,
 Beasts of all kinds that haunt the climes of earth,
 Stalk, bound, and crawl, in anger or in mirth,
 As suits their natures ; and from which, on high
 Soar birds of every plume that sweeps the sky.

Now ye sage Mentors of old moral saws,
 What say ye to the Socialistic laws ?
 Could your dull brains have e'er devised a plan
 So soon to ripen boyhood into man ?

* Quere. Would not brother Dusky's *typographical impressions* on the rosy *labella* of his *cara-spousa*, like my own, be of an inky hue ?—Printer's Devil.

Shame on your craft ! Descend the tripes now,
And at the feet of your Gamaliel bow !
Learn wisdom ; and, with better thoughts imbued,
Join the bold band of Scotia's Robin Hood ;
Pluck up each quill of prejudice by the root,
" And teach the young idea how to shoot"—
Not, as of old, with tedious bended bow,
Or musket, that performs its work too slow ;
But with the steam-gun that sprung up amain,
A glorious birth ! from Robin's fruitful brain,
That sin and sorrow soon may hence be hurled,
And OWEN reign the sovereign of the world.

IX.

But can it be, O new-born race ! so rife
With all that constitutes the bliss of life,
That death, the avenger of the Old World's sin,
Your happy realm should dare to enter in ?
Although regenerate of OWEN pure,
Alas ! e'en *ye* are not from death secure !
He comes—and like a dream, your brief, bright day
Glooms into night eternal !—not a ray
Of hope beyond the dreary grave to cheer,
And guide the spirit to a happier sphere.

Behold, adown yon tree-girt vale of tombs,
Where many a flower o'er human ashes blooms,
A funeral train, in solemn silence, moves
Behind a steam-bier, that, on iron groves
Slowly advancing, bears the corse of one,
Whose hopes all perished with life's setting sun.
No white-robed priest, from out some hallowed fane,
With holy rites, and texts of heavenly strain,

Comes to confirm belief, the insensate dust
 Shall, at the "resurrection of the just,"
 Rise from the grave, a glorious form renewed,
 With life and immortality endued !
 A glib-tongued orator, in turgid phrase,
 Spouts o'er the dead a long harangue of praise ;
 Vaunts of his virtues, exemplary life,
 His constancy to each successive wife ;
 And above all, of his implicit faith
 In what ST. OWEN in his *bible* saith,*
 Who thus proclaims : " My brethren, practice evil
 To none amongst you ; fear not GOD nor devil ;
 Make earth your heaven : with life all pleasure ends :
 Your *future* heaven—the memory of your friends !"
 The oration finished, round the grave now stands
 A choir of girls, with flower-wreaths in their hands,
 Which, at due pauses in the dirge they sing,
 On the lowered coffin they alternate fling.
 The funeral train retires—no tears are shed ;
 For Social grief is frugal o'er the dead !
 A wise economy ! for who would weep
 O'er those who sleep an everlasting sleep ?
 Indulge one moment a regretful pain
 For that which *was*—but ne'er must *be* again ?

X.

Such the phantasma—such the monstrous creed
 The moon-struck brains of modern sophists breed !
 Such are the triumphs of the March of Mind,
 Which captivate the unthinking of mankind,
 Who, bowed in bondage 'neath vile Avarice' sway,
 Await the coming of the promised day,

* *Vide* note at the end.

When, in fulfilment of their *prophet's* word,
 The exulting shout of freedom shall be heard
 In every land—freedom from all the chains
 Of “circumstance,” the misery, and pains,
 The vile restraints imposed by bigot priests,
 And laws, the poor degrading down to beasts,
 Which have distinguished, in the lapse of time,
 The Old Moral World's dark register of crime!

Insatiate AVARICE! 'tis to thee we owe
 This poisoned chalice of the nation's woe!
 The multitude, now shivering on the brink
 Of desperation, have not time to think;
 With eager haste, they inconsiderate cling
 To any scheme that promises to bring
 Speedy deliverance from thine iron thrall,
 And nature's bounties equalize to all.
 The people pine—but if Utopian bread
 Will fill their stomachs, loaves and fish instead,
 How great *thy* gain! 'Twill merit more applause
 Than twenty thousand crude “Starvation laws.”
 If men can live on faith—a faith though nursed
 In fellest bosoms demons ever cursed—
 And toil for thee—thou wilt be wondrous civil,
 And deal a doit—of thanks—e'en to the devil!
 If but thy coffers with red gold o'erflow,
 Wrung from the hands of Poverty and Woe,
 OWEN or *Bruin* NICHOLAS* may reign;
 Religion vanish, or in show remain;
 Bastiles, or Social Palaces arise;
 Temples to GOD, or Belial, scale the skies;

* *Vide* note at the end.

Priests, or rank Infidels, the million school,
 By CHRIST or OWEN—shrive them, or befool;
 Faith, hope, and love, be exercised no more—
 The purblind idiosyncrasy of yore;
 And man become insensible to aught
 That warms the bosom, or sublimes the thought.

“Ho! ho! come hither, thou who canst control
 The ‘circumstances’ of each living soul
 Within the bounds of thy Utopian sphere—
 That beauteous bubble, which my old confrere,
 Who shall be nameless, in a jocund vein,
 Blew from the lye* that sparkled in thy brain;—
 Come hither, thou who bruit’st—sublime of brutes!—
The wives of England legal prostitutes!
 Lend me thine ear: I know, despite thy creed,
 Thou art ambitious; wouldst be great in—deed;
 Wouldst have the Old World’s honours; wouldst be king
 O’er all the New—when it begins to sing
 In wondrous harmony, as it rolls along
 Its luminous path, the heavenly orbs among.
 Go to! I have a minion, chief of those
 That bloom and thrive round England’s Royal Rose;
 Him thou must seek, with kindred feelings blest;
 From him obtain the boon thou dost request.”
 Thus Avarice spoke: the arch infidel, right glad,
 The minion sought, in courtly garments clad.

* Quere—does this expression mean an *untruth*, or is it used figuratively for the *lixivium* of soap and water?—Printer’s Devil.

Behold, ye British sires! and blush for shame!
The vip'rous slanderer of your spouses' fame,
In mockery cringe, and lip, with brazen mien,
The plighted hand of England's Virgin Queen!

END OF BOOK IV.

* *Vide* note at the end.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

(Page 128, line 14.)

“Behold the achievements of the March of Mind!”

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for Feb. 1840, under the head of ‘*Useful Knowledge*,’ says, “The substantive knowledge is by no means used in the peculiar connexion indicated by the heading, in that catholic and comprehending sense which primarily belonged to it. The ethics, and the *morale*, and the religion that regulate the one, and give their colour and crystallisation to the other, are all understood by the patentees to be excluded. Any thing pertaining to the regulation and the cultivation of the heart or conduct, it would be regarded as an insult to introduce. It means *the knowledge of locomotive engines; the gradients of railroads; the pressure and generation of sham political economy; fiscal, municipal, and other kindred sorts of finance.*”

“It regards him as worthy of a doctor's degree who can with the greatest speed run a railroad through lovely landscapes, wide-spread panoramas, hoary ruins, and venerable mementos of departed ages—who can construct a station-house from the ruins of an ancient abbey, sleepers from Shakespeare's mulberry tree, or the royal oak, and collect fuel for the furnaces from the charcoal foundations of the temple of Ephesus. If a *savau* can save 3s., even at the risk of demoralising the age in which he lives,—reduce taxation by one farthing a-head, even though he should so weaken navy and army that the weakest continental armament might overpower both together,—that man is a very Adam Smith—a Malthus; or if there be any other name that smells as sweet, useful knowledge means any process which, in the least time, and with the least trouble, can produce the largest pecuniary results. It is incense offered on the altar of Mammon. * * * The genius of the useful-knowledge mongers would rather see a mechanics' institute than a Christian temple or cathedral, a treatise on botany than a Bible; and the British Association for the Advancement of Science he prefers to Paradise itself. If all the chimney-sweeps could jabber philosophy, the dustmen chemistry, the milkmaids hydrostatics, and the coalheavers mineralogy, he would believe more than millennial days had come, and that the human race had attained perfection. Homer's *Iliad*, and *Paradise Lost*, he would use to light his study fire; St. Paul's Cathedral would be a lumber room, and Westminster Abbey a depository for cranks, and cogs, and broken machinery; ancient MSS of the Bible would be subjected to a

process of cleansing, and made available for useful-knowledge diplomas ; and those of the classics might be converted into useful bindings for Dr. Lardner's works. Virgil, Horace, Æschylus, Euripides, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, must all be displaced from the high niches on which Genius has placed them ; and these must be filled by Jeremy Bentham, McCulloch, Mills, Ricardo, &c., &c., the favourites of useful knowledge."

(Page 129, line 19.)

The bond of union between man and wife.

"In my previous lectures," says Owen, "I hastily glanced at some of the leading evils, necessarily arising from the priesthood, the laws, and magistracy, and the military. I now proceed to notice, in the same hasty manner, some of the remainder of these *Satanic institutions*, or *institutions of moral evil* ; and, first, of the *unnatural or artificial union of the sexes—marriage.*"

* * * There is no help for you until you acquire sufficient strength of mind to overcome this evil (marriage), and openly denounce it both in principle and practice. * * * What! not speak of the marriage state and its *endless crimes* ! Why, what absurdity yet remains in the public mind not to speak and expose *the greatest of the practical sources of vice and misery* ! * * * I resume the subject of marriage because it is *the source of more demoralisation, crimes, and misery, than any other cause, with the exception of religion and private property.*"

In commenting on the above passages, a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* of June 1840, says, "These scattered extracts from the writings of the arch Socialist on this single point (marriage) will explain the new position of woman in the Social System. Let us not disguise or grind down the facts of the case. We must describe it. That system is the advocate, and its abettors the apologists, of universal and indiscriminate prostitution. It is plain by this. *Man is to go where he likes for, to use a yet unrescinded appellation, a wife ; to keep her a month or a year at his discretion ; and, from caprice, or satiety, or any other pretext, to turn her adrift, saddle the OWENOCRACY with her offspring, and enter into contract with another for a vague or limited time, as may be agreed on.* The result of the first thirty years of such a system, if ever any portion or province of the world were wicked or infatuated enough to make the experiment, would be the progressive depreciation of woman at a fixed ratio ; say every two, or four, or six years ; until loathed by all, she committed suicide, or came under some new law which sentenced her to be put to death for the relief of the Social System. At each exchange, it is abundantly obvious, the unhappy female would sink in value, till she whom Christianity has righteously enfranchised, the ornament and sweetener of human society, longed for the grave as her only refuge from the usage of the brute visited on the sensibilities and instincts of the woman. HOME, that holy epitome of the bright and the peaceful,

would not be retained in the tongues of such a world; CHILDREN, 'caressing and caressed,' would be merely the cattle impounded in the new moral world: affections, responsibilities, cares and toils, that are now put forth in harmony with nature, but directed and inspired by Christianity, would all perish, and men would grow up as Robert Owen wishes them, like the brutes of the earth, only wallowing in a sensuality the lowest of these are guarded from by primeval and indestructible instincts. These worthless Socialists would

'Bargain for their wives

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.'

They would not allow that

'Marriage is a matter of more worth

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.' "

(Page 131, line 19.)

Around this KRISHNA of the Moral World.

"Blythe RADHA she, with speaking eyes, was named;

He KRISHNA, loved in youth, in manhood famed."

Sir W. Jones, Vol II.

"The sanguinary war which forms the subject of the epic poem, called *Mahabarat*, is calculated to have taken place about 1200 years before the Christian era, and was distinguished by the political and religious changes which it produced. It was carried on by KRISHNA and his brother Bali Rama, against Jara Sandha, who reigned in Magadha, and who was surprised and slain in his capital. The ancient worship of Siva or Maha Deo, was nearly annihilated, in order to introduce that of Kṛishna; and that successful conqueror raised himself, along with his brother Bali Rama, to a sovereignty over vast provinces, and were conjointly worshipped as one incarnation of Vishnoo."—*Bell's Geography*, Vol. IV. p. 415.

(Page 143, line 10.)

In what ST. OWEN in his *bible* saith.

Some are of opinion that the doctrines of Socialism are losing ground in this country; let the following article from the *Morning Herald* of Aug. 26th, 1844, testify whether this be the case or not, as it regards the Metropolis:—

"Smithfield Market.—This zoological retreat bids fair to become a huge dissenting conventicle. Drovers and cattle occupy it on week days, itinerant preachers on Sundays. Yesterday, between four and eight o'clock, there were no fewer than 37 of these fellows haranguing large mobs of persons, some of whom attentively listened, but by far the greater number reviled.

It will easily be imagined that all shades of doctrine are preached—*Socialism, however, reigns triumphant.* On one portion of the ground stood a man who held a Prayer Book in his hand, from which he read extracts, *commenting in filthy style on the beautiful liturgical services of our Church.* Within twenty yards of this man was another *singing the Psalms of David to common-place tunes, and in a merry style, his auditory with great glee joining in the chorus.* Another was declaiming on the iniquity of Christians, and raking up old tales of crime, for the purpose of fixing them on men who have rendered themselves eminent for piety. Some affected to be advocating Christian principles, but in so loose and strange a manner, that it was impossible to get rid of the idea that they were in the pay of the Socialists. This opinion was confirmed by the fact, that when these men left their rostrums, a Socialist lecturer succeeded, and proceeded to the refutation of his predecessor's arguments! That some who were lecturing were sincere cannot be doubted, but they can scarcely be aware of the vast amount of injury of which their ill-judged efforts are productive. The Lord Mayor used his authority for repressing the nuisances of Bartholomew Fair; if the same authority were exercised now, it could scarcely fail to be beneficial."

(Page 144, line 27.)

OWEN or *Bruin* NICHOLAS may reign.

"The author has no personal antipathy to the Emperor Nicholas, because a long study of his character and acts has taught him, that if he be a more complete tyrant, he is not a worse individual than the average of his predecessors; he is a more complete tyrant because he has the power of being so. Many successive reigns, like the growth of succeeding years which bring a tree to maturity, have completed the mechanism of a vast engine of levelling oriental despotism, and enabled him to use it with the full light of European science; whilst all his passions and propensities, tending towards the acquisition of absolute power, have never diverted him, like his predecessors, from that object. The Emperor Nicholas has not the brutal instincts of the Tsar Peter the First, any more than his talents; he has not the disordered passions of the lustful Catherine, his grandmother, any more than her brilliant intellect and her innate liberality; he has not the fitful ferocity of Paul, his murdered sire, any more than his enthusiastic generosity; neither has he the irresolute, impressionable nature of Alexander, his brother and predecessor, nor Alexander's benevolence of intention. If the Emperor Nicholas had been born in the place of Peter, he is the man to have shut himself up with his slaves in the isolation of a Chinese despot, although he might never have cut off heads with his own hand, or presided at the impalement of his enemies. * * * He is not the man to shoot, for a wager, a female slave working in his garden, like his brother Con-

stantine, any more than to have given up, like Constantine, an empire to dry a woman's tears. He would not, like Alexander, for the sake of seeing his favourites smile, have allowed them to tyrannise over his subjects *on their own account*, any more than he would, like Alexander have wept to see it—any more than he would, like Alexander, have advocated a charter for the French people, although to be given without prejudice to his own autocratic rights, but in sacrilegious precedent against the right divine of princes. On the whole, therefore, Nicholas is neither better nor worse than the average of his predecessors, inclusive of the great Tsar who first made Russia European; *but he has done, and he bids fair to do, more injury to mankind than all of them put together.* Without perhaps the genius or the boldness to have ever played more than a subaltern part in many situations in life, he was peculiarly calculated, when placed by the chances of birth in possession of such power, and at the head of such a system, to push it to its extremest limits. He possesses, besides his singleness of purpose, precisely the quantum of moral courage, of obstinacy, and of intellect, to allow him to use the means in his power, in the most effective manner, to attain his end, and withal the exaggerated self-veneration to induce him to do it.”—*Revelations of Russia.*

(Page 146, line 4.)

The plighted hand of England's Virgin Queen!

“Never will the females of England forget the insult offered to them, as virgins and as matrons, by Lord Melbourne's introduction of Owen to the Queen. * * * The premier who ought to see its (Socialism's) patrons in prison, makes its arch-priest his protégé, and franks him through England by introducing him to the royal presence. The struggle, long carried on, is rapidly approaching its crisis. On pure religion and true freedom many luring forces are converging from a thousand points. The sooner it comes the better. All things must die but right and truth. These live. Their common birthright and their sure destiny is immortality. On their triumph all the unholy *isms* of the day shall be dissipated and broken. The succeeding climacteric will be another and yet a loftier step towards the good, the beautiful, the holy.”—*Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1840.



THE VALE OF CALDENE;

OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BOOK V.

“Ad isthæc quaeso vos, qualiacunque primo videantur aspectu, attendite, ut qui vobis forsitan insanire videar, saltem quibus insaniam rationibus cognoscatis.”—*Guademo Bonum*.

“SOMETIME THE WORLD SO STEDFAST WAS AND STABLE,
THAT MANS WORD WAS AN OBLIGATION,
AND NOW IT IS SO FALSE AND DECEIVABLE,
THAT WORD AND DEED AS IN CONCLUSIUN
IS NOTHING LIKE, FOR TOUNED IS VP SO DOUN
ALL THE WORLD, THROUGH MEDE AND FIKELNESSE,
THAT ALL IS LOST FOR LACK OF STEDFASTNESSE.

“TROUTH IS PUT DOWNE, REASON IS HOLD FABLE,
UERTUE HATH NOW NO DOMINATION,
PITY IS EXILED, NO MAN IS MERCIABLE,
THROUGH COUETISE IS BLENTE DISCRETION,
THE WORLD HATH MADE A PERMUTATION,
FRO RIGHT TO WRONG, FRO TROUTH TO FIKELNESSE
THAT ALL IS LOST FOR LACKE OF STEDFASTNESSE.”

Certaine Bullades, Chaucer.

MY NATIVE VALE.

Prom.

In his address to his *NATIVE VALE*, the Pilgrim alludes to the happiness that reigned in the days of his boyhood among its inhabitants—depicts their general condition now, and draws a *CONTRAST* between them and the Sires and Dames of the Olden Time—describes *THE UPGART—THE WEAVER—THE UNPENSIONED SOLDIER*; and gives a faithful portraiture of *EMMA*, or the Devoted Maid. Turning from the contemplation of such characters, the Wanderer descants on Mammon Justice, and the tender mercies of *THE NEW POOR LAW*—addresses the *LANDLORDS OF ENGLAND*—contrasts their conduct with *OLD ENGLISH PHILANTHROPY* manifested ere Avarice usurped the better feelings of the heart; and with an appeal to *CHRISTIAN MAMMONISTS* concludes the Fifth Book.

THE VALE OF CALDENE.

BOOK V.

MY NATIVE VALE.

“O Love!

O Charity, that erst ascendant crowned
Our land with calm light like the star of eve!
Fast o'er the ocean fares the gathered gold,
Gathered from Britain's heart, while in her arms
Her famished myriads curse each coming morn;
And they who feed their thousands far away
By cold machinery that asks no toil,
Grudge the poor pittance of a labouring hour
To the home duties of unwitnessed love.”

The School of the Heart.

I.

Vale of my Fathers! scene of my young years!
How, when I view thee now, awake my tears!
Contrast the Present with what once thou wast—
The sun-bright picture of the visioned Past!
When every village, every cottage smiled,
And with abundance every board was piled;
When easy labour to the poor man gave
E'en life's best comforts, and the power to save;
And Independence, which from Virtue springs,
Owned more *his* cot than halls of lords and kings;

When the fond youth embraced in nuptial bower,
The maid, whose sire could bless with ample dower,
And joyful wish the blooming pair might be
Through life as happy as his spouse and he.

Such times have been: e'en my unripened years
Beheld them such—but changed the scene appears!
Sick, lank-worn Want, and Misery, shrunk and pale,
Now meets the view, now shudders in the gale!

Go through yon vale those rocky hills surround,
Whose cliffs, midway, with scanty trees are crowned;
Where, on the banks of yonder putrid stream,
Which once flowed brightly as a summer's dream,
Huge, gloomy mills, like stone-charmed Arguses stand,
Or hulls of battle-ships, rotting on the land,
So grim they seem, so foreign to a scene,
Where temples stood, and hermit-grots have been;
Whence rose the vesper-hymn, the voice of prayer,
Soothing the wolf that slumbered in his lair;
And the fierce hunter of the stormy boar,
Hung on the rock-embattled mountain hoar,
To list the sounds, like spirit-music mild,
Sent from some viewless harp, in woodland wild.

Go through yon vale, where once a giant brood
Of oaks in venerable grandeur stood;
Beneath whose arms the CALDER's amber stream
Rolled on protected from the Day-god's beam;
When on its banks the OUTLAW and his crew
The antlered bounder of the forest slew;
And nought awoke the mountain-echoes then,
Save bugle-blasts, and shouts of 'merry men.'

Go through it now, and summon from the tomb
The mighty forms that tracked its forest gloom ;
And ask, if they can recognise again
The scenes they loved—where Penury toils to pain !
Where Pride, by Fortune raised from lowest earth,
Builds the high hall in mockery of its birth ;
Bids bowed-down Poverty stand far aloof,
And tramples merit 'neath its iron hoof !—
Where 'stead of ancient oaks, they now may see
Black cottage-rows in place of many a tree ;
And 'stead of hoary hermits' ivied homes ;
The incense-cloud from temples' hallowed domes ;
The hunter strong ; the rangers of the wood,
Cheered with the feast by CALDER'S sheltered flood ;—
In long grim lines, the many-windowed mills*
Gloom in the vale, and frown upon the hills ;
While, ceaseless, from their blackened chimneys, rise
Volcanic billows darkening all the skies ;
And forth their greasy doors, at noon and eve,
Strange beings creep, whom toil scarce gives reprieve !—
Maimed little children, of unearthly hue,
Which GOD ne'er gave, and nature never knew,
Roused from their damp straw beds, with haste to throng
To worse than slavery, and the Planter's throng !
Long ere the brute who battens on their blood,
Opes his silk curtains for his morning's food !—
And MAN—the image of his Maker !—made
To bow a serf before the shrine of Trade !—
And WOMAN, too, whose angel steps should move
Through flowery paths of happiness and love,
Impelled by want to spend the toilsome day:
And waste her bloom and loveliness away ;

* *Hide* note at the end.

While the proud Dame, once forced like her to toil,
Struts in rich silks, and ermine's costly spoil,
And quite forgetful of her former state,
Frowns at her crippled sister at the gate !

II.

Sires of the good old times ! whose sinews grew
Strong as your oaks, where mountain breezes blew ;
Whose sons, disporting round your cabin door,
Blithe health, and blither Freedom's signet wore ;
Trained to no toils that prison thought and limb ;*
Blanche the red cheek, the sparkling eye bedim ;
Bow down the frame, erect to mortals given,
And maim, and mar the workmanship of Heaven ;
Crush in their serpent-coils hope's haleyons blest,
Which fondly nestle in the youthful breast ;
Freeze feeling's fount ; unnerve the immortal part,
And blunt, and scathe, and brutalise the heart :
But taught, like Nature's children, ever free,
That scale the rocks, and fly from tree to tree,
To bound along the hills, with bow and spear,
In quest of game for morning's early cheer,
Ere from his slumber rose the King of Day,
And the hill-fox had ceased to prowl for prey ;
Or from their fathers' cabin, on the breeze
The blue smoke curled above the embowering trees.

Dames of the good old times ! with whose fair forms
The sweet winds were familiar, and whose charms
Ripened to glowing fruitage 'neath the sun ;
Like the wild berries that ye strung upon

* *Vide* note at the end.

Silk grass, and hung around your necks of snow,
Nature's own carcanets, and, to and fro,
Thrid the cool shades, with buoyant step at noon,
To rob the rose-trees of their odorous boon,
Wherewith to form a coronal for your brows ;
The while your lords sate, leaning on their bows,
Tired with the chase, before their cabin door,
Wiling the hour with legendary lore.
Fancy beholds you seek some bosky dell,
Where congregated springs have formed a well
Of purest crystal ; round whose flowery brim
Ye sit, your glossy, truant locks to trim,
As by a shining mirror ; ere o'er them
Ye smiling place the rose-wreathed diadem ;
Your buxom daughters near you, on the green,
Dancing to minstrelsy of bard unseen
Among the rocks ; or bounding like gazelles,
After each other round the neighbouring dells ;
Scaring the watchful heron from the stream,
And waking echo from her noontide dream,
With their wild shouts and laughter ; and the deer,
Roused from the glade, bounds o'er the hills with fear.
Then, hand in hand, far off ye see them come,
With garlands of wild flowers, and hear the hum
Of their sweet voices ; and, as they draw nigh,
Two from the group advancing, with a high,
Green crown of rushes, decked with blue bells, o'er
Their sunny brows, kneel on the sward, and pour
Their young affections in a liquid stream
Of silvery music—such as in the dream
Of souls inspired, comes frequent ; and the rest
Clustering around you, in like gaudery drest,
Join in sweet chorus, with a glistening eye :
Then, ere among the hills the echoes die,

Each little maid presents the wreath she wove
To her fond mother, with a smile of love.

Primeval tenants of my native hills !*
Can *these* shrunk beings, blasted by the chills
Of wintry poverty, like rifted trees
Around some weird hag's dwelling—Oh ! can *these*,
Whom Trade to toil and misery condemns,
Have sprung from earth that bore *your* noble stems ?
Can yon poor caitiff, with whose armless sleeves
The wind makes merry as with falling leaves ;
Whose crippled joints against each other move
In painful warfare—as those sweat-drops prove—
Can *this* sad relic of the human form,
Possess the blood that ran in all the warm,
Full flow of manhood, through the hunter's veins,
That ranged these hills, and forest-girted plains ?
Can that maimed child, from whom some dire machine
Has torn a leg, and who now swings between
Two little crutches his enfeebled frame,
A brotherhood with *you*, young rangers, claim,
Whose cheerful shout, like sound of merry horn,
Rang 'mong these hills the tocsin of the morn ?
Can that frail being, on whose care-worn face
Some lingerings still of loveliness I trace,
And from whose hand, alas ! some rueful day,
The † fiend-machine each finger tore away—
As when the north wind in an angry mood
Sweeps from their home a lovely sisterhood
Of flexile lilies—can *she* claim descent
From *you*, fair dames, whose rosy lives were spent

* *Vide* note at the end. † Called, very justly, a *devil*.

In happy innocence, aloof from all
The woes that now upon your daughters fall ?

Whence is the change ?—Ten thousand, thousand Dead !
To your long homes most prematurely sped,
Answer ! and let the dreadful truth be writ
In words of fire ! that angels, as they flit
On missions of God's mercy o'er this clime,
Awhile may pause to read ; and when of crime,
Of woe, and misery, their descant's given,
Tell the astonished hierarchs of Heaven,
That **LUST OF GOLD, WHICH SONS OF TRAFFIC FEEL,*
DESTROYS MORE THOUSANDS THAN THE BATTLE-STEEL !

† Oh Trade ! where are the blessings in thy train,
Which thy fond votaries laud in vaunting strain ?
What though we view, where'er our eyes we turn,
Rich bounties showered from thy too partial urn ;
For every boon thou hast conferred, we find
A thousand evils poured on human kind !
There—with repulsive pride, the modern hall
Stares through young trees, and o'er the garden wall,
Bristling with broken bottles, to exclude
The wondering gaze of paupers ragged and rude † !
The while the revel reigns within ; and wine—
Once bought as med'cine—*now* doth sparkling shine
In brimming goblets ; and rich viands stand
To lure the touch of many a jewelled hand,
Which haply, erst, ne'er *blushed* beneath a glove,
Or owned one golden pledge of honest love ;

* "The nation is seeking for gold as its *summum bonum* ; and the idol of Mammon has for its worshippers all classes of society—for its sacrifice, HECATOMBS OF HUMAN VICTIMS."—*Dublin Univ. Mag.* July, 1844.

† *Vide* note at the end.

Far oft'ner dealing with "much sterner stuff"
 Than perfumed silk-bag, or the downy muff.
Here—in grey groups, like flocks of moorland sheep,
 Poor labourers' cots o'er hills of ordure peep,
 At humble distance from the mimic park,
 Where deer *might* stray, unseen, beneath the dark,
 Soft shadows—not of many a branching oak—
 But *velvet* clouds of over-rolling smoke,
 Which thy black priests from towering altars pour
 To thee, O Trade ! the Dagon they adore !

III.

Why is the owner of yon mansion made
 To lord o'er others whom he once obeyed ?
 Is his plebeian blood, like gold that's tried
 Thrice in the fiery furnace, purified
 From all alloys that taint the lowly born,
 Whom his proud heart, forsooth, affects to scorn ?
 Did lofty talents and superior sense,
 This mushroom lordling raise to eminence ?
 Did he become a magnate in the land
 By means that would not make him blush to stand,
 With soul unscathed by conscience' withering ban,
 In the dread presence of an honest man ?
 Ah no !—a *little* care and cunning, joined
 With *little* necessary frauds, that find
 Free toleration by the liberal law,
 Which all, who please, from Trade's great Koran draw :
 A lucky turn of Fortune ; a *discreet*
 And frugal husbandry of all the sweet
 Gold-droppings from her copious honeycomb ;
 A *little* schooling of the Rib at home
 In economic arts and trade-finesse ;
 A *little* leaning to the wrong to bless

The eager pocket, though it stings the soul ;
 A *little* alms to *any* creed*—in cowl
 Or cassock clad—if, in return, 'twill win
 A *golden* unction for the *trifling* sin ;
 A *little* dabbling in young orphans blood ;
 A *little* pinching of the scanty food
 Earned by the woe-worn Widow ; a *complete*
 Forgetfulness of crippled Eld, unmeet—
 Now that his days of usefulness are o'er—
 To beg a pittance at his master's door :—
 These are the means by which this Upstart came
 To wealth, importance, and commercial fame !
 And these the grand essentials *he* must own,
 Whom Trade† will honour with his brightest crown !
 Such is his will ! Let him who doubteth it,
 Peruse his chronicles—there 'tis “fairly writ !”

Then, honest Worth ! since wealth must ne'er be thine
 Which Commerce yields, let not thy heart repine !
 Thou hast a dower which will survive, when all
 Trade's boasted splendours down to dust shall fall.
 Scenes beautiful on earth, on yonder heaven—
 Star-spangled awning of the world—are given
 For thy soul's kingdom ! Let her spread her wings,
 And hold high converse with these glorious things !—

* It is a notorious fact, that several of the principal manufacturers in a town not a hundred miles from Huddersfield—calling themselves friends of the Established Church and the Constitution—contributed large sums towards the erection of a Popish Chapel in that locality, alleging as their motive (pure, disinterested souls !) that it was to please certain Roman Catholic merchants in Ireland with whom they were in the habit of doing business !

† It will be seen that I have figuratively spoken of Trade as belonging to the rougher sex ; because its acts are so very *unfeminine*, that I thought it would be a slander to consider it of the gentler sex.

The Sons of Traffic—what are they to thee ?
 Slaves herd with Slaves! the Free dwell with the Free!*

IV.

Go through the streets of yonder crowded town ;
 Houses o'er houses darkly looking down !
 Hark as ye pass, from every latticed room,
 The eternal jingle of the cotton loom !
 What form is yon, that walks with tottering pace,
 And feeble knees, and misery-shrunk face ?
 Whose tattered clothes scarce cover from the view
 The lean-worn, shivering carcass they indue ;
 Whose furrowed brow and downcast look declare
 The Briton writhing 'neath the thongs of care !
 Enter his home.—The partner of his woes,
 Whose wedded heart no alienation knows ;
 Who yet can prove, amid the ills of life,
 The tender mother, though a Weaver's wife,
 Deals to her famished babes, that round her stand,
 The scanty pittance with an equal hand ;
 Then smiling sweetly, as when first she won
 Her husband's love—beneath a brighter sun—
 Bids him partake the frugal meal, while she
 Treads the loud loom, and pines in secrecy !

V.

But who is he, whose stately step and mien
 Bespeak a man that better days hath seen ?
 That eagle eye, bedimmed by grief and care,
 He little dreamed 'twould e'er be his to share—
 That once red coat, that cheek's apparent scar,
 Betray the Soldier who has bled in war ;
 And that memento on his breast ye view,
 Proclaims him one who fought at Waterloo—

* *vide* note at the end.

A prize he would not part with, though his scrip's
Last crust of bread should pass his famished lips!
Oft, in my boyhood, I remember well,
On yonder hill, I've heard the hero tell
His battle-deeds, and seen his eye-balls roll
With British fire, the lightning of his soul,
As of the last of all his fields he spoke,
When, proudly spurning the fell tyrant's yoke,
Old England's Lion, with majestic frown,
Insulting Gallia's Eagle trampled down!
But now, unpensioned, his the shameful doom
To pine!—and toil incessant at the loom!
Alas! must one, whose sword's avenging blow
Scarce fell in battle, but there fell a foe,
Ignobly toil, with ineffectual skill,
To earn subsistence, and be wretched still?
Was it for this the brunt of war he stood?
For this he fought; for this he shed his blood?
The guerdon this—a life of want and woes—
Which thankless Britain on her sons bestows?
Let laurels crown the chieftain; let his name
Swell in the song, and fill the trump of fame;
But let not those whose valour won the field—
Their country's best—impenetrable shield—
Pine in the land that gave such heroes birth;
They, too, deserve some recompense for worth;
Some comforts welling from the springs that prove
A nation's gratitude, a nation's love!
If not, brave veteran, happier far thy doom
In the red battle to have found a tomb!
Then, then, at least, thy country's tears that fall
Not for one hero only—but for all—
Had o'er thy grave, in generous grief, been shed,
And thou hadst slumbered with illustrious dead.

VI.

At little distance on that rising ground
A cottage stands with ivy mantled round.
How sweet the thoughts that now, spontaneous, rise
In memory's shrine, like day-dawn on the skies,
While, as I gaze, the pictures of my youth
Seem to revive with all their light and truth!
Amid those shrubby leaves, the rosy hue
Of lovely EMMA's cheek, appears to view,
Fresh in young beauty, as that queenly flower,
Now sweetly peering from its leafy bower.
In this blest spot, each flower, and shrub, and tree,
Speaks with mute eloquence, dear Maid, of thee.
List! hear I not, yon rustic shade beneath,
Angelic voices mellow music breathe;
Soft words revealing, redolent of love,
Such as young hearts to holiest rapture move?
Away, thou dreamer of departed years!
Delusive fancy but delays thy tears!
The blooming pair, from whom such strains arose
Sweetly commingled, at the daylight's close,
Like flames which from two altars placed anigh,
Mix into one, as they ascend on high—
Were reft asunder by a cruel sire,
Who never felt affection's hallowed fire.
The hapless youth, his EMMA's love denied,
In lonely sadness, broken-hearted, died!
And she, the once dear charmer of his heart,
Dwells there, in faithful widowhood, apart
From all the world, with that blind Aged One,
Now seated knitting on the grey bench-stone
Beside the door—so still, serene, and mild,
Chastised by sorrow, yet quite reconciled
To all her wise Creator has assigned : [mind.
Though dark her outward orbs—Heaven's glories fill her

Sweet EMMA ! (oh ! the melancholy task
Of one so lovely, and beloved, to ask !)
Art thou compelled to bend thy angel form
To the rude blasts of penury's bitter storm ?
Art thou, whose faery feet I've thought had wings—
Feet that had graced the palaces of kings—
Forced like too many of thy sex, (sad doom !)
To urge the hissing shuttle through the loom ?
While down thy raven locks, thy cheeks of snow,
(How blooming once !) the frequent toil-drops flow,
Wrung from a brow that, garlanded with flowers,
The breeze had wooed in Love's elysian bowers.

But yet, dear maid, I glory to impart,
Led by the filial impulse of thy heart,
Thou toilest on, with unexampled zeal,
Not for thy own, but for thy parent's weal ;
Who else might sink with sorrow to the grave,
No hand but thine to succour and to save.
And hark ! how sweet and cheery is the lay,
With which that kind heart wiles its cares away !
As if that cottage were a palace rife
With all the comforts, all the joys of life !

Sing on, thou blest One ! unto thee is given
The secret manna of approving Heaven !
Thy springs of grief are changed by power Divine,
Like Cana's waters, into holy wine ;
And sweeter far thy portion to assuage,
And soothe the woes of venerable Age,
Than if ennobled by illustrious birth,
Beloved, adored, by all the great on earth.

Sweet, as the odour of the woodbine curled
 Around that cottage portal, to the world
 Of female beauty, a rich moral breathes
 Its fragrance from our humble tale, and wreathes
 For EMMA a meet chaplet, brighter far
 Than coronal, with diamond-mimic star,
 And glittering jewels blazoned :—Holy Love
 Fixed once, and fixed forever !—She will prove
 True to the Dead, although the world would now
 Absolve her freely from her virgin vow !—
 Pure, filial devotedness—a soul
 Of noble fortitude, above control
 Of fortune's wooing favour, or her frown !
 These are the amaranths that form thy crown,
 Sweet MAID OF MYTHOLM !—Doff, ye damsels proud,
 Your tinsel finery !—'tis a gaudy cloud
 'Tween you and virtue ! Win and wear a wreath,
 Whose fragrance will survive the chill of death,
 And hallow loving memory's inner shrine,
 When all your earthly charms have ceased to shine.

VII.

Woo to the land ! where Avarice reigns supreme,*
 And all, save wealth, is deemed an idle dream ;—
 Where human life is held to be no more,
 In face of heaven, than malleable ore,†
 From which are formed the chain that binds the slave,
 The assassin's poniard, picklock of the knave,
 Besides the sword that doth defend or rule,
 The feeding ploughshare, and mechanic tool ;—

* " That gigantic error—to which we trace our awful dangers—the confounding the NATION'S WELFARE WITH THE NATION'S WEALTH ; and the making MONEY the standard of all UTILITY,"—*Dublin Univ. Mag.* July, 1844.

† *Vide Coleridge's Lay Sermons*, pp. 406—7.

Where jaundice-eyed Utility surveys,
 And in the balance of the market weighs,*
 Genius and talents—all pursuits as vain,
 Save those subservient to the ends of gain ;—
 Where consciences are daily bought and sold
 Wholesale, like other merchandise, for gold ;—
 Where he—who, *yesterday* before his fall,
 Absorbed the widow's and the orphan's all,
 The gentle sister's dower, the labourer's hoard—
 Self-robbery of comfort, to afford
 A little harvest, with a forethought sage,
 For the dark winter of approaching age—
To-day, a villain that defrauds the block,
 Spreads ruin round, as with an earthquake's shock ;
 But, on the *morrow*, from the putrid mass
 Of fraud and folly, with a face of brass,
 Rises a phoenix 'moug the sons of Trade,
 More glorious for the mis'ry he has made,
 And smiles, unsmitten by the public scorn,
 On all he rendered wretched and forlorn ;—
 Where Christian Mammonists, world-honoured saints,†
 Whose “virtuous seeming” scandal no'er attains,
 Add to the Decalogue command the eleventh,
 “Serve SELF six days, and GOD on *half* the seventh,”
 And think that they, without or stop or halt,
 Without a whisper of imputed fault,
 Shall pass, with all their treasure heaped on high,
 Like laden camels, through the *needle's eye*,
 If from their hoard—acquired by means that make
 E'en the seared conscience of the guilty quake—
 They aid with full, but ostentatious, hands,‡
 The spread of Gospel truths in heathen lands ;

* *Vide* note at the end. † *Vide* note at the end. ‡ *Vide* note at the end.

And yet, most *economically* just,
 If but the poor, whom they have ground to dust,
 Claim as a right, what Justice sealed of yore,
 Food and a home, when they can toil no more,
 They bid them seek—for *poverty's leprous sin*—
 Food and a home the Bastile's walls within!
 Where all the blessed sanctities of life,
 The hallowed union between man and wife,
 Which Heaven declared no human hand should ever
 Presume in wanton cruelty to sever,
 And those dear ties, all earthly ties above,
 Twined round the offspring of connubial love,
 Are with a brutal callousness—alas!
 For Christian England!—trampled on as grass;
 As if love were a luxury, that Heaven
 Denied the poor, and to the rich had given!

VIII.

Alas! and must it now be said of you,
 Landlords of England! that ye seek the clew
 That leads to Mammon's temple, with a zeal
 Equal to that the brute-god's votaries feel?
 On your broad acres, like your sires of old,
 A numerous tenantry do you behold,
 Happy in ample farmsteads, a brave band,
 That round their lords would rally, heart and hand?
 The Mammonite, when commerce failed to yield
 A bounteous harvest, in its wonted field,
 Toadied, unspurned by lothing honour's spear,
 And chinked his red gold in your greedy ear!
 Soon the small farms, that erst from sire to son
 Passed as an heir-loom, were absorbed in one
 Of twice ten hundred acres;* and ye saw
 The usurping demon, with his iron paw,

* *Uide* note at the end.

Dash down the rustic homesteads, and drive forth
 To glut the gloomy factories of the north,
 Those swains whose fathers, in the good old days,
 Repaid with love their honoured masters' praise !
 Yes, ye beheld your ancient tenants sold
 As Mammon's slaves, and chuckled o'er your gold !
 Dead to the ennobling pride of old renown,
 Which rustic virtue cherished as its own,
 And felt more joy, girt with a fiery wall
 Of bold brave hearts, ready to stand or fall
 For their loved homes and England, than be lord
 Of all the ill-gotten wealth that Millocrats up-board.

France*—though foiled once—a couchant tiger lies
 Beyond the Channel still, and with fixed eyes,
 Waits but the dawn of England's evil day,
 Her lothed disgrace with vengeance to repay.
 Blow ye the war-blast *then* through your wide lands !—
 Will a brave tenantry rise up in bands,
 As at the tramp of resurrection morn,
 And crowd your standard ? Echo's mocking horn
 Will be your only answer ; for the dead,
 That, when alive, on Bastile bounty fed,
 Sleep in their quiet graves ; and those they left,
 Offspring of woe, by factory toil bereft
 Of hope, of health, and comfort—will *they* come
 And battle with you for your ancient home ?

Sound ye the trumpet !—what from those rank deus,
 Where ruthless Mammon his sad victims pens

* Let the head of Louis Phillipe be laid low—may that day be far distant !—and woe to England's and Europe's peace.—“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

Twelve legalised hours of labour, fraught with pain,
To feed *his* maw, while they scarce food can gain,
Will greet your summons? “Why are ye dismayed?
To your own Baal cry aloud for aid:
He may send hirelings, though of *fire* he lack,
To smite your foe, and drive him howling back:
But we, whose fathers toiled for yours and you,
We whom ye spurned as a redundant crew
From our old ivied homes, and sunny hills,
To waste away in these detested mills—
What lot have we with you? Look on us now—
Care’s iron brand is stamp’d on every brow!
These crippled limbs can ye expect to wield
The spear and musket in the battle-field?
Think ye, our hearts, now almost turned to stone,
Glow with that love our sires were proud to own?
Prate not of freedom! we are under thrall
To Mammon, the worst taskmaster of all!
O glorious privilege! to feel that we
Are *free* to eat the bread of poverty
In life-consuming toil, or starve and die
In pauper-cells, in pauper-graves to lie!

“Freedom in England! sheer fanfaronade!
Her sons are serfs to demon-hearted Trade;
Who, when the gale of fortune prosperous proves,
Shouts through his brazen trumpet, to the droves
Of sweltering human cattle, ‘Work! work! work!
Take this, or starve!’ But if the transient smirk
On fortune’s features, glooms into a frown,
The sullen demon throws his trumpet down,
And turns his slaves adrift, to prowling about
The lofty streets, where luxury looks out

Through gorgeous windows, with a flaunting show,
 To mock them in their wretchedness and woe!
 And if, at last, when goaded on by want,
 And factious demagogues (of which no scant
 In evil days,) they rebels turn,—the law
 Pounces upon them with relentless paw,
 And sends them, sad exchange of miseries,
 To toil and groan in chains beyond the seas!

“Blow ye the trumpet, blow!—Aha! did you
 Come to *our* aid, when noble ASHLEY blew
 The blast of freedom for the factory slaves?
 Ye trembled; and your souls from out the graves
 Of sordid selfishness, came forth, and stood
 Rebuked, half-christianised, before the good
 And great apostle, who, with virtuous ruth,
 Pleaded the cause of righteousness and truth;
 And ye were *then* for mercy!—Goodness warm
 Melted your frozen feelings—but the charm
 Soon ceased to work!—ye looked upon your gold,
 And then your hearts, as heretofore, grew cold!
 The morrow saw ye honour and shame outbrave,
 And rivet the bonds that bind the factory slave;
 Saw ye—and blushed the loathsome deed to tell—
 Join the rude Mammonites’ insulting yell
 Of savage triumph, when the illustrious youth
 Left the stained hall, omnipotent in truth.
 Blow ye the trumpet, when the foe shall come!
 Read our *hearts’* answer—let it strike you dumb!”*

IX.

There was a time, when English hearts could feel,
 Ere Mammon closed them with a gate of steel;—

* *Vide* note at the end.

When poverty, that may o’ertake us all,
Was not deemed sin as heinous as the Fall;—
When man was weighed and valued—not for pelf—
But moral virtues centred in himself;—
When Charity, ere it began to roam,
Was first the true Samaritan at home,
Making the widow’s cruise o’erflow with oil,
The fatherless to lift their heads and smile;—
When Bible laws—laws of the King of Kings—
Not of the *Triune Tyranny* that wrings
The life-blood from the poor, through lust of gain,
And smiles in mockery, if they dare complain—
Were revered; and those whom Heaven had blessed
With overflowing urns, themselves confessed
God’s almoners, and from their ample store,
With liberal hand, provided for the poor,
Crowning with comfort each dear cottage bower,
Where wedded love, and love’s connubial dower,
Sanctioned of Heaven, by no Malthusian creed
Were doomed to sever, in the hour of need;—
And when the wretch, who lured from virtue’s path
The trusting damsel, ’scaped not from the wrath
Of an offended law, which visited
Not the whole guilt upon the frail One’s head,
As doth the mercy of this *golden age*
By statute demoniacally sage,
Giving free license for seduction’s sin
To every hardened, vicious libertine,
And leaving the lone Ruined One to bear
The brunt of shame, or if she shun it, *tear*
The mother from her heart, and spill the blood
Of her poor infant ere it draws its food!
Then, in atonement for her crime, must be
Condemned to hang upon the gallows-tree;

While *he*, the greater criminal, who first
 Destroyed her virtue, by vile arts accursed,
 Beholds, perchance, with ribaldry and mirth,
 That form suspended between heaven and earth,
 He fondly clasped; and hastes, unscathed, away,
 To make some other female dupe his prey!

Henceforth, ye Christian Mammonists,* until
 By deeds, not words, Heaven's mandate ye fulfil,
 And maim your brute Law's homicidal hand,
 Confine the gospel to your native land,
 Lest with that boon, you propagate the boil
 Of damning Avarice to a foreign soil,
 And teach its dusky dwellers to adore
 The god you serve, and grind and starve the poor!
 Think not, because unvisited as yet
 Your cruel wrongs, the Eternal will forget
 To launch the bolt of his consuming wrath,
 If ye repent not, on your crooked path:
 In vain, rebellious, ye lift up your horn!
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings, hath sworn,
 He will defend the poor, nor fail to shed
 His cup of vengeance on the oppressor's head.
 O may your souls' long-worshipped Dagon fall
 Before the cross of Him who died for all;
 And, at its touch divine, your hearts o'erflow,
 Like Horeb's rock, in Israel's day of woe,
 With gladdening waters, whose unfailing spring
 May cause with joy the sons of want to sing.

END OF BOOK V.

* *Vide* note at the end.



NOTES TO BOOK V.

(Page 159, line 15.)

In long grim lines, the many-windowed mills.

Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," has some very forcible lines on this subject, which I am sure the reader will thank me for transcribing.

" When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus expressed
His recollections, " and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed ;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord ;
Then, in full many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge ;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard ;
Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest—
A local summons to unceasing toil !
Disgorged are now the ministers of day ;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door,
And in the courts—and where the rumbling stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice."

(Page 160, line 9.)

Trained to no toils that prison thought and limb.

“ The Father, if perchance he still retain
His old employments, goes to field or wood,
No longer led or followed by the Sons ;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight ;
Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth ;
Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
Ne’er to return ! That birthright now is lost.
Economists will tell you that the State
Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,
And false as monstrous ! Can the mother thrive
By the destruction of her innocent sons,
In whom a premature necessity
Blocks out the forms of nature, preconsumes
The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
The infant Being in itself, and makes
Its very spring a season of decay !
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
Whether a pining discontent survive,
And thirst for change ; or habit hath subdued
The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.”

Wordsworth.

(Page 162, line 3.)

Primeval tenants of my native hills !

“ Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep ;
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed !
He is a slave to whom release comes not,
And cannot come. The boy, where’er he turns,
Is still a prisoner ; when the wind is up
Among the clouds, and roars through ancient woods ;
Or when the sun is shining in the east,
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school
Of his attainments ? No ; but with the air
Fanning his temples under heaven’s blue arch.
His raiments, whitened o’er with cotton-flakes
Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes.

Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
 His respiration quick and audible ;
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
 Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush
 Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,
 Of no mean Being ? One who should be clothed
 With dignity befitting his proud hope ;
 Who in his very childhood, should appear
 Sublime from present purity and joy !
 The limbs increase ; but this organic Frame,
 So gladsome in its motions, is become
 Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead ;
 And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
 Through the whole body, with a languid will
 Performs its functions ; rarely competent
 To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
 Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
 The gentle visitations of the sun,
 Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,
 Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—perceived.
 — Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
 On such foundations ?”

“ Hope is none for him !”

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
 “ And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep.”

Wordsworth.

(Page 163, line 13.)

Oh Trado! where are the blessings in thy train.

“ The rapid wealth which hundreds in the community acquire in trade, or by the incessant expansions of our population and arts, enchants the eyes of all the rest ; the luck of one is the hope of thousands, and the proximity of the bribe acts like the neighbourhood of a gold mine to impoverish the farm, the school, the church, the house, and the very body and feature of man.

“ I do not wish to look with sour aspect at the industrious manufacturing village, or the mart of commerce. I love the music of the water-wheel ; I value the railway ; I feel the pride which the sight of a ship inspires ; I look on trade and every mechanical craft as education also. But let me discriminate what is precious herein. *There is in each of these works one act of invention, one intellectual step, or short series of steps taken ; that act or step is*

the spiritual act: all the rest is mere repetition of the same a thousand times. And I will not be deceived into admiring the routine of handicrafts and mechanics, how splendid soever the result, any more than I admire the routine of the scholars or clerical class. That splendid results ensue from the labours of stupid men, is the fruit of higher laws than their will, and the routine is not to be praised for it. I would not have the labourer sacrificed to the splendid result,—I would not have the labourer sacrificed to my convenience and pride, nor to that of a great class of such as me. LET THERE BE WORSE COTTON AND BETTER MEN. The weaver should not be bereaved of that nobility which comes from the superiority to his work, and the knowledge that the product or the skill is a momentary end of no value, except so far as it embodies his spiritual prerogatives. If I see nothing to admire in the unit, shall I admire a million units? Men stand in awe of the city, but do not honour any individual citizen; and are continually yielding to this dazzling result of numbers, that which they would never yield to the solitary example of any one.”—Emerson’s Orations.

(Page 166, line 2.)

Slaves herd with Slaves! the Free dwell with the Free!

Emerson, in a “*Lecture on some of the prominent features of the Present Age, read before the Mechanics’ Apprentices’ Library Association, at the Masonic Temple, Boston, U.S.*,” says, “The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. The employments of commerce are not intrinsically unfit for a man, or less genial to his faculties; but these are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses, at which all connive, that it requires more vigour and resources than can be expected of every young man to right himself in them; he is lost in them; he cannot move hand or foot in them. Has he genius and virtue? the less does he find them fit for him to grow in; and if he would thrive in them, he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams; he must forget the prayers of his childhood, and must take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness. If not so minded, nothing is left him but to begin the world anew, as he does who puts the spade into the ground for food. We are all implicated, of course, in this charge; it is only necessary to ask a few questions as to the progress of the articles of commerce from the fields where they grew, to our houses, to become aware that we eat and drink, and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities. * * * I content myself with the fact, that the general system of our trade, (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions denounced and unshared by all reputable men,) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less

by the sentiments of love and heroism : but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving, but of taking advantage. *It is not that which a man delights to unlock to a noble friend ; which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration ; but rather that which he then puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring, by the manner of expending it.* I do not charge the merchant or the manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual. One plucks, one distributes, one eats. Everybody partakes, everybody confesses,—with cap and knee volunteers his confession, yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse ; he cannot alter it ; what is he ? an obscure private person who must get his bread. THAT IS THE VICE, THAT NO ONE FEELS HIMSELF CALLED TO ACT FOR MAN, BUT ONLY AS A FRACTION OF MAN. It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim ; who, by the law of their nature, must act for man ; find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year." These remarks, though made in reference to the trade of America, will apply with equal force to that of Great Britain.

(Page 171, line 2.)

And in the balance of the market weighs.

"We are—and, till its good purposes, which are many, have been all achieved, and we can become something better, long may we continue such!—a busy, enterprising, and commercial nation. The habits attached to this character must, if there exist no adequate counterpoise, inevitably lead us, under the *specious names of utility, practical knowledge*, and so forth, to look at all things through the *medium of the market*, and to estimate the *worth of all pursuits and attainments by their marketable value*. In this does the spirit of trade consist."—*Coleridge's Lay Sermons*, p. 332.

(Page 171, line 21.)

Where Christian Mammonists, world-honoured saints.

"If the inquiring traveller's way," as the same searching writer remarks, "should lie through our great towns and manufacturing districts, instances would grow cheap with him of wealthy religious practitioners, who never travel for orders without cards of edification in prose or verse, and small tracts of admonition and instruction, all 'plain and easy, and suited to the meanest capacities ;' who pray daily, as the first act of the morning and

as the last of the evening—*Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil!* and employ all the interval with an edge of appetite keen as the scythe of death in the pursuit of yet more and yet more of a temptation so perilous that (as they have full often read, and heard read, without the least questioning, or whisper of doubt) no power short of omnipotence could make their deliverance from it credible or conceivable.”

(Page 171, lino 81.)

They aid with full, but ostentatious, hands.

“For that superior morality, of which we hear so much, we too would desire to be thankful: at the same time, it were but blindness to deny that this superior morality is properly rather an ‘inferior criminality,’ produced not by greater love of virtue, but by greater perfection of Police; and of that far subtler and stronger Police, called Public Opinion. This last watches over us with its Argus eyes more keenly than ever; but the ‘inward eye’ seems heavy with sleep. Of any belief in invisible, divine things, we find as few traces in our morality as elsewhere. It is by tangible, material considerations that we are guided, not by inward and spiritual. Self-denial, the parent of all virtue, in any true sense of that word, has perhaps seldom been rarer; so rare is it, that the most, even in their abstract speculations, regard its existence as a chimera. Virtue is Pleasure, is Profit; no celestial, but an earthly thing. Virtuous men, Philanthropists, Martyrs, are happy accidents; their ‘taste’ lies the right way! In all senses, we worship and follow after Power; which may be called a physical pursuit. No man now loves Truth, as Truth must be loved, with an infinite love; but only with a finite love, and as it were *par amours*. Nay, properly speaking, he does not *believe* and know it, but only ‘*thinks*’ it, and that ‘there is a probability!’ He preaches it aloud, and rushes courageously forth with it,—*if there is a multitude huzzaing at his back; yet ever keeps looking over his shoulder, and the instant the huzzaing languishes, he stops short.* In fact what morality we have takes the shape of Ambition, of Honour: *beyond money and money’s worth, our only rational blessedness is Popularity.* It were but a fool’s trick to die for conscience. Only for ‘character,’ by duel, or in case of extremity, by suicide, is the wise man bound to die. By arguing on the ‘force of circumstances,’ we have argued away all force from ourselves; and stand leashed together, uniform in dress and movement, like the rowers of some boundless galley. This and that may be right and true; *but* we must not do it. Wonderful ‘Force of Public Opinion!’ We must act and walk in all points as it prescribes; follow the traffic it bids us, realize the sum of money, the degree of ‘influence’ it expects of us, *or* we shall be lightly esteemed; certain mouthfuls of articulate wind will be blown at us, and this what mortal courage can

front? Thus while civil liberty is more and more secured to us, our moral liberty is all but lost. Practically considered, our creed is Fatalism; and free in hand and foot, we are shackled in heart and soul, with far straiter than feudal chains. Truly we may say with the Philosopher, 'the deep meaning of the Laws of Mechanism lies heavy upon us;' and in the closet, in the market-place, in the temple, by the social hearth, encumbers the whole movements of our mind, and over our noblest faculties is spreading a nightmare sleep."—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*.

(Page 172, line 31.)

Of twico ten hundred acres; and yo saw.

In the Report of the Board of Agriculture for 1816, will be found a communication from the Earl of Winchelsea, in which his Lordship, speaking of the causes which oppose all attempts to better the labourers' condition, mentions, as one great cause, the dislike the farmers in general have to seeing the labourers rent any land. "Perhaps," he continues, "one of the reasons for their disliking this is, that the land, if not occupied by the labourers, would fall to their own share; and another I am afraid is, that they rather wish to have the labourers more dependent upon them; for which reasons they are always desirous of hiring the house and land occupied by a labourer, under pretence, that by those means the landlord will be secure of his rent, and that they will keep the house in repair. This the agents of estates are too apt to give into, as they find it much less trouble to meet six than sixty tenants at a rent-day, and by these means avoid the being sometimes obliged to hear the wants and complaints of the poor. All parties therefore join in persuading the landlord, who it is natural to suppose (unless he has time and inclination to investigate the matter more closely) will agree to this their plan, from the manner in which it comes recommended to him: and it is in this manner that the labourers have been dispossessed of their cow-pastures in various parts of the midland counties. *The moment the farmer obtains his wish, he takes every particle of the land to himself, and re-lets the house to the labourer, who by these means is rendered miserable; the poor-rate is increased; the value of the estate to the land-owner is diminished; and the house suffered to go to decay; which once fallen, the tenant will never rebuild, but the landlord must, at a considerable expense. Whoever travels through the midland counties, and will take the trouble of inquiring, will generally receive for answer, that formerly there were a great many cottagers who kept cows, but that the land is now thrown to the farmers; and if he inquires, still farther, he will find that in those parishes the poor-rates have been increased in an amazing degree, more than according to the average rise throughout England.*" "In confirmation of his Lordship's statement," says Coleridge, "I find in

the Agricultural Reports, that the county, in which I read of nothing but farms of 1000, 1500, 2000, and 2500 acres, is likewise that in which the poor-rates are most numerous, the distresses of the poor most grievous, and the prevalence of revolutionary principles the most alarming. But if we consider the subject on the largest scale and nationally, the consequences are, that the most important rounds in the social ladder are broken, and the hope which above all other things distinguishes the free man from the slave, is extinguished. *The peasantry therefore are eager to have their children add as early as possible to their wretched pittance, by letting them out to manufactories; while the youths take every opportunity of escaping to towns and cities.*" And who does not recollect the crowds, nay even boat-loads of fine healthy-looking children, male and female, sent, a few years ago when trade happened to be brisk, from the agricultural districts, like so many little felons, for incarceration in the factories of the northern districts?

"The manufacturing system," says a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for July, 1844, "has met with every legislative encouragement, because it swelled the purse; while but few statesmen have considered how far it was consistent with the laws of that *political economy* which teaches how man can be made happiest in time, and can be best prepared for eternity. The same love of money has been the root of evil in our agricultural concerns. The same idolatry of Mammon has depopulated our hamlets, and substituted the factory system over all the plains of merry England; because more capital can be realised, by large farms of 1000 acres, cultivated by serfs, than by an allotment, by which 'every rood of ground maintained its man,' and which would cover our land with a population like that of God's chosen nation, 'when Judah and Israel were many, as the sand is by the sea, in multitude, eating and drinking, and making merry—and Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree.' (1 Kings iv. 20-5.)

(Page 175, line 28.)

Read our *hearts'* answer—let it strike you dumb!

Coleridge states that while he was on the shores of Loch Katrine, he heard a tale told of a "Laird who had raised a company from the country round about, for the love that was borne to his name, and who gained high preferment in consequence: and that it was but a small part of those that he took away whom he brought back again. And what were the thanks which the folks had both for those that came back with him, some blind, and more in danger of blindness; and for those that had perished in the hospitals, and for those that fell in battle, fighting before or beside him? *Why, that their fathers were all turned out of their farms before the year was over, and sent to wander like so many gipsies, unless they would consent to*

shed their grey hairs, at ten-pence a-day, over the new canals. Had there been a price set upon his head, and his enemies coming upon him, he needed but have whistled, and a hundred brave lads would have made a wall of fire round about him with the flash of their broad swords! Now if the French should come among us, as (it is said) they will, let him whistle to his sheep, and see if they will fight for him!" He afterwards adds, "The frequency with which I heard, during my solitary walk from the end of Loch Lomond to Inverness, confident expectations of the kind expressed in the concluding words of the last speaker—nay far too often eager hopes mingled with vindictive resolves—I spoke of with complaint and regret to an elderly man, whom by his dress and way of speaking I took to be a schoolmaster. Long shall I recollect his reply: '*O, Sir, it kills a man's love for his country, the hardships of life coming by change and injustice!*'"

(Page 177, line 7.)

Henceforth, ye Christian Mammonists, until.

"We have religious machines, of all imaginable varieties; the Bible Society, professing a far higher and heavenly structure, is found on inquiry, to be altogether an earthly contrivance; supported by collection of monies, by fomenting of vanities, by puffing, intrigue, and chicane; a *machine for converting the Heathen.* * * *

"Religion in most countries, more or less in every country, is no longer what it was, and should be,—a thousand voiced psalm from the heart of Man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all Goodness, Beauty, Truth, and revealed in every revelation of these; but for the most part, a wise prudential feeling grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of Expediency and Utility; whereby some smaller quantum of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger quantum of celestial enjoyment. Thus Religion too is Profit; a working for wages; not Reverence, but vulgar Hope or Fear. Many, we know, very many, we hope, are still religious in a far different sense; were it not so, our case were too desperate: but to witness that such is the temper of the times, we take any calm observant man, who agrees or disagrees in our feeling on the matter, and ask him whether our *view* of it is not in general well-founded."—*Carlyle's Miscellanies.*



THE VALE OF CALDENE;

OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

BOOK VI.

Θερσίτης δ' ἔτι μοῦνος ἀμετροεπῆς ἐκολῶα,
"Ὅς 'ρ' ἔπεα φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε πολλὰ τε ἦδη,
Μὰ ψ, αὐτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν
'ΑΛΛ', ὅ, τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοῖον Ἀργείοισιν
"Εμμεναι · αἷσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπο Ἴλιον ἦλθε ·
Φολκὸς ἔην, χωλὸς δ' ἔτερον πόδα · τὼ δέ οἱ ὦμω
Κυρτῶ, ἐπὶ στῆθος συνοχωκότε · αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
Φοξὸς ἔην κεφαλὴν, ψεδνὴ δ' ἐπενήνοθε λίσχη.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Β.

"THE DEUYLL THEY SAY IS DEAD!
THE DEUYLL IS DEAD!
IT MAY WEL SO BE;
OR ELS THEY WOLD SEE
OTHERWISE, AND FLEE
FROM WORLDLY VANITIE,
AND FOULE COVETOUSNES
AND OTHER WRETCHEDNES,

FICKELL FALSENESSE,
VARYABLENESSE
WITH VNSTABLENESSE.

* * * *

FARWEL BENIGNITY!
FARWEL SIMPLICITY!
FARWEL HUMILITY!
FARWEL GOOD CHARITY!"

Skelton,

THE POOR-LAW MARTYR.

Proem.

The Pilgrim visits the Cottage of the Glen, and gives an example of the Spirit of the age in the story of WILLIE and ANNIE ; or THE POOR-LAW MARTYR, in the following parts :—

Part I.—THE COTTAGE—THE FIRE—THE RESCUE—THE DECLARATION—THE WELCOME.

Part II.—THE HAPPY LOVERS—THEIR CRUEL SEPARATION—THE LOST ONE FOUND.

Part III.—THE WEDDING—THE COTTAGE DAME—THE WOODLAND BALL.

Part IV.—THE PLEDGE OF LOVE—THE HONEST TRADESMAN—THE MILLOCRAAT.

Part V.—THE RUINED TRADESMAN—THE DEVOTED WIFE—MAMMON'S SERPENTRY.

Part VI.—FAMINE IN THE COTTAGE—THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS—ST. KEE AND THERSITES—THE MANIAC—THE FIEND-TENTPTER—THE GLEN OF DEATH.

Part VII.—THE WHITE-BARK—THE RAVEN'S FLIGHT—THE MID-NIGHT WATCHER AND HER BABE.

Part VIII.—THE STARVELING AND THE MOUNTAIN LAMB—THE ROBBER'S CAVE—THE LITTLE WANDERERS OF THE WOOD—THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

Part IX.—ADDRESS TO PEEL AND WELLINGTON.

Part X.—THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

THE VALE OF CALDENE.

BOOK VI.

THE POOR-LAW MARTYR; OR WILLIE AND ANNIE.

“ A shepherd’s tale no height of style desires,
To raise in words what in effect is low :
A plaining song plain-singing voice requires,
For warbling notes from inward ehearing flow,
I then whose burthened breast but thus aspires,
Of lovers two the silly cause to show,
Need not the stately muses help invoke,
For creeping rimes, which often sighings choke.
But you, O you, that think not tears too dear,
To spend for harms, although they touch you not ;
And deign to deem your neighbours’ mischief near,
Although they be of meaner parents got :
You I invite with easy ears to hear
The poor-clad truth of love’s wrong-ordered lot.”

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, (*leviter verba mutata*.)

I.

In a warm nook, o’er which its silken wings
Full many a birch, with silvery music, flings,
Not far from where **HARDCASTLE CRAGS*** o’erlook,
In hoary grandeur, **HEBDEN**’s woodland brook,

* These remarkable rocks are situated on the upper stream of the Hebden, in one of the most romantic scenes in England. I shall not attempt any description ; but let me persuade every lover of nature to visit them for the pleasure they will afford.

A lonely, low-built cottago stands, girt round
With a rude, moss-grown wall, enclosing ground
That once was a trim garden, and where still
'Mid long, lank grass, the vano-like daffodil
Waves in the wind its clustering golden cones,
And, 'neath the shelter of a pile of stones,
Raised as a rockery in happier days,
Though now half hid with weed that o'er it strays,
The lily of the valley's silver bells
Peep out, like faeries, from their dark green cells,
Breathing delicious fragrance with the brier
That taps the lattice, seeming to require
A welcome from within ; whence oft, at dawn,
When the white curtain quick aside was drawn,
A bright young face gleamed smiling, to inhale
The odours wafted on the morning gale ;
And whence a hand with loveliness embued,
Oft pressed the plumes of that old sutheringwood,
Which, 'mid the reigning ruin, faithful still,
Blooms brightly green beneath the window sill.

Some twenty years ago, this cottage bower
Love made a temple, in the golden hour
Of ripened youth and beauty, for a pair
Whom hope proclaimed as denizens most rare
To taste the nectar of the purest bliss, •
That Heaven vouchsafes in such a world as this.

The bridegroom, WILLIE, was a woodlander :
Green glooms to him had grown familiar,
Chequered with golden sheen ; the hollow roar
Of mighty winds among the oak-boughs hoar ;
All rural sounds, from chirping grasshopper
Up-springing in the twilight, to the whirr

Of the seared pheasant, whom his nightly tread,
Crossing old walls, roused from his clover bed ;
The sudden bound-away of squatted hare
From the dark covert of his ferny lair ;
The hoot of owl, sate blinking in the beam
Of the bright moon : the voice of distant stream
Sending into the quiet heart of woods
A low, soft tune to charm the listening buds.
He loved to range the trackless moorland heather,
By day or night, in fair or stormy weather,
And train his master's dogs for shooting time—
Dido and Dan, both dark as is the slime
Of the turf-tarn, bounding amid the ling,
And starting the dun moor-cock on the wing,
With sudden whirr, uttering his wild "*caw-bac*,"
As on he soared above the horizon's track.

O to have seen him at this season, when,
In kirtle green, like ROBIN'S "*merrie men*,"
He strode the moor, ere the first flush of day,
So tall, so graceful, and in mien so gay,
Ye would have weened Adonis had come down
To sport awhile among the heather brown ;
And then he had a heart so large and free,
So gentle, and so full of sympathy
With all created being, yet so brave
He would have quelled his foe, or sunk into the grave.

Such WILL, the woodlander, in days ago,
Beloved by all who knew him—hating none :
But there was one fair creature, in whose heart
His image dwelt from all loves else, apart ;
And yet he knew it not ; for she long time
The precious secret hoarded, and the rime

Of cold indifference o'er her 'haviour threw,
Whene'er she met him, and her words were few.

One moonlight night, when WILL, with gun on arm,
Held wonted ward, and, soothed by lulling charm
Of HEBDEN'S flow, stood gazing at the rings
Of silver light, like rims of vanishing wings
Reflected on the side of rocky steep
From a moon-mirroring pool, whene'er its sleep
Was ruffled by the breeze, or sudden leap
Of glittering trout, that, in its azure dream,
Rose at a fancied fly, but gulped the stream—
He saw a smoke come looming o'er the wood
From the hill-side where ANNIE'S dwelling stood :
Swift towards the spot he sped, and when he came
Outside the trees, beheld a bright red flame,
Coiled with dense smoke, at intervals, burst forth
From a low lattice looking to the north
On the ground floor—alas! he found too soon—
Of ANNIE'S home, now hidden from the moon
By a huge fumid canopy. Distraught,
He shouted in the night, fire! fire! but naught
Save the hill-echoes' loud response, was heard ;
He fired his gun—no upper casement stirred ;
He thundered at the entrance—still no breath
Hailed him—he deemed she slept the sleep of death!
With one wild bound, he dashed the door adown,
And, reckless of the flame's terrific frown,
Rushed up the crackling stairs into the room,
Where, all unconscious of approaching doom,
In sleep's embraces locked, the gentle maid
And widowed mother, side by side were laid.
He seized them in his arms, and ere they woke,
Bore them through flames and suffocating smoke,

Into a garden bower ; then sought once more
Their lonely chamber, though the blazing floor
Bent 'neath his tread, and through the casement throw
Their needed raiment, and, unscathed, withdrew.
A shriek of terror burst upon his ear,
As he approached the shaded arbour near,
And by the glare, beheld, with grief oppressed,
The mother swooning on her daughter's breast.
“ Oh WILLIAM? is it you?—Where am I?—Who
Has brought us hither, chilled with nightly dew?
Whence burst those horrid flames?—In dreams I roam—
That burning pile—it cannot be our home?—
Speak, WILLIAM, speak?”—A suffocating sob
Sealed ANNIE'S utterance, and an audible throb
Shook her convulsively. The youth afraid
To tell the worst, said soothingly, “ Dear maid,
Heaven watches o'er you, or this dreadful night
Ye both had perished! I know not aright
To render thanks, that thus ye both are saved
From the fierce flames which lately round you raved.
But thou art shivering in the cold—put on
These rescued garments—here again anon
I will return with one whose gentle heart
Will all the comfort in its power impart.”
Thus he, and vanished ere the maid could speak,
Or he observe the flushing on her cheek:
“ And is it then to thee, dear youth,” she said,
“ We owe our lives?” and bowed her beauteous head
In tearful gratitude and glowing love
Her moaning parent's pallid face above.
“ O mother! grieve not so! thy daughter still
Is with thee, and my—yes!—*my* WILLIAM will
Return ere long, and we may yet become
Happy with him, in his dear woodland home.”

“Thou wed with him !” the up-rousing dame replied,
And hurried on her garments, while the pride
Of former days flashed from her eyes—“Thou wife
To the low fellow who has saved thy life !
Ere that, my fingers in thy locks I’ll twirl,
And drag thee with me, baby-hearted girl,
Into yon towering flames!—Oh GOD ! Oh GOD !
My heart is broken !”—On the grassy sod,
As thus she spoke, she fell a lifeless clod !
The terror-stricken daughter, half arrayed,
With up-clasped hands, within the arbour’s shade,
Stood mute as marble, her dishevelled tresses,
Disparted by the night-wind’s cold caresses,
Shadowing, like fretted tempest-clouds that veil
The autumnal midnight moon, her features pale.

Meanwhile had WILLIE his lone cottage sought ;
And now he came, and, with his sister, brought
Such cheer as humble homes like his could yield,
And cloaks the sufferers from the cold to shield.
But Oh ! the scene that now appalled his view !
The mother a pale corse !—the daughter, too,
Seemed in her frozen agony to stand
Smitten like *her* o’er whom, in ancient land,
The awful judgment of Jehovah fell !
“ANNIE !” he cried—his voice, like sudden knell,
Smote on the trance’d one’s ear—with a wild start
She woke to shuddering consciousness—her heart
Beat quick and loud, and she upon the ground
Had sunk insensate, had not WILLIE wound
His arms around her, with a mien that spoke
The feelings then which in his breast awoke.
He trembling knelt, and on her marble brow
Disparted her dark locks’ luxuriant flow ;

Then, as in anguish her pale face he viewed,
By the moonbeams that glanced athwart the wood,
“Sister!” he cried, “she’s dead! thy cares are vain!
Ne’er shall I hear her soft, sweet voice again.
And gaze—but see!—I thank thee God!—the eclipse
Of death is passed!—her chill and livid lips
Quiveringly part, and o’er my cheek I feel
A faint weak breath from that pearl-portal steal!
Haste, seize that feather floating near thee there,
Dropt from the wing of some stray child of air,
And dip it in the cordial thou hast brought,
Then give it me—thou hast it overfraught—
There—gentle drop, my blessing with thee go!
Comfort and life on her lorn heart bestow!
Another—brilliant sparkler in the moon,
Follow thy sister with redoubled boon!
List! Rachel! list! O ecstasy supreme!
A gurgling faint as of a crystal stream
Up-bubbling from a fount in faeryland,
I hear out-issue with a stronger band
Of zephyry breathings! and lo! now unseal
Those dark fringed lids, and gradually reveal
Their peerless diamonds, which shine out with all
The light they shed before those curtains’ fall!”
Thus WILLIE in his joy; and ANNIE’S cheek—
On whose pale rondure, as on snowy peak
Morn’s first smile gleams, a faint flush roseate crept—
In silent rapture kissed; and then he wept
To think that she, if conscious of his boldness,
Would spurn him from her with disdain and coldness.
“WILLIAM!” at length with whispery breath she said;
Why didst thou leave me in this place of dread?—
But who is she that now beside thee kneels,
With eyes so full of pity?—My brain reels—

My mother—she had not those looks for me,
When, WILLIAM, the long cherished secrecy—
Yes, to *thine* ear I must reveal it now—
My love for thee, I freely did avow.”

Who is there that, with joy's excessive pain,
At love's first honey-fall, has not been slain ?
Who would not rather die such exquisite death,
Than live fame-clarioned lord of popular breath ?
The youth in silent agony of bliss,
His face bent o'er her, and her lips met his,
In the pure fervour of a first embrace.
The sister wept ; for love in such a place,
With the dead laid all cold beneath the moon,
To her heart seemed but as a gleam at noon
Through storm-clouds of December, which might close
In drearier darkness after brief repose.
“ Brother ! ought thou such feelings to indulge,
At such a time ? The maiden may divulge
Thoughts which the morrow's sun may see dispelled,
And fled the charm with which thy heart is held.
Remember *who* thou art, and *who* is she
That, haply, in unconscious mood, for thee
Has breathed an unfelt love. Come, come away !
She lacketh rest, and this protracted stay
May injure thy sweet lady-love. Our cot
Will give her welcome ; and, if it has not
All we could wish, or she deserve, we'll prove
That it is blessed with ample store of love.”
“ Dear sister mine ! I now will call thee *mine*,”
Said ANNIE fervently, “ and call me *thine*,
For *his* dear sake, to whom I have confessed,
In very truth, the secret of my breast.

Then take us with you to your cottage-bower—
My mother, when she wakens, to the power
Of gratitude will yield ; and then shan't we
All dwell, my WILLIAM, happily with thee?"

The youth replied not ; but with fervour pressed
The orphan maid still closer to his breast ;
Then, while his sister screened the dead from view,
Lest the sad truth should fatally renew
Grief, which kind heaven had now in mercy hid
'Neath clouded memory's transient coverlid,
He gently led her from the spot away,
Bidding his sister by the mother stay
Till his return ; when, fresh assistance sought,
She to their home in safety might be brought.

On through the bowering trees, whose giant frames
Were redly flecked with the subsiding flames,
The lovers, with their arms round each enwreathed,
And tenderest whisperings softly interbreathed,
Went lingeringly ; at length—nor marked till then—
They stood before the Cottage of the Glen.
There on the threshold, leaning on her crutch,
In palsied feebleness, opprest o'ermuch
With her long watch, WILL's aged mother stood,
Her dim eyes fixed upon the darkling wood,
Beyond which hovered on the rear of night,
A dingy cloud, deep-rimmed with lurid light.
" GOD bless thee child !" the good old matron cried,
With generous warmth, when ANNIE she espied ;
" GOD bless thee !—O far more than words can tell,
I feel rejoiced that thou art safe and well !
But where is——" " Mother !" interrupting her,
WILLIE said playfully, " dost thou demur

To welcome this sweet rescued one within
Our cottage home? It were a shameful sin
To parley thus, while thou so long dost hold
The portal, as thou guardedst hidden gold!"

Thus he, and, placing ANNIE'S hand in hers,
He led them in; and never worshipper's
Enraptured look before Madonna's shrine,
Beamed forth, fond youth, with holier love than thine,
When thou beheld'st thy ANNIE'S arms bedeck,
Like eider-down, thy aged parent's neck;
And heard her murmur like a bubbling spring,
"Bless thee, my mother! thus to thee I cling,
And crave, with RACHEL and thy son, to share
A needed portion of thy love and care."

"Daughter! thou'rt welcome as the flowers in May!"

The matron said, and kissed the tears away,
That gushed in gratitude down ANNIE'S cheek;—
"But thy pale looks the balm of rest bespeak!
Come then with me—but, WILLIE, lingerest thou,
When ANNIE'S mother claims thine aidance now?"

The youth withdrew, and felt, with sudden start,
A frost come o'er the spring-flowers of his heart.
How would the dear one, when, upon the morrow,
The sad truth told her, bear the weight of sorrow?
Perchance she might upbraid him, that he left
Her dying parent of all aid bereft,
And spurn with indignation from her breast,
The love for him she had so late expressed.
Thus rapt in sad forebodings, through the wood
He wandered, till unconsciously he stood
Beside the dead; and, in awed silence, found
A group of neighbours congregated round.
He spoke not; but with motion of his hand
Signalled the way—the melancholy band,

Upraised the corse, and while he onward led,
The lone glen cottage sought with noiseless tread.

II.

How soon, when in the young heart's firmament
Reigns Love's full moon, the clouds of grief are rent ;
And an ethereal glory cometh down
To bless the land o'ershadowed by death's frown !
Hope's river, spanned by the soft lunar bow,
More brightly glistens on its onward flow,
Until 'tis lost 'mong crystal rocks that rise
Round Consummation's flowery Paradise.

The dead was buried ; and the orphan maid
Dwelt like the violet 'neath the hawthorn shade,
Serenely happy in the woodland cot.
She loved—was loved—and all things else forgot,
Save how each day she might more warmly prove
To her kind friends, her gratitude and love.
So sweet a bird, so happy in such nest,
Failed not to make each inmate truly blest.
WILLIE oft heard, as he his cottage home
Eagerly sought, her cheery warbling come
From the oped lattice, and stood still, for fear
His heart such sweetness should not wholly hear ;
And trembled with excess of joy, when she
Ran forth to meet him, and endearingly
Hung on his arm, and gazed into his face,
The inward workings of his soul to trace,
While, with a smile of witchery, again
Her breath embalmed, in honied tones, a strain
Of some fond ditty, pencilled in a book,
She had purloined from out its secret nook—

A treasure dearer to her heart than all
The winged words, from hireling lips that fall
Dead in the utt'rance ; for, in every line,
Love's sparkling, unadulterated wine
Flowed like a river—flowed, sweet murmurer,
Unheard, unseen, O bliss ! alone for *her* !
Day after day, he saw his humble home
Increase in comfort, and more neat become.
The few choice books—for he had few indeed,
And few the moments he could spare to read—
She ranged on shelves ; and them from dust to screen,
Hung in the front a little curtain green.
The oak longsettle, where his wearied frame
He briefly rested, ere the watch-hour came,
Rejoiced with crimson cushion overspread,
And soft round pillow to support his head.
His mother's chair, beside the ingle nook,
Alike her care in cushioned ease partook.
In the delf-case, above the dark oak chest
With sixteen hundred on its front impressed,
And grotesque figures shining out amid
Garlands of flowers that drooped beneath the lid,
The pewter plates, half hid behind each other,
In silvery brightness, vied with one another,
Like crescent moons the lone night-wanderer sees
In river-pools, when ruffled by the breeze.
Each little lattice owned its curtain white,
Hung in festoons by day, but so that light,
As WILLIE thought, such graceful folds between,
Illumed the cottage with a lovelier sheen.
The garden, too, though trimly kept before,
Beneath her hand, eclipsed its pride of yore.
The flowers she fostered seemed of brighter hue,
Of sweeter scent than those that elsewhere grew :

But most she loved the lily of the vale ;
Because that dear name, in poetic tale,
Her woodland minstrel had on her bestowed,
Long ere his love for her he had avowed.
And such her witchery of tone, that she
Like fair Gulnare's enchanted Singing Tree,
Drew round her birds of mellowest pipe, who came
(So to her son averred the good old dame)
In crowds to listen silently and still,
Until the lovely syren's last sweet trill
Melted into their little raptured souls ;
Then from the trees on the adjacent knolls,
Burst forth a chorus, such as might arise
From the perennial groves of Paradise,
When Eve had carolled, the bright flowers among,
A sweet reply to Adam's distant song.

So, rich in happiness conferred, received,
Dwelt ANNIE with the cottagers, nor grieved
For lack of wealthier friends. Love's gentle bond
Held captive her charmed spirit, which beyond
The hallowed precincts of that humble home,
Ne'er felt a momentary wish to roam.
But she had griefs in store. One noontide hour,
While seated in the honeysuckle bower,
With WILLIE's mother, reading that sweet book,
The Pilgrim's Progress, sounds were heard that shook
Her soul with dread forebodings.—“ Oh ! they come
To take me, mother, from our happy home ! ”
She wildly shrieked ; and, as by mortal wound
Suddenly pierced, sunk swooning on the ground.
Nearer and louder came those strange alarms ;
And, as the aged matron in her arms

Raised the fallen damsel, she, with sickening heart,
Beheld a chaise from KNOWL CRAG'S shadow start,
(A sight unusual) and with fury strain
Along the grass-grown, unfrequented lane,
Towards her lone dwelling. In a moment more,
Two dark-clad strangers oped the cottage door
With hurried force—but found not whom they sought—
Too soon they found her! and in accents fraught
With insolent ungentleness, conveyed,
Despite the old woman's tears, the unconscious maid
From her retreat. And now, secured their prey,
The rattling chaise impetuous whirled away.
Old SARAH watched it with fast-streaming eyes,
Mutt'ring the while, wild incoherencies,
Until 'twas lost KNOWL CRAG'S dark form behind,
And its harsh echoes died upon the wind ;
Then, tottering on her crutch, the cot she sought,
Where, on the table lay a cap half-wrought,
With which the dear one, on her bridal morn,
Her aged brow had purposed to adorn.
“My bonnie child!” she sobbing said, as she
Gazed through her tears on ANNIE'S 'broidery,
'Mong whose slim fibres shone the threaded neeld,
Like a spent arrow on a snowy field ;
“Oh! how shall I the dreadful truth impart,
That thou art gone!—'twill break my WILLIE'S heart!”
Just then a shadow lengthened on the floor ;
And WILLIE stood within the open door,
With face averted, looking towards the bower,
Whence, with a lightsome step, and priceless dower
Of fond sweet words, his Love was wont to come,
At such an hour, to greet him to his home.
He turned—his mother's tearful look met his,
Sparkling with love's undarkened beams of bliss!—

That look told all!—Across his bosom's heaven
Cimmerian clouds were in a moment driven!
He gasped for breath; and o'er his cold damp brow
Passed his clenched hand.—“By heaven! I will not bow
To dastard resignation!” he at length
Cried with a hollow voice; “while I have strength
Of heart or limb, I'll follow on the track
Of those who bore her hence, and bring her back,
Or never, mother, shalt thou see me more!”
He said, and wildly rushed from out the door.

Full many a dreary day and sleepless night
Passed on, yet WILLIE came not. By the light
Of early dawn, the mother might be seen
Standing with RACHEL on the rondel green,
Beside the cottage, whence she might discern
The road by which her WILLIE would return.
At length, hope died within her; and she heard
In every breeze his last prophetic word,
“Thou ne'er shalt see me more!” Upon that hill
With its mysterious voice of boding ill,
Ye might not see her now. Day after day,
Like one entranced upon the bed she lay,
And ever pressed upon her heart bereft,
Her WILLIE's watch, and cap that ANNIE left.
Kind-hearted friends came daily, far and near,
To whisper hope—she seemed them not to hear;
But ever and anon, her hand she raised,
And on the dial of the watch she gazed;
Kissed the dear cap, and then more closely pressed
Each precious treasure to her aged breast.

One sunny noon, a trusty herald brought
A welcome letter, with glad tidings fraught,

Which RACHEL, bending o'er her mother's bed,
In hurried tones of eager joyance read,
While the dream-wanderer woke in mute surprise :
" Cheer up, dear mother ! though great distance lies
Between us, yet I hope ere long to bring
One who will cause thy heart with joy to sing.
My dove was caged—but had they made her bower,
Guarded with dragons, high as Babel's tower,
I would have sealed it—would have borne her thence,
Her heart's true love too great a recompense
For such poor deed !—Suffice, the deed is done.
Her tyrants chafe, and round the country run
In search of the dear fugitive—but she
Dwells in a bower to all unknown save me.
Roll on one tardy week, their dire control
Will then, thank heaven ! have reached its final goal !
Then she, arrived at woman's full estate,
Is free as air with whom she wills, to mate :
And now while I in love's fond transport kissed her,
She bid me say, ' Tell my yet doubting sister,
The maid who lived within a cottage-bower,
Still loves her WILLIE more than fortune's dower !'
God bless you both ! My ANNIE sends you here,
On this blest spot, with rose-leaf screened, for fear
Aught rude should soil it, a sweet kiss which soon,
I, through sheer envy of the nect'rous boon,
If not intended for *your* lips alone,
Would have transferred with rapture to my own."

The dame, with heart half-veiled in grief's eclipse,
Raised the sweet love-sign, weeping to her lips.
" Well, well !" she calmly said, " it is my prayer,
That God my life will kindly deign to spare,

Until, my children, I may see you nigh
My weary couch, and bless you ere I die.”
Thus she ; and soon delicious sleep came down,
With happy dreams, her soft repose to crown.

III.

It is a calm autumnal eve. The clouds
Of regal crimson, in fantastic crowds,
Fret the deep azure vault ; save those vanward,
That like huge dragons the sun's temple guard,
In mail of molten gold ; and momentarily
Expand their broad wings' flashing radiance
Proudly afar, and raise their gorgeous tiars,
As to his shrine the Day-god slow retires.
The mountain ash, upon the CASTLE CRAGS,
Like a spruce warder, waves its foliage-flags
Of aureat emblazonry, as low
And soft-voiced breezes 'mong them come and go.
While yonder silver-rinded birch, which towers
From that grey cliff, in momentary showers,
Sheds from its graceful head, like one who grieves
O'er a lone grave, its tributary leaves
Of intermingled green and pallid gold,
On the red fern, and chequered mossy mould.
And the brave hills, with darkling cedars crowned,
And glowing with rich hues, above the embrowned
Far-stretching forest of gnarled warriors grey,
Re-echo with the ousel's roundelay,
Poured from yon bosky steep (o'er whose swart brow
The evening star is brightly twinkling now,)
In challenge to that thristle's mellow power,
Screened 'neath red berries in his hawthorn bower ;

While in each pause the minstrel's notes between,
The merry bells of HEPTONSTALL* impregn
The air with rolling harmony, that swells,
And dies away, among the distant dells.
But hark! from CASTLE CRAGS, bursts forth amain
A louder music in a joyous strain!
The busy maidens, in that cottage home,
Rush to the door, and cry "They come! they come!"
And now, scarce conscious of the weight of years,
An aged matron, in trim garb, appears;
Hastes without crutch, or aiding arm, to wait
The expected comers at the garden gate.

Along the lane, embowered with giant trees,
A shout exulting swells upon the breeze;
And the quick clink of some iron-hoofed careerer,
Rings in the woods, and comes each moment nearer.
Lo! now, from underneath the forest-brede,
A bold young rider, on a foaming steed,
Darts forth, and waves above his dark-haired head,
His hat, with streaming ribbons overspread;
Stops at the gate, and o'er his saddle-bow
Gracefully bending, 'mid the overflow
Of maiden gratulation, and bright eyes
Up-flashing round, receives the bridal prize
From a fair hand, which makes that prize appear,
In his charmed sight, a thousand times more dear.
Soon other horsemen, with gay ribbons dight,
Strain up the hill, and at the gate alight.
Down from the CRAG the village band descends,
And slowly onward to the cottage wends,
Making the hills, the rampiro rocks around,
With soul-exhilarating strains resound.

* *Vide* note at the end.

But now—well may that eager mother's heart,
 At the glad sight, with joy ecstasie start—
 An open carriage, on the sloping lawn,
 Filled with gay bridal guests, and proudly drawn
 By two white steeds, with rider clad in blue,
 'Mid shouts of welcome, bursts upon the view !
 And who is he, and who that beauteous bride,
 Now knelt upon the green sward, side by side,
 Before that mother, to receive from her
 A blessing, which her eyes alone confer,—
 Tumultuous joy's unutterable feeling
 Her quivering lips in eloquent silence sealing ?—
 'Tis WILL the Woodlander ; and O canst thou,
 In that serene, and auburn-shaded brow,
 That peerless form, those love-lit azure eyes,
 His own sweet ANNIE fail to recognise,—
 The gentle heroine of our humble tale,
 The rescued One, the LILY OF THE VALE ?

The feast is o'er ; and as a welcome guest,
 The moon springs up above yon rocky crest ;
 And one might deem, from her unwonted light,
 Love wooed her down to bless this bridal night.
 “ Forth to the green, my merry hearties all !
 Up and away ! we'll have a woodland ball !
 Strike up the music 'neath the warlock tree !
 Who love the dance, will follow, follow me ! ”
 Shouts of approval, and quick move of feet,
 That dear old creature's joyous challenge greet.
 Soon, ranged in pairs, the happy guests are seen
 Tripping the dance upon the cottage green ;
 The jocund dame, as in her youthful prime,
 To the blithe minstrels featly keeping time,

While with her WILLIE, or some gallant gay,
She threads the wondering ranks that line the way.
But, nor along the starry court of Jove,
Dost thou, bright Phœbe, and thy Latmian Love,
Nor thou, Titania, and the Faery King,
'Mid glittering mazes of the elfin ring,
More gracefully to dulcet warblings glide,
Than that charmed Bridegroom, and his peerless Bride!
See where they come between those glowing files,
Apollo wreathing with the Queen of Smiles,
Scarce bending the curt grass that 'neath them springs,
As Cupid to their feet had lent his wings;
Their glances, mingling like two shining rills,
Reveal the rapture that their bosoms thrills.

Oh ! can there be, on this side Heaven, a joy
More exquisite, more free from earth's alloy,
Than reigns in souls whom love, and love alone,
Has made, for aye, indissolubly one,
On that blest day, on which *his* sacred seal
Sanctions as hallowed all they think and feel !

Dear old familiar Moon ! who hast to-night
Put on thy robes of purest silver white,
To honour these blest nuptials, and shin'st still
In deep mid heaven, as if it were thy will,
O'er that love-bower, whose tiny windows gleam
Like unclosed eyes in some delicious dream,
To linger in thy bright crystalline car,
Till the pale rising of the morning star ;
A holocaust of poesies heart-thrilling,
And od'rous of love's Hybla, I, fulfilling
A worshipper's duty, this fair night, will bring,
And on thy woodland altar mutely fling.

Shine on ! nor let the moping owl molest
 The halcyon brooding o'er that hallowed nest ;
 But hither woo two choicest nightingales,
 To breath, in mellow undersong, sweet tales
 Of blessedness ; which, intermingling with
 The silvery songs of dreamland, may claim kith
 With those elysian, soul-entrancing numbers,
 Love's quiring orbs shed down on bridal slumbers.

* * * *

IV.

A year has sped away ; and who is she,
 That in that ivied porch, lifts up with glee
 A smiling, rose-checked cherub in the eye
 Of the full moon, in yon autumnal sky ?
 And who is he, that leans o'er that white gate,
 And claps his hands, and cries "My merry Kate !
 Come hither !" and, as that young mother brings
 Her precious babe, that cheerily outflings
 Its tiny arms to greet him, fondly presses
 Both to his heart, and kisses them and blesses ?
 Who but the pair that, when last autumn's gold
 Spangled the trees, with a dear matron old,
 Now sleeping in her grave, tripped merrily
 Their bridal dance beneath the warlock tree ?

But WILLIE is a woodlander no more :
 He is a tradesman now. The little store
 Of wealth his wife possessed, is all outlaid,
 As his friends counselled, in that lottery—Trade.
 For a short season all goes well with him :
 Each market makes him richer : heaps of slim
 " I-promise-to-pay's," adorned with sheep and trees,
 Long-chimneyed towns, and hives with clustering bees,

Or tridented Britannia proudly peering
O'er butts and bales, on vessels homeward steering,
With *Leo* slumbering at her feet, as he
With that cask's tipples had been slyly free—
He brings his gentle wife, who counts them o'er,
And safely lodges in the old scrutoire.
Nor deem him, thou dull "Baalite of Pelf!"
A sordid, soulless being like thyself!
He fondly dreams prosperity will cheer
His happy home, while she is his cashier.
Alas for him! his household angel's smile
Is not omnipotent against the guile,
That stalks at noonday through the public mart,
In human form, without a human heart!
And which, too soon, with mockery and mirth,
May glut his all, and desolate his hearth.
Trade in his secret soul he lothes—but still
He knows he has a duty to fulfil
Sacred to love and home; and, therefore, ever
Will he for them essay a brave endeavour.
Strong as the oaks around his woodland cot,
Is his integrity. No damning spot
Of wrongs against the poor his conscience stains:
He loves his fellow man; nor would the gains
Of all the sons of Mammon nerve his heart
To act the oppressor's and the tyrant's part.

In every cottage round his little mill,
(Hid in a dell beneath you bending hill,)
Comfort sits smiling; and 'tis oft his whim,
Long ere the sun has kissed the western brim
Of ARKENWOLD, to stop the clacking wheel,
And bid his people hasten out to feel

The joyousness of nature:—son and father
 To fish the stream; the little ones to gather
 Blown primroses; the girls to take their neelds,
 And sing and chat among the sunny fields.
 “God bless you master!” instantaneous starts,
 At the glad summons, from a hundred hearts,
 That cluster round him, like a swarm of bees,
 With glistening pleasure, while he takes the keys;
 Then, as with smiles for all, he quits the throng,
 Make the hills ring with many a joyous song.

And O is not the happiness *he* feels
 Greater than thine, stern Millocrat, whose wheels
 Scarce ever slumber in thy den of slaves?
 When on *thine* ear, like voice of summer waves,
 Did *their* heartfelt “God bless thee!” ever fall
 For one bright hour’s remission from thy thrall?
 The flowers may bloom in field or woodland gay,
 The blithe birds carol on the leafy spray,
 But thou, through lust of lucre, wouldst as soon
 Hang all thy wealth upon the horns o’th moon,
 As grant thy minions respite for an hour*
 To list a songbird, or to pluck a flower.
 And thus it is, to glut vile worms like thee,
 Thousands must feel the goad of slavery
 Crush out their souls, and crawl upon the earth
 As they had forfeited their right of birth
 To look on nature with a gladdened heart,
 Or taste one joy of all she can impart;
 And feel that, from the rank of men debased,
 God’s image in them deemed as quite defaced,
 Their blood and sinews, weal and life, when weighed
 In the false balance of iron-hearted Trade,

* *Vide* note at the end.

With golden ingots glittering in the dream
Of Mammon's El Dorado, kick the beam!
A time will come, when ONE whose hand no gold
Can ever bribe, a balance just will hold ;
And when the oppressor, in his mounted scale,
Shall read the "Tekel" which Belshazzar pale,
Amid the revel of his regal hall,
Saw the dread Hand inscribe upon the wall!

V.

But I must change the current of my theme :
Our woodland tradesman, in the sage esteem*
Of the foresighted, was condemned for act
That with a madman's might be deemed compact.
The selfish chuckled ; and the murmur ran,
When to the mart he came, "Behold the man
That oft, forsooth, on sunny afternoons,
Shuts up his mill, and sends his lazy loons,
And giggling girls, forth to the woods and fields,
That they may taste the joys that nature yields!"
And then some laughed outright, and winked and nodded,
And those he dealt with, stopped, and slyly prodded
Upon the side, and leered most knowingly
Athwart their thumb-arched nasal masonry,
Which being interpreted, in slang's apt school,
Most plainly said, "That man's an arrant fool!"
That soul had need be clad in armour proof,
Which braves the brunt of ridicule : the woof
Of sensibility it pierceth through,
And, gibbering, shews the rent it makes to view.
This armour lacked our tradesman : every word
His jeerers uttered, smote him like a sword.

* *Vide* note at the end.

He shunned the public market ; and, ere long,
A host of direful evils, which the gong
Of malice bruited forth and magnified,
Fiercely beleaguered him on every side.
He strove to quell them ; but he strove in vain.
His friends forsook him ; for they saw 'twas plain,
That “ hungry ruin had him in the wind ;”
And charity, which, in the sordid mind,
Shrinks hedgehog-like into the prickly shell
Of selfishness, when rumour’s ‘larum bell
Doth of a neighbour’s downfall loudly prate,
Left him, unaided, to his ruthless fate !*

But, though the world grew dark around him—yet
Home’s golden sunlight never on him set.
Long time he strove his rankling wounds to hide ;
But the quick eye of faithful love soon spied,
In his changed mien, his melancholy smiles,
That grief preyed on him. With endearing wiles,
His angel wife besought him to reveal
The sorrows which he struggled to conceal,
That she might share them, and, perchance, impart
Some ray of comfort to his troubled heart.
He told her all ;—and though she wept to hear—
More for *his* sake, and *her* they held so dear,
Their bright-eyed innocent, than for herself—
That stern calamity, with loss of self,
Had settled on them in the smiling morn
Of wedded happiness—they were not shorn—
No, God be thanked !—they were not shorn of love,
That gem which they had prized all wealth above,
And which, whatever ills might them befall,
In constant brightness would outlive them all.

* *Vide* note at the end.

The cold world might condemn as indiscreet
Those generous acts by which he rendered sweet
His grateful people's toil—his friends might shun,
In peril's hour, the man they deemed undone—
Their little all the ravenous wolf of Law
Might seize for *his*, and hungry Credit's, maw ;—
But he had still one faithful heart, that ne'er
Would leave him to the darkness of despair ;
That would, in boundless riches of its love,
Supply the loss of friends, and, like a dove,
Aye feed his soul with brightest dreams of hope,
And high resolves with transient ills to cope.
They both were young—were not too proud to earn
Their bread by honest industry—to learn
Patience and meekness 'neath the chastening rod
Of an inscrutable, but righteous God.
There, was their beautiful, beloved child—
Would HE, who feeds the ravens in the wild,
Not care for their sweet lamb, and for her sake,
With blessings crown what they might undertake
In love for her ? O yes, those blue-orbed eyes,
Uplifted with their sunshine to the skies ;
Those soft cheeks' dimpling smiles ; gave earnest sure,
That one so bright, so innocent and pure,
God had in charge to his blest angels given,
And would the gloom from their once-radiant heaven
Dispel, and bless them, both in home and heart,
If they for her performed a parent's part.
How beautiful is woman's love ! Its light
More brightly shines, the darker grows the night
Around its little world. He ne'er can know
The full weight of an undivided woe,
Whom heaven has blessed with that sweet charm of life—
A fond, true-hearted, and devoted wife.

So felt our tradesman. Now the world might frown—
Armed with a love no foe could trample down,
Would he not battle with its fiercest hate?
And though again it no'er might be his fate,
With open front, but alienated heart,
To stand among the magnates of the mart,
Would he, through dread of vulgar shame, recoil
From the brave task of honourable toil,
When that beloved wife, and child so fair,
Pleaded a husband's and a father's care?
Such recreant thought, touched by affection's spell,
No'er in his bosom could a moment dwell.
The world should see—the world that oft had blamed
His generous acts—that he was not ashamed—
Now that those acts, which Mammon's serpentry,
Athirst for apples of the Golden Tree,
Blackened with venom, served to speed the blow
That lately smote him in the hour of woe—
To labour with a willing heart and limb,
For those dear creatures who were all to him.
He roused himself in might of high resolve,
Quelling weak thoughts that else might intervolve
Between it and stern duty. Forth he strode
With clean white bag, to hold the expected load
Of weft and warp, he might obtain from one,
For whom he many a kindness erst had done.

His *friend* was sorry—but trade was so bad,
That weavers, most expert, might now be had,
In swarming numbers, that would work, indeed,
For almost nothing—such their pressing need:
Therefore—as it behoved, in times like these,
When darkness broods o'er traffic's troubled seas,

That each, regardless or of foe or friend,
Should strictly, *first*, to his own weal attend,—
He could not suffer pity, for *his* sake,
To usurp the claims that self and prudence make !
WILLIE, indignant, staid to hear no more,
But strode in silence from the Ingrate's door.

He tried the masters far and near ; and some
Derisive smiled, and bade him seek a home
Within the Bastile's walls !—He looked to Heaven—
No thunder stirred—*that* look might be forgiven !
And some the Ingrate's plea, with stony heart,
And lying lips, advanced ; and, till the art
Of weaving he acquired, they bade him send
His lady-wife—if she would condescend
For his loved sake, to such—now common, task—
Alms from defrauded creditors to ask !
And, as an earnest, that she might succeed,
Were she, *alone*, a mendicant, to plead,
They would, by him, transmit, on this occasion,
A doit to cheer her, in her new vocation !
The indignant husband, with a withering frown,
Smote the rude hand of the insulter down.
“ Thank GOD ! ” he cried, “ I do not yet believe
All men such fiends as those I now perceive.
I am no beggar—and stand forth the man,
The boldest of your mercenary clan,
That dares proclaim me, *here*, before my face,
Dishonest, or of a dishonest race !
Think not I've lost, with loss of paltry pelf,
That just respect which yet I owe myself ;
Nor think that I shall tamely hear again
Those lips a name so dear to me, profane ;

For I have still a heart that will not brook
One insult meant for her, of word or look !”
Thus he ; then stood with aspect so severe,
The recreant ribalds all grew dumb with fear ;
Nor dared the gruff THERSITES of the crew,
Breathe one vile word as WILLIE slow withdrew.

VI.

Fruitless his search a weaver's work to gain ;
Then tried he, hopefully, to re-obtain
His old employment, watcher of the wood ;
But learnt, full soon, there was no likelihood—
Now that his kind old master was no more—
The heir that occupation would restore.

In an old mansion, 'mong embowering trees,
Dwelt a rich lady, who, a few degrees
Had passed the noon of life. Her days were spent
In crooning solitude and discontent,
Hating the genus man, and wondering how
Her sex to him in fealty should bow ;
Because, forsooth, none of that uncouth race
E'er gave her praise for charm of form or face.

Whence came she none could tell, nor who her sire ;
But one who had, unweetingly, her ire
Roused by slight trespass, swore, with wicked wit,
She was the incarnate spirit of a Writ !
She sometimes gave small alms to those in need,
But pride, not sympathy, impelled the deed—
She gave without a *heart*, and always bid
Her right hand know whate'er her left hand did.
In her domain queen absolute she ruled,
With iron sway, o'er all whom she had schooled

To what she deemed their duty. Woe to him,
Or her, who walked not circumspectly prim
According to the canons she laid down!—
Better be whipped than freeze beneath her frown!

To chapel went she, with grave steps and slow,
And head depressed, as if o'erwhelmed with woe
For trespasses and sins; and in her wake,
Followed her vassals, who—as some still lake
Mirrors the o'erpassing clouds—her saintly looks,
Her solemn gait, the way she bore her looks,—
With reverent state, reflected. When within
Her soft-lined pew, and she, with doleful din,
Joined in the hymn, they raised, 'with one consent,'
Their 'most sweet voices,' to her heart's content.
With eyes o'er fixed upon her Gnomon nose,
They knelt when she knelt, rose when she arose;
With her, precisely, at the moment, when
She drawled 'Amen!' they echoed loud 'Amen!'
And when with neck outstretched, and eyes that ceased
Scarce for a moment to regard the priest—
(Save when, for sin pourtrayed, she feigned to weep,
Or sunk absorbed—in *unaffected* sleep)—
She shook her head at every word that told
Of *man's* transgressions great and manifold,
Of *woman's* foolishness in placing love
On one so vile—and not on things above—
Through all her train, from Andrew down to Nan,
A general, simultaneous headshake ran;
Or when the preacher's eloquent address
Proclaimed the charms of single-blessedness,
And spoke of holy maids who, though enticed
To yoke with man, had wedded only Christ,

She looked around with conscious pride, elate
 At her superior sanctity and state ;
 Raised her clasped hands to heaven, in fervent mood,
 To indicate her heartfelt gratitude ;
 And Deborah, Nan, and Abigail, and Sue,
 (Maids past their teens) looked proudly round them, too ;
 And, as their fugle-mistress taught, each pressed
 Her gloveless hand upon her *grateful* breast :
 E'en Andrew raised his horny palms, and eke " "
 His small black eyes, whose twinkle on the cheek
 Of a stout wench that sat within the choir,
 Lit—wicked man !—a mantling blush of fire.

For this offence poor Andrew—though he kissed
 The tyrant's rod—was frowningly dismissed :
 But cattle lack attendance ; corn wont grow,
 Nor gardens bloom, if no one dig and sow.
 The lady wished, since Deborah and Nan
Would not perform such office of '*the man*,'
 She could obtain one of those guileless Things,
 That guard the harems of the Eastern Kings ;
 But as with these West Yorkshire is not rife,
 She advertised for one who had a wife ;
 And who withal was pious, and so meek,
 If smitten on *one*, would turn the *other*, cheek.

Our ruined Tradesman, though he could not boast
 The virtues specified by the lady-host,
 Thought that, perchance, by industry and skill,
 He might the duties of '*the place*' fulfil.
 Therefore he sought, "necessity's hard pinch !" "
 The chaste old hall, determined not to flinch
 From slight rebuffs, if he, though low the station,
 Could gain the ejected Andrew's situation.

The lady met him the hall door within ;
 And, while the black blood swelled her puckered skin,
 She said in fiendish tones that chilled his heart :—
 “ What brings *thee* hither, miscreant as thou art ?
 Think not a doit I'll give, if it would save
 Both thee and thine from famine and the grave !
 Thou didst despise me, when, in gratitude
 For rescuing me from Israel of the wood,*
 I offered thee my hand—fond-hearted fool !
 Thus to expose myself to ridicule
 Of base-born wretch like thee !—Thou didst despise
Me, who had raised thee (heaven be thanked ! my eyes
 Were opened to thy worthlessness !) to be
 Lord of this mansion, my broad lands, and me—
 For whom ?—for *her*—for the poor soldier's daughter ?
 Begone !—the CALDER has enough deep water
 Wherein to hide thy folly !”

“ Madam !” cried

The insulted WILLIE, struggling with his pride ;
 “ I came not to ask alms for me and mine ;
 GOD knows I came to ask you to assign
 To me, if you would please, the vacant place.
 'Tis true I'm poor, am wretched, in disgrace
 With the cold world ; but *you*—I did not think
 That *you*, who once spoke kind to me—could drink
 Pleasure from woes like mine !—May GOD forgive
 Your cruel wrong, and may you never live
 To feel the bitter pang which now I feel,
 From causeless hatred's cold revengeful steel,
 And view as I, heart-wrung, have lately viewed,
 Home's loved ones famishing, and none to give them food !”
 Thus WILLIE spake :—a laugh derisive rang
 Through the old hall, whose door, with furious bang,

* The mad wight alluded to in a note, *vide* Book III.

Closed in his face ! He sadly walked away.
Dark rolled the river nigh ; but GOD that day,
Guided his steps. He found, as home he sped,
 A silver coin, with which he purchased bread.
 And if the loser of that coin had heard
 The hearty prayers those cottagers preferred,
 That he might never feel the loss, and seen
 How love made sweet *that* meal, he'd thankful been ;
 And if as rich in purse as warm in heart,
 Wished *more* to lose, more comfort to impart
 To souls so worthy of a better lot,
 As the poor inmates of that lowly cot.

At length, when every ray of hope was fled,
 And WILLIE saw want's pallid hue o'erspread
 His gentle, uncomplaining spouse's cheek,
 And his beloved little one, with meek,
 Imploring looks, in whispers, ask for bread—
 And tears and kisses only given instead—
 He felt the dreaded hour was come, when he
 Must urge before the hated "Consist'ry,"
 A pauper's glorious privilege to live
 On what the Law will condescend to give !
 Thrice to the Good Old Town, where sat the "Board,"
 He bent his steps—and thrice shame's griding sword
 Smote him, and he returned. But Oh ! not long
 The battle lasts, when shame contends with strong,
 Unconquerable want. Erelong he stood
 Among a listless pauper-multitude
 Doggedly mute, before that dreaded door,
 Which ne'er with kindness opens for the poor.
 After a weary while, with sullen jar,
 It oped half way, and WILLIE at the bar

Of Guardians* stood uncovered. Can it be,
 That grief has wrought such sudden change in thee,
 Athletic Woodlander? The frost of years,
 In masses, on thy haggard brow appears,
 That lately shone like Parian marble fair,
 Beneath a cloud of dark luxuriant hair.
 Why gazest thou so wistfully around?—
 No friend amid that conclave may be found.
 But who is that mishapen imp of sin,
 That eyes the pauper with malicious grin,
 And whispers to his meet confrere, ST. KEE,
 Some mystic words of mammon-masonry,
 Which cause the said ST. KEE's *one* small grey eye
 To look to Heaven, most tabernacle-ly?—
 Ask not—the poor in hamlet, town, and dell,
 Know gruff THERSITES† but too long and well!
 “Thou’rt come at last!” the demon-imp began;
 “I knew thou wouldst, my pretty gentleman!‡
 Ye find at length—thou and thy lady fair—
 Ye cannot, like chameleons, live on air.
 Well!—I suppose, then, ye have both agreed—
 Now that assistance at our hands ye need—
 To yield to that, the wisest of our laws;
 That pauper-plug—the “Separation Clause,”
 And dwell henceforth—”

“White-livered caitiff, peace!”

The insulted Briton cried; “thou hadst the *fleece*,

* These lines, it is almost needless to say, have no reference whatever to the present board of Guardians and their respected chairman, who, as a body, I believe, are actuated by the most benevolent feelings towards the poor.

† Of whom it may be said, as Socrates said of a better man:—
 Ἴδὸν χρυσοῦν ἀνδράποδον.

‡ *Idem* note at the end.

And now wouldst rend the *flock*—but never, never,
 Shall thy cursed hand the links that bind us sever !
 But let me speak to men, and not to thee—
 Men that have hearts imbued with sympathy
 For suffering fellow-beings. Brief my tale :—
 I come not my misfortunes to bewail ;
 But having sought employment all in vain,
 And seen what rent my very heart in twain,
 My wife and child in want of food, while I
 Had hands to work, but could not food supply—
 I could endure no longer.—Therefore, here,
 I stand to plead for those I hold so dear.”
 He ceased : the Guardians consultation brief
 Held in low whispers ; then, the hoary chief,
 Whose tact in glozing o’er, with canting tone,
 The cold, dark purpose of a heart of stone,
 Had long entitled him, by just pretence,
 (Renowned ST. KEE !) to “ that bad eminence,”
 Arose and said, the while he seemed to dry
 A tear (ideal) from his *one* grey eye,
 “ My friend ! it grieves us to refuse you aid—
 But then the Law—the Law must be obeyed !
 Therefore, let me advise you to submit,
 As I, in your case, surely should deem fit,
 To that not pleasant, but most wholesome clause,
 The ‘ Separation’—”

“ Peace, Old Man ! while draws
 This harrowed breast the breath of heaven, you ne’er
 My wife and child from home and me shall tear !
 If they must perish, fiends, for lack of bread
 Which you refuse, their blood be on your head !—
 Yes, let them die of want !—but let it be
 ’Neath the blest shelter of their own roof tree ;

But ne'er, forbid it Heaven! in that abode,
Your pauper-prison, accursed by men and God!"
Thus WILLIE cried; and, with a withering look,
That every heart in that stern synod shook,
Rushed from the room, and through the starving crowd,
That raised their heads, upon their bosoms bowed,
And gazed upon him as he onward passed,
With jaws distended, and with looks aghast.

Whither he fled, he knew not: street and lane,
Dell, marsh, and moor, he traversed, with a brain
Scorched like Kehama's, till he reached the wood
That skirts the hill-side on which his cottage stood,
Just as the sun, behind CHATSKILNSHAW'S brim,
'Mid spectral clouds, withdrew his bloody rim.
He saw the smoke of that dear cottage curl
'Mong the dark leaves, like wreaths of orient pearl;
He heard the blackbird, on the accustomed tree,
Sing for his babe, its evening lullaby;
And, far adown, as rose or fell the breeze,
The conch-notes wild of HEBDEN'S Naiades;
Which oft his little one, nestled on his arm,
Had listened, spell-bound, as by faery charm.
His soul a transient moment with the past
Communed entranced: Love a bright halo cast
Around his blissful being; and he walked
'Mid tripping bands of golden-haired joys, and talked
With blooming Hope, that aye, with laughter loud,
Stepped forth to meet him from a silver cloud.
'Twas but a flitting gleam of sunshine!—down
From its aerial pinnacle was thrown
His spirit into depths of dark despair;
Where a grim-visaged fiend, with deadly glare,

And fleshless hand, applied unto his eyes
 That fatal orb, which ever magnifies
 The ills of life ; and to his startled ear,
 That weird-wreathed shell which waileth sounds most drear
 Of woe and misery. He saw his wife,
 Want-worn and ghastly, with her ebbing life
 Striving to feed her famished child, that pressed,
 With bony fingers, her cold milkless breast ;
 He heard its death-cry, and beheld it slide,
 A corpse, with thin pale face, down by its mother's side !

[stands

Whence came that wild loud laugh ?—from *him* who
 Clutching his elf-locks with convulsive hands,
 And gazing upwards, gnashing with his teeth,
 A raving maniac, round whose brain a wreath
 Of fiery snakes, the fiend of that dread spell
 Has felly girt, plucked from the jaws of hell !

“ Aha ! Old Skeleton ! thou well mayst rattle
 Thy bones with glee !—thou hast two human cattle
 Robbed of a stall within the Bastile's walls !—
 They sleep a sleep which no fierce hunger-calls
 Can e'er disturb !—Old boy ! thou'st drugged them well !
 They but need now the pauper's ready shell,
 The trotting cart, the grave in church-yard nook,
 Where none for their last whereabouts may look.
 But stay !—one funeral will for all suffice :—
 Deal shells are cheap ! but I would save the price
 Of a fresh grave, or theirs new oped, for me,
 And spare a journey for the cart and thee.
 Give me thy hand !—why shrink'st thou back ?—hast thou
 Of paupers vile already had enow ?
 Ho ! ho ! that cloven-footed fiend hath power
 To force thee to obedience !—thou dost cower,

And quake before him, whilst thy wormy eye,
In his dread face, his purpose can divine!—
March Beelzebub! Old Bones and I will follow!
Quicken thy speed, or we will beat thee hollow!”

So raved the maniac; and, with hasty stride,
Followed the footsteps of his demon-guide,
Until his form was lost to human ken,
In the thick gloom of HEBDEN'S sullen glen.

VII.

'Tis midnight; and o'er ACRE'S bristling hill,
The waning moon stalks ghastly wan and chill.
There, like a Titan that erst scaled the skies,
The mighty monarch* of High Greenwood lies,
Stripped of his honours, barkless, huge, and lone,
By the vile hands of Mammon's sons o'erthrown.
Upon his prostrate trunk two ravens cower,
And whet their beaks, as if their banquet hour
Were nigh at hand. Now, in the moonbeams pale,
On glistening wings adown the wood they sail;
And wheeling round the lesser CASTLE CRAG,
Poised in mid-air, a moment silent lag;
Then downward swoop, with loud vociferous croaks,
Amid the CRAG'S lone glen of stunted oaks.

The moon, slow wending down the vault of night,
Spreads o'er the misty woods a pale green light,
And glents into yon low-roofed cottage lone;
Beneath whose ivied porch, still as the stone
'Gainst which she leans, a female form is seen,
Gazing with anxious, melancholy mien,

* The Whitebark, alluded to in a former note.

Towards the foot-path that leads unto her home,
But whence no sound of welcome footsteps come.
A pot sits seething on the well-heaped fire,
Whose crackling flames, at intervals, mount higher,
When, from confinement 'neath the jabbering lid,
The rich broth falls, with savoury fume, amid
The hissing embers, sparkling as it glides,
With beaded bubbles, down the caldron's sides.
A small round table, with white cloth o'erspread,
And garnished with two plates and new-made bread,
Stands as expectant of *another* guest,
For whom that lone One waits with aching breast.
In a warm cradle, by the ingle nook,
Sleeps a fair child—*too fair* for one to look,
Nursed in the lap of health and plenty bland—
From the slim grasp of whose thin, waxen hand,
Has dropped a little cake, its mother made,
On the crumbed kerchief o'er its pillow laid.

Has HE who fed the wanderers of the wild,
A table for that mother and her child,
Bounteously spread? or moved some feeling heart,
In their distress, meet succour to impart?
HE is the Father of the fatherless,
The Husband of the widow, and will bless
Her little cruise with overflowing store—
But will her earthly spouse return no more
To gladden that pale watcher with his love?
Have sibylline whispers, from yon dreary grove,
Pierced her sad heart with tidings of his doom?
Or has she heard those ominous birds of gloom
Shriek in the stillness of the shuddering air:
“We track the SUICIDE to his lonely lair?”

The veil is yet unrent : hope yet has power
To quell the fears that in her bosom cower.
He may have met with friends, or journeyed far
In quest of work ; but love, his bright loadstar,
Will hasten his return.—Whose is that shout ?
'Tis but the owl's, that flits from scout to scout.
He comes not, and the clock has stricken one.
What can detain him ? Nought beneath the sun,—
If he be well—her trembling heart repeats,
While 'gainst her side the trembler louder beats.
She turns to gaze upon her child—it still
Sleeps on—bright smiles, like sunbeams on a rill,
Illumining its features pale, as roam
The white-winged fancies round their dreamland home.
She kneels to kiss its cheek—a dreary sigh,
As from some sad spectator standing nigh,
Startles her ear—she rises wild with fear,
And looks around—but there is no one near.
A bright blaze-bubble, with its tiny din,
Is dancing on a stem of blue smoke thin,
Which issues from the sole live-coal beneath
That pot, whose contents now have ceased to seethe.
This old familiar meteor of the hearth,
Oft watched in childhood with a shout of mirth,
Scares her strained vision, as a spectre dire
She saw advancing from the mouldering fire.

A sudden wind, unloosed from darkness' throne,
Sweeps through the woods with melancholy moan,
And wakes the pendent ivy-leaves that range
O'er the dark porch, to music sad and strange.
Again, distracted, 'neath its matted arch,
The Watcher stands ; but, save the rapid march

Of the white mist before the driving blast—
Nought can she see.—The moon long since has passed
Into her cave ; and not one gladdening star,
O'er heaven's dark cope, smiles from its home afar.
She dons her cloak—but whither would she go ?
Where seek the lost One ?—Would she leave—ah, no !
Her helpless babe alone ?—The mother still
Lives in her heart.—It might awake and fill
The air with cries for *her*, when far away !—
Soul-harrowing thought !—By its dear side she'll stay,
And wait the morning dawn. She hears the tramp
Of hastening feet—she trims the waning lamp,
And hurries to the door.—'Tis but the tread
Of a poor houseless colt that, hunger-led,
Crops the lank herbage near the garden gate,
Which now it quits with looks most desolate,
Scared by the sudden light. She seeks once more
Her cheerless hearth, more wretched than before.
She kneels to pray beside her sleeping child :—
Her prayer is heard in Heaven !—an angel mild,
Sent by the Comforter, celestial balm
Pours on her wounded spirit ; and in calm,
Refreshing slumbers seals her weary eyes.—
God shield thee, sleeper, when thou dost arise !

VIII.

“ Curse on thy bleating, thou black, shaggy fool ! ”
A tall, gaunt man, armed with a hedging tool,
Cried gruffly, as he drove a mountain lamb,
At dreary midnight, parted from its dam,
Down the deep glen, whose weird oak-branches wave
O'er that lone spot, yeleft the ROBBER'S CAVE.

“Ho ! let them pen their flocks within the fold,*
If they from human wolves, by want made bold,
Would save the lambs to glut the rich man’s maw !
I will not starve, nor to that cursed Law
Bend like a felon, while a sheep remains
To ease my own, and children’s hunger-pains !”
So growled the Starveling, as he forced along
The unwilling lamb the under-wood among,
Towards the cave’s gloomy mouth. An upward rush
Of unseen wings, as he drew back the bush
That screened the entrance, and a dismal cry,
Startled the night : he saw against the sky,
Darker than e’en its frown, two birds obscene
Sullenly soar, as they by him had been
Scared from a midnight meal. “Perchance,” thought he,
“Some brother in extremest misery,
Has here a bleater of its life bereft,
And these foul birds were gorging what he left.”
He entered, and dragged in the struggling sheep.—
What saw he, that his flesh began to creep
Upon his bones ? Why with convulsive gasp,
Shrunk he aback, while from his loosened grasp
His woolly prisoner, with a tremulous baa !
Impetuous rushed through the dark woods away ?
A pale green light from an old root decayed,
Revealed a human hand, and blackened blade
Raised o’er a face, in stony stillness turned
Towards the dread block, on which that wild fire burned !
Round his lank throat the Starveling closer tied
His tattered kerchief, as if *there* the gride
Of that black knife he felt already keen,
And life were ebbing from him ! From the scene,

* *Vide* note at the end.

Heart-numbed, and ghastly, he, with trembling knees,
Shrunk from the cave, and fled among the trees.

Morn rose refulgent with autumnal gold ;
And all the woodlands gleamed with manifold
Rich hues ; and blithely was the ruddock singing
Above the ROBBER'S CAVE ; to whose top clinging,
The bramble hung, with ebon-beaded berries ;
And o'er the wild rose, with its cone-shaped cherries
Clustering before the entrance, insects bright
Were wheeling up and down in aureat light.

Two little children, wandering through the wood,
Came prattling on. A moment mute they stood
Before the cave, and, longing, eyed the fruit
That glistened on each pendent overshoot,
Too temptingly, above their heads so high ;
And wished they had the ruddock's wings to fly,
They would not have sat singing idly there,
But feasted on those berries ripe and rare.
As hand in hand, reluctant, they passed on,
They looked into the cave—Laocoon,
Writhing within the sea-snake's venom'd fold,
Struck not the gazer's heart more deadly cold,
Than did that stony corpse, *there* darkly laid,
With glazed eye fixed upon the uplifted blade,
On whose point hung congealed a drop of blood,—
The breasts of those sweet wanderers of the wood :—
They looked into each other's face with dread,
And crept away, low whispering—WILLIE's dead !

* * * *

They laid him in the earth :—no white-robed priest
The funeral rites performed ; but as a beast

They buried him in a black parish shell,
By lamp-light hastily, without a knell,
And slunk away, leaving in darkness, prone
Beside the unhonoured grave, the Widowed One,
With her poor orphan, chilled with grief so drear,
She could not speak, she could not shed a tear ;
But, O, though WILLIE perished in despair,
And, as a dog, they coldly laid him *there*,
Went there not up, that hour of darkness grim,
A prayer to Heaven from her true heart for him ?
And was her prayer in vain ? Is it forbid
To hope for one who knew not what he did ?
Oh ! put not out, by cloudy creed, the light
That sheds a ray of comfort in the night
Of her deep sorrow ! Let her still live on
In cheering hope, that, when her work is done,
She may embrace him, by his GOD forgiven,
A happy spirit, in the land of Heaven.

They laid him in the earth—the Pauper-suicide !
But though the ledger-men, whose hearts are tried
In Mammon's furnace, from their red-lined book
Struck out his name, with most complacent look,
How know they, that a GOD with mercy rife,
May not have written it in the Book of Life !
How know they, that the Judge of Quick and Dead,
May not *his* blood charge on their guilty head !
How know they, that for every drop of woe,
With which they made that Widow's cup o'erflow ;
For every bitter tear they caused to streak
The wasted rondure of that Orphan's cheek,
Vials of wrath, the Avenger of the Poor,
May not for them already have in store !

IX.

O thou, the guardian of thy country's weal !
The champion of her rights ! illustrious PEEL !
Spurn the cold dogmas of the mammon-creed,
And let thy heart its generous instincts plead !
To err is human : to retrieve a fault,
A noble mind like thine will never halt.
Thine aid was given to men of selfish lore,
Who changed the ancient charter of the poor ;
Decreed a law, in cruelty sublime,
Which want and misery punishes as crime ;
And, with a daring, and most impious hand,
Severs asunder, in a Christian land,
Those who, with holy sanction from above,
Were once united in connubial love !

And thou, grey Hero of a Hundred Fights !
Thou, too, hast sinned against the poor man's rights !
Up and avenge thee of thy sin, ere thou
Thy well-won laurels in the dust shalt bow !
Let not yon Widow's wail, who oft thy praise
Sung to her Soldier-sire, in happier days,
Appeal to Heaven against the Chief, beneath
Whose glorious flag, on ALBUHERA's heath,
That sire a banded troop to victory led,
When gallant MYERS, the youthful hero, bled !
Eschew the creed that weighs, with fiendish art,
Old England's Poor in balance of the mart !
Deem not, because some vile *Jack Cade can still
Their goaded spirits rouse to deeds of ill,
They cannot grateful to those rulers prove,
Whose generous acts proclaim a patriot's love !

* *Vide* note at the end.

*Try them ! Rescind the accursed Law ! Restore
The ancient Landmarks of the suffering Poor !
Old England's hills then jubilant will reel,
And ring with shouts for WELLINGTON and PEEL !*

X.

Vale of my Fathers ! as with thee my shell
Woke at the 'hest of wizard Memory's spell ;
So now, each dear enchantment fled away,
With thee I close my melancholy lay :
For what, if we the Past's bright charm remove,
Remains in thee to wake the Pilgrim's love ?
Invading Commerce, with Vulcanian frown,
Tramples each year some lingering vestige down,
Rife with rich legends of the Olden Time,
In those wild glens and craggy cliffs sublime.
Now thundering sweeps through OSWALD's sylvan reign,
The steam-winged Dragon and his long, dark train,*
Scaring the night with his red eye of wrath,
And scattering fire along his iron path ;
But as, when the arch-rebel warred in Heaven,
The ethereal hills, by angel-might up-riven,
Upon the foe and all his craft were hurled ;
So, at the invasion of his ancient world,
OSWALD, indignant, may his rocky helm
Lift from his frowning brows, and overwhelm,
In some sad hour of darkness and of fear,
The smoking monster in his swift career.
And thou, LLADS-LOWE, whose hoary presence weaves
A mystic spell around the embowelled EAVES ;
Thou, from whose top, by red-robed flamen trod,
Blazed the dread holocaust to the Cimbric God ;

* *Id*e note at the end.

Thou, the wild midnight stance of *Him** who pained
 To know his fate, and cursed the knowledge gained ;—
 Wilt not, perchance, survive thine old compeer ;
 For, hark ! the rock-blasts thunder in thine ear !
 And soon must thou, when Avarice gives command,
 Fall by the delver's devastating hand !
 But in that hour—no, sleep unbreathed the ban,
 My soul would pour upon the sordid man,
 Whose lips shall bid the sacrilegious blow
 Smite the time-hallowed form of wild LLADS LOWE !

Hushed be the strain :—no more my feet as erst
 Shall wander where my happy childhood first
 Plucked the sweet fruitage of poetic thought,
 And, quite inebriate, sung as fancy taught.
 I cannot, with the calculating eye
 Of the cold worldling, look upon his Why
 And Wherefore, for the spoils his ruthless hand
 Has wrought in my beloved mountain land,
 And tender him thanksgiving. Sooth to say,
 When the old rocks' familiar faces grey
 Peered through oak-boughs ; and the old river ran
 In his own channel, wardered with his clan
 Of broad-armed elms and stately sycamores,
 Through the green holms that laughed along his shores :—
 And when the old farm-house, with gable high,
 Surmounted with stone ball, gleamed in the eye
 Of the full moon, with its long latticed line
 Of windows, wreathed with ivy and woodbine,
 And low-browed porch, 'gainst which leaned side by side,
 The white-scoured bowls and churns, the thrift dame's
[pride ;

* The Star-Seer.

And when the old hamlet, with its unfenced green,
And walks interminable, 'neath the screen
Of forests hoar—a happy human hive,
Where all who wished might continently thrive
By moderate labour—heard no harsher din
Than looms and jennies plied its walls within ;
Each household toiling 'neath a parent's eye,
With hearts unsoiled, united by the tie
Of sweet home-cherished love, and all day long
Cheering light labour with a choral song :—
Yes, sooth to say, these simple, happy scenes
Wrought in me more of joyousness than leans
To ledger-wisdom, which, in these dull days,
Deems all men fools, save those that altars raise
To Mammon, and the wight would laugh to scorn,
That breathed a sigh for rustic homesteads shorn
Of their old bowery blisses: but the grove
Seek I, of loftier Wisdom, throned on love,
And mourn with her the loss of scenes like these.

Dear Native Vale ! when thy home-melodies
Rose from grey hamlets to thy tree-topped heaven,
Swelled not thy dwellers' hearts more with the leaven
Of pure-born happiness, than the thousands whom
Those sweltering factories twelve long hours entomb ?
Bloomed not domestic virtues more aloof
From tainted air, 'neath the paternal roof,
In guarded sanctity, and healthful pride,
Than *now* they bloom in those rank hot-beds—eyed
By Mammon's harpies all the live-long day ?
Do those lewd songs that greet you on your way,
Harsh as the torturing engines they out-din,
Augur of hearts free from pollution's sin ?

Do that bold stare, rude laugh, and ribald jest,*
 Proclaim all pure within the female breast ?
 Finds the young cottager his factory bride—
 Who gains by toil which is to *him* denied,
 Life's scanty means—in household arts as skilled
 As the thrift maid, who these had all instilled†
 Beneath a mother's eye ; and with such dower
 Her husband's humble home made love's delightful bower ?

These questions, on the Mammonite's brazen brew,
 Can bring no burning answer, nor can plough
 A furrow in his indurated heart,
 For love to drop one seed in. To the mart
 He goes, and reaps his gold, nor cares one jot,
 If, in his pestilent prisons, all virtues rot,
 That make humanity human. Who downcast
 This idol Mammon ?‡ Who the Iconoclast,
 To bruise it to the dust ?—Thy kingdom come,§
 Great Sovereign LORD of LOVE ! then shall this dumb,
 Brute-god in pieces at Thy presence fall,
 And Thou be all, and reign supreme in all.

THE END.

* *Vide* note at the end.

† *Vide* note at the end.

‡ *Vide* note at the end.

§ *Vide* note at the end.



NOTES TO BOOK VI.

(Page 210, line 2.)

The merry bells of HEPTONSTALL impregn.

"Heptonstall is a large and ancient village, nine miles W. by N. of Halifax, seated on the lofty summit of a bleak and barren hill, sometimes rendered inaccessible by the inclemency of the weather ; the only safe approach being the new road, which traverses the ascent in an oblique direction, from Hebden Bridge, a large village, partly in Heptonstall township, which comprises many small hamlets, and scattered houses and *cotton factories*, on the declivities and in the secluded dells on each side of the village, where Dr. Whitaker lamented that the wild and romantic beauties of nature were injured by the 'inelegance which ever accompanies manufactures.'"—*White's Directory*.

During the Civil Wars, it appears that, while Halifax, Bradford, Wakefield and Leeds, infected with republican principles, took part with the Parliamentarians, Heptonstall espoused the cause of the King ; for, according to the register at Halifax, "on Jan. 4th, 1643, two soldiers were hanged on a gallows made near the gibbet, who were taken by Sir Francis Makworth's company, from Heptonstall forces. They had deserted from the Halifax army to Heptonstall, for which they were hanged the same night they were taken prisoners." Tradition says, that a great battle was fought at Heptonstall, during this perturbed period, and that a great part of the town was then reduced to ashes. A lofty hill to the N.E. is still pointed out as the spot where the enemy planted his cannon, and fired upon the town. The Church, dedicated to St. Thomas-à-Becket, was erected in the early part of the 13th century. It is a large venerable edifice, and has a fine massive tower, shamefully disfigured by a red brick chimney which runs up the whole length of the south-east side ; and the East window has been almost entirely despoiled of its ancient decorations by theft and wanton mischief ! Heptonstall, whatever it may boast of in other respects, certainly does not contain the most civilized inhabitants in the township. It is to be hoped they will imitate the example of their neighbours, the people of Hebden Bridge, and mend.

(Page 215, line 21.)

As grant thy minions respite for an hour.

The *Halifax Guardian*, of August 31st, 1844, in its local news, under the head Todmorden, contained the following article, entitled "Cheap Railway Trip.—*Conduct of Factory Lords.*—On Monday morning last, a train of twenty-eight carriages, containing upwards of 1,500 passengers, left Todmorden station for Liverpool. The fare there and back, was 4s., and the passengers had the privilege of remaining in Liverpool till Tuesday evening. Few, comparatively speaking, of those who availed themselves of the trip, were inhabitants of this town; large numbers came from Colne, Burnley, and Bacup. *The principal manufacturers in this neighbourhood, gave notice to their drudges, that if they left their work on Monday and Tuesday, they would not be allowed to resume it.* This notice was given at the latter end of the week, when many of the factory hands had purchased tickets; the consequence was, that they had to dispose of them as they could. Some were re-sold as low as 1s. 3d. each; others were left on hand or given away; and in this manner a considerable amount of hard-earned money was sacrificed, that would have given the toil-worn factory slave an opportunity of taking a sailing excursion on the river Mersey, or the Irish Channel, far from the monotonous hum and unceasing buzz of revolving machinery, and leaving behind an atmosphere as hateful as the disgusting tyranny of their avaricious employers. Such is the sympathy of these manufacturing autoerats for the men, without whose services they and their machinery would be useless lumber."

(Page 216, line 10.)

Our woodland tradesman, in the sage esteem
Of the foresighted.

That delectable class, the Worldly Wise, with whom it may be said, in the words of one of the deepest thinkers of the age, "the only virtue of any civilization is what they call 'Honour,' the sanctioning deity of which is that wonderful 'Force of Public Opinion.' Concerning which virtue of Honour, we must be permitted to say that she reveals herself too clearly, as the daughter and heiress of our old acquaintance Vanity, who indeed has been known enough ever since the foundation of the world, at least since the date of that 'Lucifer, son of the Morning;' but known chiefly in her proper character of strolling actress, or east-clothes Abigail; and never, till that new era, had seen her issue set up as Queen and all-sufficient Dictatress of man's whole soul, prescribing with nicest precision what, in all practical and all moral emergencies, he was to do and to forbear. Again, with regard to this same Force of Public Opinion, it is a force well known to all of us; respected, valued as of indispensable utility, but nowise

recognised as a final or divine force. We might ask, What divine, what truly great thing had ever been effected by this force? Was it the Force of Public Opinion that drove Columbus to America; John Kepler, not to fare sumptuously among Rodolph's Astrologers and Fire-eaters, but to perish of want, discovering the true System of the Stars? Still more ineffectual do we find it as a basis of public or private Morals. Nay, taken by itself, it may be called a baseless basis: for without some ulterior sanction, common to all minds; without some belief in the necessary, eternal, or which is the same, in the supramundane, divine nature of Virtue, existing in each individual, what could the moral judgment of a thousand thousand individuals avail us? Without some celestial guidance, whencesoever derived, or howsoever named, it appears to us the Force of Public Opinion would, by and bye, become an extremely unprofitable one. 'Enlighten Self-interest!' cries the *Philosophe*, 'Do but sufficiently enlighten it!' We ourselves have seen enlightened Self-interests, ere now; and truly, for most part, their light was only that of a horn-lantern, sufficient to guide the bearer himself out of various puddles; but to us and the world, of comparatively small advantage. And figure the human species, like an endless host, seeking its way onwards through undiscovered Time, in black darkness, save that each had his horn-lantern, and the vanguard some few of glass!"

(Page 217, line 12.)

Left him, unaided, to his ruthless fate.

Guzman de Alfarache, in that good old book "The Spanish Rogue," has thus summed up a few of the properties of poverty:—"That poverty, which is not the daughter of the spirit, is but the mother of shame and reproach; it is a disreputation that drowns all the other good parts that are in a man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil; it is man's most foe; it is a leprosy full of anguish; it is a way that leads unto hell; it is a sea wherein our patience is overwhelmed, our honour is consumed, our lives are ended, and our souls are utterly lost and cast away forever. The poor man is a kind of money that is not current; the subject of every idle huswife's chat; the offscum of the people; the dust of the street, first trampled under foot and then thrown on the dunghill; in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass. He dineth with the last, fareth of the worst, and payeth dearest; his sixpence will not go as far as a rich man's threepence; his opinion is ignorance; his discretion, foolishness; his suffrage, scorn; his stock upon the common, abused by many and abhorred of all. If he come in company, he is not heard; if any chance to meet him, they seek to shun him; if he advise, though never so wisely, they grudge and murmur at him; if he work miracles, they say he is a witch; if virtuous, that he goeth about to deceive; his venial sin is a blasphemy; his thought is made treason;

his cause, be it never so just, it is never regarded ; and to have his wrongs righted, he must appeal to that other life. All men crush him ; no man favoureth him ; no man that will comfort him in his miseries ; nor no man that will bear him company, when he is all alone, and oppressed with grief. None help him ; all hinder him ; none give him, all take from him ; he is debtor to none, and yet must make payment to all. O the unfortunate and poor condition of him that is poor, to whom even the very hours are sold, which the clock striketh, and pays custom for the sunshine in August."

(Page 226, line 18.)

I knew thou wouldst, my pretty gentleman !

" We must hold it a remarkable thing that every Englishman should be a 'gentleman'; and that in so democratic a country, our common title of honour, which all men assert for themselves, should be one which professedly depends on *station*, on *accidents* rather than *qualities* ; or at best, as Coleridge interprets it, 'on certain indifference to money matters,' which certain indifference must be wise or mad, you would think, exactly as one possesses much money, or possesses little ! We suppose it must be the commercial genius of the nation, counteracting and suppressing its political genius ; for the Americans are said to be still more notable in this respect than we. Now, what a hollow, windy vacuity of internal character this indicates ; how, in the place of a rightly ordered heart, we strive only to exhibit a full purse ; and all pushing, rushing, elbowing on towards a false aim, the courtier's kibes are more and more galled by the toe of the peasant : and on every side, instead of Faith, Hope, and Charity, we have Neediness, Greediness, and Vainglory ; all this is palpable enough. Fools that we are ! Why should we wear our knees to horn, and sorrowfully beat our breasts, praying day and night to Mammon, who, if he would even hear us, has almost nothing to give ? For, granting that the deaf brute-god were to relent for our sacrificing ; to change our gilt brass into solid gold, and instead of hungry actors of rich gentility, make us all in very deed Rothschild-Howards to morrow, what good were it ? Are we not already denizens of this wondrous England, with its high Shakspeare and Hampdens ; nay, of this wondrous Universe, with its Galaxies and Eternities, and unspeakable Splendours, that we should so worry and scramble, and tear one another in pieces, for some acres (nay, still oftener, for the *show* of some acres), more or less, of clay property, the largest of which properties, the Sutherland itself, is invisible even from the Moon ? Fools that we are ! To dig, and bore like ground-worms in those acres of ours, even if we have acres ; and far from beholding and enjoying the heavenly Lights, not to know of them except by unheeded and unbelieved report ! Shall certain pounds sterling that we have in the Bank of England, or the ghosts of certain

pounds that we would fain seem to have, hide from us the treasures we are all born to in this the 'City of God?'

My inheritance how wide and fair;
Time is my estate, to TIME I'm heir."

Carlyle's Miscellanies,

(Page 234, line I.)

Ho! let them pen their flocks within the fold.

WAGES AND CRIME IN BERKSHIRE.—At the Berks Michaelmas Sessions last week, William Jackson, 32, was charged with having stolen two sheep, the property of Robert Hemmington and Thomas Fisher Hemmington, in the month of Dec. last. The prosecutor, who farms 900 acres of land, said the rate of wages is from 8s. to 10s. per week; some labourers are paid less. He had heard of some receiving 6d. per day, exclusive of Sunday. Mr. Barnes, solicitor, of Lamborne, and clerk to the magistrates, deposed to the prisoner making a statement after his examination, which was as follows: "I know nothing of Mr. Style's sheep (the prisoner also stood charged with stealing a sheep belonging to that person.) We took two sheep to a plantation, and killed them, and put the skins into a well. I was almost starved, and had only 8s. a week to keep seven of us." Mr. Williams, who appeared on behalf of the prisoner, said, from the statement which had been read as having been made by the prisoner he would not attempt to deny his guilt. A learned friend, who was somewhat acquainted with the distressing circumstances of the prisoner, voluntarily came forward, and (to the credit of his profession be it mentioned) paid the fee, in order that that poor unfortunate man might have the benefit of counsel. He (Mr. Williams) therefore appeared as the representative of charity, to crave for mercy for that miserable wretch before them. Was it not a lamentable and greatly to be deplored fact, that in this enlightened age, and this professedly Christian country, any man should be compelled to toil early and late for the maintenance of himself and family, and then at the expiration of the week to receive as wages (not as a remuneration, for that could not be) the sum of 8s., upon which not only himself, but a wife and six children were to breathe out a miserable existence? He would direct them to the appearance of the man, which indicated sorrow, misery, and wretchedness. In the moment of starvation, to satisfy the craving wants of his family, he yielded to the temptation of committing that offence of which he there stood accused. The learned counsel concluded with a touching and pathetic appeal to the court to extend its sympathy towards the prisoner. The jury, under the direction of the chairman, returned a verdict of Guilty. The chairman, in passing sentence on Jackson, admitted that 8s. a week was but very little for the support of himself and family, and that he had no doubt he must have been in great distress; but that, nevertheless, did not

justify a perpetration of the offence of which he had been convicted. He wished it were in the power of the court to be more lenient, but there were limits to which they were bound. The sentence was, that he be transported for ten years.—*Halifax Guardian*, October 26th, 1844.

(Page 237, line 27.)

Deem not, because some vile Jack Cade can still.

"We complain," says Emerson, "that the masses of the people are so often controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal, and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity. To use an Egyptian metaphor, it is not their will for any long time 'to raise the nails of wild beasts, and to depress the heads of the sacred birds.' Let our affections flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind. The state must consider the poor man, and all voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the ameliorations in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich—not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the equitable rule is, that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich. Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the act. Love will put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed Child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own lever, fulcrum, and power,—which force could never achieve. Have you seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom—a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly—by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive, at least, the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine." May that day not be far distant!

(Page 238, line 16.)

The steam-winged Dragon, and his long, dark train.

It appears that the most beautiful and romantic scenery in England—scenery which the genius of a Coleridge, a Wordsworth, a Southey, a Wilson, and a Scott, has rendered sacred as the fair Ionian land—is about to be desecrated by the introduction of Railway! The projectors of such a scheme would, through the lust of lucre, make a Railway through Paradise itself. But is the love of Nature and of Genius become extinct in British bosoms? If not, let its voice be heard, and prevent a desecration that would be a reproach to the land. Let it listen to the appeal of the venerable Bard of Rydal, in the following Sonnet recently published:—

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINANDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish: how can they this blight endure?
And must he too his old delights disown
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance!
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of Nature; and if human hearts be dead,
Speak passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

Rydal Mount, Oct. 12th, 1844.

Wm. Wordsworth.

"Let not the above," he adds in a note, "be considered as merely a poetical effusion. The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their inheritances can scarcely be overrated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. 'Fell it!' exclaimed the yeoman, 'I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.' It happens, I believe, that the intended railway will pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by any one who enters into the strength of the feeling." How different this feeling of the right-hearted Cumbrian yeoman from that of the sordid churl who felled the Whitebark!

(Page 241, line 1.)

Do that bold stare, rude laugh, and ribald jest.

"Think of the immuring a girl of the age of twelve or thirteen, day by day, for sixteen hours, in the same fœtid, unwholesome, monotonous cotton-mill ! If the stronger in frame escape consumption, distorted limbs, or other bodily sufferings, *how many, even of these, can escape that pollution of morals which is universal!* 'Indecent language,' said a witness who had been an overseer in a factory, 'mostly begins towards night, when they begin to be drowsy ; it is a kind of stimulus the children use to keep themselves awake ; they say some pert thing or other to keep themselves from drowsiness, and it generally is some obscene language.'"—*Remedies for the Perils of the Nation*, as quoted by the *Dublin University Magazine*.

(Page 241, line 6.)

As the thrift maid, who these had all instilled.

"Domestic bliss

(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name.)
How art thou blighted for the poor man's heart !
Lo ! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
The habitations empty ! or perchance
The Mother left alone, no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe ;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation ; no nice arts
Of needle-work ; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride ;
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind ;
Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command."

Wordsworth.

I shall make no apology for these copious extracts from the venerable bard's "Excursion ;" because they give additional weight to the opinions I have expressed in the text.

(Page 241, line 16.)

This idol Mammon? Who the Iconoclast.

The art of living well, how few properly understand ! The million crowd the temple of Mammon, and to the brute-god's oracles, proclaimed by his devoted priesthood, listen with yearning hearts. And what is ever the cry

of these 'servile ministers,' which receives the honest hail of the million worshippers, in accordance with the steadfast faith that is in them?—"Get gold, and thou art master of the art of living well. Power is thine, honour is thine, homage is thine, pleasure is thine." "Amen!" shout the infatuated multitude, with devout genuflections, and straightway rush to the strife. But *all* cannot be conquerors; a few only win the laurel, and mount the triumphal car; the rest become minions, drudges, slaves, and lick the dust from off the feet of the lords paramount. How fares it not seldom with the latter? Is their station always permanent? Alas! they often *live too well* to be steady; intoxicated and giddy with their sudden elevation, they topple from the topmost round of their rotten ladder, and bear down with them the ambitious climbers by the same false steps, crushing the abject multitude beneath them. Loud, and deep, and bitter the lamentation and the curse—wide-spread, and heart-rending the misery and ruin. But does the infatuation cease? No, the faith in Mammon is strong as life itself; it survives downfall after downfall; and even when its votary is enfeebled and crippled, so that he can no longer enter the strife, he reiterates from his lair of wretchedness "Gold, thou art all in all!" and dies, looking towards the temple of the god of his idolatry.

Some there are, it is true, of the conquerors we have named, that fall not from 'their high estate,' during a long life. They have been the arbiters of nations, holding the keys of peace and war. Princes and potentates have acted at their bidding; and kings admitted them to their most secret councils. They have been surfeited with power. Genius has stooped to them, and become their minister. It has ploughed the waves with arrowy speed, and watted them from shore to shore; it has bored through mountains, elevated valleys, arched rivers, levelled precipices, and smoothed the whole with an iron path, on which they can travel with the eagle's swiftness—all to increase their luxuries, and swell their coffers. Minions, bare-headed, bow before them; flatterers fawn; and the poor slink away to toil for them, and be thankful they are permitted to rank next in honour to their masters' dogs. Music pours her sweetest strains; Beauty unveils her brightest charms; Art essays her highest skill on the canvass or in marble; Religion opens her choicest pews; widens the *needle's eye* to the dimensions of Cleopatra's, so that they may pass through with bag and baggage—for *them*, the lords of the golden spell! Of a surety, these live well! they live the life that the million envy, ever strive after, as if God were not; nature were not; and this life were the 'be-all and the end-all.' But knock at the door of their hearts, and ask if *happiness* dwells within; it gold can procure it. A mournful voice will answer, No! They feel, that not *they*, but the 'pomp and circumstance' that environ them, receive all the knee-and-lip-service of the multitude; that it is their gold, and not *themselves*, which wins the smiles of beauty, and the blandishments of pleasure. The beggar, sharing his crust, under the hawthorn, with his sun-browned, ill-clad wife, is happier than they at the most sumptuous banquet; for the

bread he eats is the gift of benevolence, and the heart that beats near him, beats true to him, and would not forego the luxury of its honest pulsations to become the deck-out pretty toy of the hoary Nabob that rolls by in his chariot and six. Let that rich man 'off with his lendings,' and let him stand the 'unaccommodated man,' by the side of the poor, bare, forked animal under the hawthorn; and, 'handy-dandy,' which is the Nabob, which is the beggar? Do the multitude know the rich man now? He passes with them now for what he is worth, and no more. Stripped of 'his lendings,' they do him no homage, they give him no praise, they yield him no pity, for he 'ne'er learned to pity them.' Nay, that naked beggar is physically more a man than he, and would sooner win a Spartan bride. Which would climb yon mountain the soonest, and with the least fatigue? Which would first 'cross the troubled Tiber, chafing with his shores?' Which endure the longest, 'the summer's heat, and the winter's cold?' the pinchings of hunger, and 'the whips and scorns' of the world? Through the rents and cracks of his soul, the rich man sees written as with a sun-beam—"Thou hast been the fool of thy senses, and their slave. Thou hast clothed thyself in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and now thy flesh creeps at the breath of the zephyr, and the gravel and the grass are as thorns to thy feet. Stripped of thy gauds, what art thou more than he who 'owes the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume?' Art thou richer? Yea, in thine infirmities. Art thou wiser? Yea, in thine own conceit. Call upon the Baal thou hast worshipped; and will he give thee strength? absolve thee of thy gout, thy load of superfluous mortality? He is on a journey, and cannot hear thee. Thou art lord of thyself, that 'heritage of woe,' but, of the multitude, no longer. The charm that did invest thee is gone. Fool! not to know, that it was not *thee*, not the puissance centred in *thee*, not thy knowledge, thy virtues, but thy 'robes and furred gowns,' thy scutcheons and thy state, that the vulgar crowd flattered, fawned upon, and worshipped. Ha! he with the scanty wallet, the slouched hat, the tattered coat, the clouted shoon, is richer than thou art. His appetite devours with a gust to which thou art a stranger, what thine would turn from with loathing. He has a frame seasoned for all weathers; and within it a brave heart, that has a virtuous will, and a genuine love. He is not ashamed to beg, because he cannot get wherewith for his hands to do; and he must not starve, and he will not be separated from the wife of his bosom. Do but 'touch her with thine eye,' and thou wilt be as clay in the potter's hand. For all her rags, she is dear to him as the apple of his eye; and he would not part with her for the gilded plaything that has forsaken thy now-unvarnished dotage, and the wealth of which once thou wast the possessor. Bitterly hast thou found out that

Pigmies are pigmies still, though placed on Alps;

And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Where are thy minions and flatterers now? Gone to worship some other

'golden calf.' Thou hast lost 'the divinity that doth hedge in' a Cæsus ; thou smellest of mortality, and art despised, spurned and forgotten. Now thou seest how the world goes—seest it '*feelingly*.' There was some 'discourse of reason,' in the madness of the royal Lear, when he said—

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes, and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin in gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Hast thou lived well? Yea, as a beast, but no more. Thou hast revelled in a gross sensualism ; thou hast ground the face of the poor ; thou hast had no love but for self ; thou hast worshipped no other god but Mammon. Better to have never been than to have been what thou hast been—a cess-pool of vices ; a Juggernaut, utterly valueless when deprived of thy diamond eyes. Pah ! thou hast lived a life of 'odoriferous rottenness,' and wilt die without a record—perhaps, without 'a sign !'

Who then lives well ? He who knows that 'it is not by money or money's worth, that a man lives and has his being ;' but, be his condition ever so humble, performs his obligations to his Maker, his neighbour, and society. He who knows that 'God's universe is *within* our head, whether there be a torn skull-cap or a king's diadem *without*,' and honours no man for what he has that is extrinsic or accidental, but for what is intrinsic and innate, and whose life and actions reflect the goodness of his heart. He who, though born poor, is contented with his lot ; who, if he arrive at riches, makes a right use of them, and is not ashamed to say in the presence of the noble and high-born, with Jean Paul Richter, 'O God ! I thank thee for my Father !' He who, firm in principle, and strong in will, lets not '*I dare not*' wait upon '*I would*,' when duty summons him to act ; whose 'yea is yea, and nay, nay,' despite a world's bribe, or a world's frown. This man lives well. Go thou and do likewise.—*MS. Fragment.*

(Page 241, line 17.)

To bruise it to the dust?—Thy kingdom come.

Thy kingdom come,
Great Sovereign Lord of Love !

"We have a faith in the imperishable dignity of man ; in the high vocation to which, throughout this his earthly history, he has been appointed. However it may be with individual nations, whatever melancholic speculators may assert, it seems a well-ascertained fact that, in all times, reckoning even from those of the Heracrides and Pelasgi, the happiness and greatness of mankind at large have been continually progressive. Doubtless this age also is advancing. Its very unrest, its ceaseless activity, its discontent, contains matter of promise. Knowledge, education, are opening

the eyes of the humblest; are increasing the number of thinking minds without limit. This is as it should be; for not in turning back, not in resisting, but only in resolutely struggling forward, does our life consist. Nay, after all, our spiritual maladies are but of Opinion; we are but fettered by chains of our own forging, and which ourselves also can rend asunder. This deep, paralyzed subjection to physical objects comes not from Nature, but from our own unwise mode of *viewing* Nature. Neither can we understand that man wants, at this hour, any faculty of heart, soul, or body, that ever belonged to him. 'He, who has been born, has been a First Man;' has had lying before his young eyes, and has yet unhardened into scientific shapes, a world as plastic, infinite, divine, as lay before the eyes of Adam himself. If Mechanism, like some glass bell, encircles and imprisons us; if the soul looks forth on a fair heavenly country which it cannot reach, and pines, and in its scanty atmosphere is ready to perish,—yet the bell is but of glass; 'one bold stroke to break the bell in pieces, and thou art delivered!' Not the invisible world is wanting, for it dwells in man's soul, and this last is still here. Are the solemn temples in which Divinity was once visibly revealed among us, crumbling away? We can repair them, we can rebuild them. The wisdom, the heroic worth of our forefathers, which we have lost, we can recover. That admiration of old nobleness, which now so often shows itself as a faint *dilettantism*, will one day become a generous emulation, and man may again be all that he has been, and more than he has been. Nor are these the mere daydreams of fancy; they are clear possibilities; nay, in this time they are even assuming the character of hopes. Indications we do see, in other countries and in our own, signs infinitely cheering to us, that Mechanism is not always to be our hard task-master, but one day to be our pliant, all-ministering servant; that a new and a brighter spiritual era is slowly evolving itself for all men."—*Signs of the Times*.

Ἐὺν μὴ ἐλπίζετε, ἀνέλπιστον οὐκ εὐρήσετε, ἀνεξερεύνητον ὧν καὶ ἄπορον.

HERACLITUS.

WALKER, PRINTER, HALIFAX.

Certain portions of the present volume have appeared in various Publications of the day; and the Author has been honoured with the following Notices of them by the Press, and by letters from distinguished literary characters:—

IN *THE WHITE ROSE OF YORK*, edited by G. Hogarth, Esq., appeared *THE TRUANT*, [Part of the I. Book in the present vol.] which is thus noticed by a contemporary critic:—

“We take up this elegant volume (*The White Rose*) a third time, not for the purpose of criticism, but that we may extract the following beautiful poem, from the pen of Mr. W. Dearden, of Huddersfield; who, although himself a schoolmaster, has depicted the charms of Truancy in terms so glowing, that we should almost fear lest his own pupils should imbibe its spirit, and brave the punishment, for the sake of the pleasurable enjoyment described by the poetic genius of their master.”—*HALIFAX EXPRESS*.

“Listen to the musings of ‘*The Star-Seer*’ on ‘*The Child among the Flowers*.’ [Part of Book III. of the present vol.] It is a perfect gem. To the magazine that can produce such writers, it may heartily be said, go forward and prosper.”—*EDINBURGH OBSERVER*.

The Rev. H. Alford, M.A., author of ‘*The School of the Heart*,’ &c. writes thus:—“Mr. Alford has read more than once, Mr. Dearden’s really beautiful poem, ‘*The Maid of Caldene*.’ [Book III. of the present vol.] * * * His poetical creed is about the same as Mr. D.’s; and were he publishing a book of his own, he would have no scruple, nor has he had in his published poems, in following that creed fully and fearlessly. *BEAUTY* is the province of the Poet: and all *true Beauty*, whether of the fields and groves, or the naked human body, especially in that softer sex made so beautiful by the Creator, is consistent with (we may rather say *inseparable from*) true Purity. Besides our holy religion has hallowed these our bodies, and endued their forms with a far different character, as temples of the divine Spirit, from any that they could otherwise bear. * * * Mr. A. cannot omit this opportunity of expressing his very high opinion of Mr. D.’s power of versification: it approaches very nearly to the rich melody of Keats, nay, in some cases, surpasses him.—The descriptions in ‘*The Maid of Caldene*’ are exquisite in beauty. May Mr. D. and his world of flowers and nymphs go on and prosper.”

Wymeswold, June 1, 1840.

Thomas Ragg, author of “*The Deity*,” “*Heber*,” &c. &c. says, “Your beautiful lines on your Native Vale [The opening of Book V. in the present vol.] have roused my feelings more than any thing I have read for years. I hope you intend to publish them. * * * They cut deeply at the avarice of the age. I have touched upon the subject (though but slightly) in my last volume (*ride Night*, Book II.) But I should like to see it roughly handled in the manner you have done it, by some one whose circumstances render him more independent than I am, and yet one who does not possess the Radical feelings of an Elliot.”

NOTICES OF THE STAR-SEER.

Lord Morpeth observes, "I have only had time to steal a few hasty glimpses at your poem, but enough to show me that it contains much beauty of expression, thought, and feeling."

Dr. Southey, the late Poet Laureate, says "The Star-Seer is a work of very considerable power and promise."

The Rev. W. L. Bowles observes, "I received your beautiful poem on my return from Salisbury to this place, and beg to return you my best thanks. In rich imaginative powers of invention, and in new and happy felicity of musical cadence, in metre, it appears to me you greatly excel."

Bremhill Vicarage, April 30, 1837.

James Montgomery, Esq., remarks, "There are manifestations of genuine poetical talent in many passages, and such talent as may produce something far better in days to come, provided it be duly cherished and chastened—the latter discipline being as necessary to perfect its excellencies, as the former indulgence to bring them out."

The Mount, near Sheffield, June 8, 1837.

M. H. Rankin, Esq. in a letter to a friend observes, "The Star-Seer appears to me so full of the true poetic fire, and the versification so abounding in beauties, that it is a matter of amazement to me, that the poem has not made more noise in the world. The subject, too, is novel and grand, and treated with such boldness of fancy, that any one would have thought the attention of the world would have been securely fixed by it. * * * I should have a long task, if I undertook to enumerate all the passages of merit which struck me as I read the poem. I cannot help, however, singling out the scene of the Merle's Prophecy in the Hall of Gold, as one of extreme grandeur of conception, and dramatic power in its expression, and as shewing the writer's versatility of talent, when contrasted with the easy pastoral style (if I may so name it) of the opening of the Canto in which it occurs. The image of the Thunder-Dragon is one of terrific force, indeed one of a great number of equal merit in that line; but, sublime as they are, they yield, as proofs of high poetical ability, to such passages as the following." (Here follows the extract.)

"The Star-Seer is a very extraordinary poem. We do not often, in these days, meet with a volume containing so many beautiful passages, or so thoroughly imbued with a poetical spirit. It displays throughout a wonderful brightness and affluence of imagination, and a vivid and gorgeous tone of colouring. There is not, it is true, much that appeals to mere human sympathies, but there is, in almost every page, Poetry, which flashes on the mind with the brilliancy of lightning. It contains many passages which, for splendour of imagery and fanciful beauty, may fairly be marked with the productions of our best imaginative poets. * * * Mr. Dearden has a vigorous imagination, and a spring of real poetry within his heart, which we firmly believe will yet make much music in its outpourings. We shall be both surprised and disappointed, if his next work does not fulfil the promise of the volume now before us, and place him very high in the list of our modern poets."—LIVERPOOL MAIL.

"Although the *Star-Seer* is, strictly speaking, a metrical romance, it contains so much exquisite description of natural beauty, and so much deep and ardent sentiment, that no reader, whatever may be his peculiar taste, will rise from this poem disappointed. This, in our opinion, is an excellence of no common order. Mr. Dearden possesses, in an eminent degree, that true qualification of a genuine poet, an enthusiastic and profound love of, and veneration for, the holy sublimities of nature. We might fill columns of this publication with extracts from the *Star-Seer*, corroborative of this observation. To praise the magnificence of the following passage would be superfluous." A long extract here succeeds. Afterwards the critic remarks, "Splendid as are the preceding lines, they are exceeded, in our estimation, in severe and placid poetical dignity, by the following verses, which might be read without derogatory interruption in *Paradise Lost*. This is high praise; but we speak advisedly, and will not recall it." Here follows another long extract. The reviewer concludes his observations with saying, "The versification of the *Star-Seer* is somewhat uncommon, but when familiarised to the reader, exceedingly sweet and forcible. It has been well described by a friend as *BLANK VERSE IN RHYME*. It has a great measure of the freedom and vigour of the former, with the harmony and concentration of the latter."—HALIFAX GUARDIAN.

"In making a second extract from this beautiful poem, by Wm. Dearden, we cannot resist the opportunity of introducing it with a more general notice of the elegant little volume itself—elegant as it regards the typography, but still more so in its literary character. The extracts sufficiently speak for its poetic excellence, but it has still further claim of recommendation upon our Yorkshire friends, and that is in its highly graphic delineations of some interesting portions of the scenery and topography of that part of the banks of the Calder, where the locale of the poem is laid. Its craggy precipices, its deep ravines, and its rich woodland scenery, are presented to the mind's eye, in language as bold and striking as the subject it describes; and few to whom the charms of nature or of literature present attractions, will readily lay down the volume until they have enjoyed all its beauties."—YORK COURANT.

"Mr. Wm. Dearden's *STAR-SEER*, a poem, in five cantos, deserves a more extended notice than our limits allow, during the parliamentary session. The scene is laid in the beautiful valley of the Calder, and the story is founded on one of those traditionary romances with which that valley is redolent. Mr. D.'s exquisite little poem on playing truant, which appeared in *THE WHITE ROSE OF YORK*, led us to expect much from the *STAR-SEER*; and we have not been disappointed. There are many beautiful passages; and we have marked some for extract at the first opportunity."—HALIFAX EXPRESS.

"The author of the '*Star-Seer*,' has sung the beauties of Caldene, a romantic glen near Hebden Bridge, and that in a strain which will not be forgotten."—BRADFORD OBSERVER.

NOTICES OF "THE DEATH OF LEYLAND'S AFRICAN BLOODHOUND."

A POEM BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"The subject chosen by Mr. Dearden is singularly poetical, and treated with a taste and judgment which do him honour. He has evidently a vigorous and picturesque fancy; indeed we have rarely met with more graphic descriptions than some which adorn this volume. * * * We close our brief notice of a work of rich promise, and shall rejoice to see our highest hopes of the capabilities of its author more than realised. To say that the poem is PERFECT, would neither be kindness to the poet nor justice to the public. What faults it has are, however, such as very little practice in versification will enable its author to avoid; and let the public remember that it is in their power to call into requisition, by encouragement, his noblest faculties. Let them, therefore, do THEIR duty, we are persuaded he will not be wanting in doing his, and that he will justify their most sanguine expectations."—LIVERPOOL MAIL.

"Mr. Dearden has taken for the subject of his imaginings the death of a favourite Bloodhound belonging to a friend of his, of whose life and manners a brief sketch is afforded in the notes accompanying the work. From this incident, without any effort at the sublime, and without any unreasonable share even of those digressions and disportive trips of fancy in which poets love to revel, he has produced a poem very creditable to his genius. One thing in this little poem we cannot too much commend. The spirit of Poetry is blended with that of piety. It is here that Poetry claims our highest meed of approbation; when her powers are made to guide the admiring followers of her graceful footsteps to the footstool of Divine Benevolence."—LEEDS TIMES.

"We embrace a temporary relief from the almost all-absorbing consideration of politics, to cull a few flowers from a garden of sweets which Mr. Dearden presents to us. * * * We must confine our quotation to the first of the two parts of the poem. Here is a highly poetical delineation of Blackstone Edge we cannot avoid quoting, not merely on account of its surpassing beauty, but as it is a fair specimen of that 'new and happy felicity of musical cadence' in Mr. Dearden's poetry, which a giant in poetical criticism has discovered and pronounced." Here follows the extract. "Our limits prevent further quotation, and we close the volume and our remarks by recommending it to all lovers of genuine poetry."—HALIFAX GUARDIAN.

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